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THE SECOND SON.

I.

THE FAMILY AT MELCOMBE.

MR. MITFORD of Melcombe had three sons. His estates lay in one of the richest of the midland counties, and they were not entailed. His house was not very imposing nor beautiful in itself, being of comparatively recent erection, and built at a period when comfort within was more considered than beauty without. It was low, no more than two stories in height, but spreading over a wide area, with a long garden front which permitted a very handsome suite of rooms; delightful to live in, though without architectural pretensions of any kind. Though the house was so recent, the Mitfords had been at Melcombe for as many centuries as were necessary to establish their claims as country gentry of the high rank, and had met with those misfortunes which are almost as indispensable as success and prosperity to the thorough establishment of an old race. They had suffered more or less in the Jacobite rebellion, their house had been burnt down more than once, they had given their family valuables to the king when he was at Oxford. These circumstances made the fact that their house was new and ugly, their plate a little scanty, their jewels defective, rather a point of pride than of humiliation for

the family. It was also rather a feather in their cap that the entail embraced only a very small portion of their possessions; for had it not been broken in haste during the eighteenth century, in order to leave the heir free to follow Prince Charlie without ruining the family in case the Hanoverians should hold, as happened, the winning side? This step, however, is a very important one, when the family, and not the individual possessor, is taken into view. It is generally supposed that the law of natural justice requires the abrogation of all such restrictions as those involved in laws of primogeniture and entail. But there are, as usual with most human questions, two ways of looking at this matter. If you have made a great deal of money, it is only right that you should have the power of dividing it among your descendants, or (which is still another view) giving it to whom you choose. But when an inheritance has been handed down to you by your fathers and grandfathers in succession, the natural justice runs all the other way. Then it becomes a breach of right to contradict the purpose with which it was constituted, the limitations under which you received it, since it is not your property at all save in trust. But this is neither the moment nor the place for a treatise upon the English laws of succession. Mr. Mitford was a man who had a great idea of his rights as an

individual, and he was the third in succession who had held the estates of Melcombe entirely in his own hands.

His three sons were Roger, Edmund, and Stephen. The eldest son, notwithstanding the power of disinheritance which was in his father's hands, had been brought up as eldest sons usually are, without any alarm as to his future, or idea that under any possibility he could be displaced from his natural position. He had been in the Guards in his youth, and had passed that blossoming portion of his existence without any discredit, if also without any special use. He had withdrawn, however, from a life somewhat too expensive for his allowance and circumstances some years before the beginning of this history, and, with occasional absences for pleasure or adventure, lived at home, managing as much of the business of the estate as his father permitted to pass out of his own hands, looking after the stables, hunting a little, and finding enough to occupy him in that busy idleness of country life which is so seductive and looks so much like important work when the doer of it has nothing else to do. Roger was not, however, ignorant of what men have to do in regions where existence is less easy. He had been, as people say, a great deal about the world. He had taken that round which to young men of the present day stands in the place of that grand tour which their forefathers took with more or less advantage in the way of culture and art. He had been all over America, he was still part owner of a Californian ranche, he had touched at Japan, and he knew familiarly many a place which, a generation ago, only sailors by profession or merchants' clerks knew anything about. How much good all these varied experiences had done him it would be hard to say, but they had at least contributed with many other influences to form the man.

Edmund, the second son, was of a very different mould. He was one of

those who are untraveled, and have not knocked about or roughed it, as it is the fashion to do; that is to say, he knew Europe and the great countries which have marched with his own through the comparatively modern levels of history, and he knew books and rather more art than was good for him. He had a mild little fortune of his own, derived from his mother; the just enough which is supposed to be very bad for a young man by inducing him to believe that it is unnecessary to do anything for himself, but which the present writer takes the liberty of believing is sometimes very good for a young man, keeping him out of the ranks of the struggling without that sense of guilt and helplessness which must always characterize the ineffectiveness of the poor. Edmund cared little for game, great or small; he was not interested in savage life, whether that of the hunter, or the cattle owner, or the aboriginal, though more in the last than in the first. He was a man somewhat without motive in the world, reading a great deal, wandering more or less, writing a little, musing much. His musings did not come to anything to speak of; indeed, there was supposed to be little use in him of any kind. He could not even lay claim to that high reputation in the way of bricabrac which, for a dilettante such as he allowed himself to be, is a kind of salvation. Whether it was indolence, or whether it was that he had no conviction of the importance of Japanese fans and china plates in decoration, he had not made much even of the rooms which had been given up to him at home. They were hung only with pictures and water-color sketches, some of which were done by his own hand, without a fan among them, or any other barbaric "bit of color." He did not come up to his possibilities even in that respect. His presence or absence did not tell very much upon the house. It is true that most of the inhabitants at Melcombe were glad to have him there; but those very

qualities which made everybody pleased to see him diminished the importance of his going away. He gave so little trouble that no one missed him, though when he was at home the fact that he gave little trouble was his highest praise.

Stephen was the one who turned the house upside down, when he appeared. He was a soldier, with his regiment, spending only his intervals of leave (and not always those) at Melcombe. But no one could be under any doubt on the subject when Stephen was at home. He had everything altered to suit his pleasure; even Mr. Mitford, who never departed from his rules, was unconsciously thrust out of them on Stephen's return, and thought nothing of it. This not because he was the favorite. He could not be said to be the favorite. He was too noisy, too imperious, for that part. He had not the sweetness, the persuasiveness, which procures one of a family his own way. He got the upper hand because he insisted upon it. None of the others felt themselves able to oppose Stephen. As for Edmund, he shrunk at once from any controversy, feeling that he must go to the wall; and Roger would give in with a growl, saying in his red mustache that the fellow was not here for long, or else — Mr. Mitford yielded with a still worse grace, but he did yield also, — chiefly because he felt it undignified to engage in any strife unless he was certain to be victorious, and that could never be certain when it was Stephen who was the antagonist. Stephen did not mind in the least what weapons he used. He would speak of his father's age in a way which made Mr. Mitford furious. "I don't want to disturb you, sir, at your age. One knows, of course, that habit is more than second nature with old people." "Who the deuce do you mean by your old people?" Mr. Mitford would shout in a passion, conscious of being only sixty-seven, and well out of sight yet of the threescore and ten years. The servants invariably flew to execute Mr.

Stephen's orders. Anything for a quiet life, they said. And thus it was that without going out of his course to conciliate anybody, or troubling himself about the least recompense, Stephen got most things his own way. He was, perhaps, the handsomest of his family, as features and merely physical attributes go. He was taller than his brothers, he was better at all out-door pursuits; or perhaps it was because he always said he was the best that everybody thought so. Then he had the reputation of being open-handed and liberal, because people who are so noisy and impulsive generally are as careless of money as they are of other people's comfort, or at least it is usual to think so. Stephen is so thoughtless, everybody said; you don't expect Stephen to remember little precautions, or to curry favor, but at bottom he's the most good-natured fellow! He does n't pretend to be clever, but he sticks to his friends like a good one, the gentlemen said. He's a little rough, but then he's so very good-natured, said the ladies. So Stephen went on steadily thinking of nothing but how to please himself. There is no branch of human industry in which perseverance is more sure of its reward.

There were daughters in the Mitford family, but they had never been taken much into account. The mother had died young, and no feminine head of the house had ever succeeded her. There was an excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Simmons, who devoted herself to the boys, but thought young ladies were best in the school-room, and kept the governesses at a haughty distance. The young ladies were timid girls, who were frightened of their brothers, and thought Mrs. Simmons quite right. Somehow or other, nobody quite knew how, three of them married out of that school-room, and escaped into what we must hope was a better life. One little girl was still left at home. Her name was Katherine, but she had not the vigor which that name

implies. To have called her Kate would have been impossible, or even Katie. The universal sense of those who knew her averted this false nomenclature by calling her Nina, supposed to be a contraction of the last syllable of her name, as it is of so many names. She was nearly eighteen at the period to which I am referring; a pretty enough little girl, looking much younger than her age, and with a constantly apologetic tone about her, as if she had no business to be in the way, or show herself in superior male society, — which, to tell the truth, she did very little. The last governess had departed some time before: governesses had not been welcome in the Mitford family, nor had they been happy; and in what way Nina had been educated, or her sisters before her, nobody knew. It was supposed that they could read and write, and it was known (by the nuisance it was) that they could play badly upon a well-thumped school-room piano, out of which more noise than music could be got. Now that the governess was gone, Nina was more often visible than she had been before. The humblest of little apologetic girls cannot live in a school-room all alone. If there had been no other reason against it, there was this reason, that it was now nobody's business to carry up tea to that secluded place. The school-room maid had departed along with the governess, and when this dilemma was reported to Mrs. Simmons her deliverance was very decisive. "It is high time Miss Nina came down to dinner," she said, although on a former occasion she had protested that the school-room was the proper place for young ladies. This proves that even the house-keeper was not always consistent; but then, in the present case, tea in the school-room instead of dinner down-stairs had the air of being a privilege for Nina, a thing that evidently could not be. When it was thus settled that she should make her appearance at dinner, Nina learned to show herself much more down-

stairs during the day. She was all alone, poor little thing; there was nobody to talk with up-stairs, or with whom to exchange those innocent little secrets which belong to girlhood. She was very heart-sick with longing for her sisters, and for Miss Beaumont, who had been kind, and even for Mattie, the little school-room maid. Had she been left, the deserted girl would in all likelihood have formed a very unsuitable but devoted friendship with Mattie; or she might have fallen in love with the gardener, or done something of a desperate kind. Mrs. Simmons saved her by issuing that recommendation, which was as good as an order. Nina did not like it at first, but afterwards she got to like it. She was a pretty little creature. She was very anxious to please. And when any one walked into the drawing-room, which had hitherto been empty, save on great occasions, and became aware of a little startled movement, and the raising of a pair of half-frightened eyes, and the flutter of a frock which seemed ready to flutter out of sight on the faintest indication that it was in the way, the spectacle soon came to be quite an agreeable thing.

The sitting-rooms of the house were *en suite*. There was first a library, with windows all round, in one corner, then a large drawing-room, then a small one, and at the other corner the dining-room. The whole line of rooms was lighted at night. The drawing-rooms served only the purpose of a passage from the library at one end to the banquet at the other. But the flutter of Nina's frock changed this arrangement, and made the silent passage room into a little centre of domestic life, more pleasant than the heavy library, which was lined with books and hung with heavy curtains, as became the abode of knowledge and masculine mental occupation. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether Mr. Mitford ever discussed a question more profound than how to gain a little upon his new leases, or keep back a little from the new buildings and

repairs which his farmers demanded. But these are questions serious enough in their way, and the library was grave enough in appearance to be tenanted by a bishop. The young men and their father, not always on the best of terms with each other, formed a sufficiently gloomy procession when they came from under the shade of the dark velvet portière, marching along to dinner, four tall men, and not a smiling face. When first Nina's white frock had been seen to rise timidly from one of the sofas it made a sensation in the group. "What are you doing here at this hour?" Mr. Mitford said to his daughter, somewhat gruffly. "Please, papa, Miss Beaumont has gone," said Nina, trembling a little. "To be sure," he said, mollified by her wistful look, and offered his daughter his arm. How Nina had trembled as she took that formidable arm! She was ready to sink into the earth one minute, and the next could not help saying to herself, "Oh, that Mrs. Simmons could see me!" For though it was the housekeeper who had been the cause of this bold step, she had not intended it to be to Nina's advantage; nor had it ever occurred to her that her master, who was so little careful of the girls, should, on seeing this little one, with her downcast eyes, trembling before him, have remembered that little Nina was a lady, and offered her his majestic arm.

By and by, dating from this time, a change came about in the domestic arrangements at Melcombe. Edmund was the first who forsook the gloomy assembly in the library, and went to Nina in the drawing-room when the gong sounded for dinner; and at last it came to this, that Mr. Mitford issued alone out of the library door, and found his three sons, in their black coats, all gathered round Nina, as if she somehow, who was nobody only the youngest and a girl, had become a sort of head in the house. She did not, however, rise to the occasion. Nor did Roger, to whom his father left it

to give the little lady his arm, give over to her the head of the table, which had been his place since she was a baby. She sat at her brother's right hand, as if she had been a little guest. It would have appeared absurd to all of them to put this little thing, though they all liked her well enough, in the place of the mistress of the house.

Such were the Mitfords and their house and family at the time when this episode of their story begins.

II.

THEIR NEIGHBORS.

Neighbors, as everybody knows, are vastly more important in the country than they can be in town. The Mitfords were not people who kept much company; indeed, the female element being so entirely suppressed as it was, they can scarcely be said to have kept any company at all. They had parties of men in the house in September, and sometimes at other periods, when an election or some great public event occurred in the country; or in the race week at Beaulieu, when everybody is expected, more or less, to entertain. It might perhaps have been on these occasions that the elder girls met their respective husbands; but the matches were all made in neighboring houses, never at home. And speaking of society, there was none at Melcombe, for who would call a shooting party, or a collection of men gathered together for any one distinct male object, society? But the neighborhood was, as everybody said, distinctly sociable and friendly. The nearest house, of course, was the Rectory, and the nearest neighbors were clerical. How it is that the English gentry should for so many centuries have suffered the existence at their very door of households fraught with peril to their younger members is a question which has not passed without previous

discussion, that we should introduce it head and shoulders here without warning. It is one of the highest proofs of the sincerity of religious principle and faith in the national church which a body of excellent but perhaps not remarkably spiritual-minded persons could give. The Rectory is almost always at the Squire's park gates; it is nearer than any other house. In, say, six cases out of ten, it is full of sons and daughters about the same ages as the Squire's sons and daughters; young people evidently quite as good in every way, but probably not at all rich, or likely to increase by connection or otherwise the greatness of his house. *The sons, young fellows getting afloat in the professions, or scuffling through the long vacation as best they can between the Hall, which is the chief house in the parish, and the clerical house, which is the second, — what a danger for the Squire's daughters, probably just at the impressionable age, and not yet competent to judge of the advantages of a good match!* And the girls, still more dangerous, innocent man-traps laid in the very sight of an indignant father! Sometimes the familiarity in which the two sets of young people have grown up, calling each other by their Christian names, and assuming almost brotherly and sisterly relationships, is a safeguard; but not always, for these sorts of fraternal relations often expand into something nearer and dearer.

The Mitfords were exceptionally fortunate, however, in their clerical family. The Rector of Melcombe had but two children: the daughter (providentially) older than any of the Mitford boys; the son younger even than Nina, which was more than could have been hoped for. The Rector was of a Jersey family, and his name was spelt *Le Mesurier*, as no doubt it ought to have been pronounced; but as a matter of fact he was called *Lemesurier*, as if it were one word, and he never objected to the mispronunciation. Miss *Lemesurier* was the housekeeper, nay, the head of the house, at the Rec-

tory. Her mother was dead long ago. Miss *Lemesurier* was approaching forty, and she was by far the best curate her father had ever had. Not only did all the external affairs of the parish pass through her hands, but most of the spiritual too. She was a large woman, larger than her father, and overshadowing him both mentally and bodily. She had a great deal of fair hair, somewhat sandy, but which in its day had been celebrated as gold, and this was her chief external distinction. She wore it in an old-fashioned way, in large massive braids, so that it could never be ignored, and was a conspicuous part of her somewhat imposing personality. Her name, it was believed, was *Patience*, but she had never been known as anything but *Pax*, though the origin of that cognomen was lost in the minds of antiquity. The Rectory, withdrawn among its trees, had a dignified and impressive appearance, with the spire of Melcombe old church rising beyond it into peaceful blue skies flecked with English cloud, and scarcely stained by the village smoke. But through an opening in these trees, *Pax Lemesurier*, from where she sat at her favorite window, commanded the gate of the great house, and saw everybody who went and came. Nature had at first afforded this facility, but it was kept up by art. She had the opening carefully preserved and trimmed, so that no intrusive bough should ever shut that prospect out.

This was the nearest female neighbor our Squire's family had. Naturally, as she was several years older than the Mitfords, two of them in succession had fallen in love with *Pax*. It had been a short affair with *Roger*, who had learned better after his first period of service with his regiment. But *Edmund* had held by it a long time, and would have brought it to the crisis of marriage if *Pax* would have listened to him; but she was not that kind of woman. Marrying, she declared at once, was not in her way. She had a house of her own, as much as

any married woman had, and a great deal more independence, and to change this free and full life for that of a younger son's wife, watching her husband's countenance to keep him in good humor, and conciliating his father that he might increase their allowance, was a sort of thing to which nothing would make her submit, — "nothing, at least, with which I am at present acquainted," Pax said. "Of course such a thing might happen as that I should fall in love." She said this with such gravity that everybody laughed, putting aside, as it were, a margin for future possibilities. At the moment, Edmund was very angry and offended by this speech, which showed how entirely that specific was out of the question in his own case: but in the end he learned to laugh, too.

Another notable member of the neighboring society may best be introduced to the reader as she appeared in Pax's drawing-room, one spring morning, having ridden over to see her friend from her own house, which was quite near as country calculations go, being about five miles off. This young lady was a person of great importance in the circle round Melcombe. She was an heiress, not only of money, but of a delightful and highly prosperous estate; and though her name was not of much account, and her connection with the district recent, no one could have a finer position than Elizabeth Travers, to whom all the greatest families in the neighborhood, possessing sons, showed the utmost attention. She was not in her teens, like the usual heroines of romance, but in her twenties, which is very different, and had seen a good deal of the world. It would be impossible to pretend that she was unaware of the position she held, and the great advantages, as people say, which she possessed. As these advantages were evidently not hers, but those of her wealth, she was not proud of them, but occasionally, indeed, a little bitter, like a woman who felt herself wrong, al-

though she got nothing but compliments and worship. Her position was so far peculiar that she had inherited all this from an uncle, recently dead, who out of some abstract impression of justice, believing that Elizabeth's father had laid the foundations of the fortune which he did not live to enjoy, had left everything to his niece, with but a slender provision for the insipid, delicate invalid wife whom he left behind. Mrs. Travers had been kept in ignorance of this arrangement, which had taken even her own house from her. It was the one thing upon which Elizabeth insisted. The poor lady was told that Elizabeth was the final heir, and that it was not in her power to leave anything away from her husband's niece, who had always lived with her, and of whom in reality she was both fond and proud. Mrs. Travers, all unsuspecting of the truth, had shed a few tears over even this disability. "If there had been only ten thousand, my dear," she said, "which I could have called my own! Of course I should have left the most of it to you. He need not, I'm sure, have ever supposed that I would leave it away from you; but to think I could do what I liked with it, and leave a few legacies when I passed away, would have been a pleasure. I don't know why your uncle should have had so little faith in me, my dear."

"It was not that he had little faith in you, dear auntie. Besides, you have more than ten thousand pounds, I am sure. And whatever legacies you wish to leave, you may be certain that they will be paid," said Elizabeth.

But Mrs. Travers shook her head, declaring that what she wished was not any such assurance, but only that, to show his trust in her, he had left her something which she could have considered as her very own. This was quite as great a grievance to the poor lady as if she had known the real state of the case, which Elizabeth, with so much trouble, and even at the cost of a fib or

two (but it was the lawyers who told them, and that did not matter), so carefully concealed from her. Thus they lived together; Mrs. Travers ordering everything as if it were her own, and believing it so to be, with Elizabeth, her dependent, in the house. She treated her niece as if she had been her daughter, it must be allowed, but now and then would exhibit little caprices of proprietorship, and debar her from the use of a horse or a carriage. "It may be yours to do what you like with after I die, but it's mine as long as I live," she would say pettishly, notwithstanding that the house and everything in it, the carriages and horses, were Elizabeth's, and not hers at all. This assertion of rights had been of little importance while the two ladies led a secluded life of mourning, after the death of the head of the house; but that period was about ending, and Elizabeth's embarrassments and difficulties were likely to increase. It was upon this subject, with perhaps some others underneath, that she had now come to unburden her heart.

Miss Lemesurier sat in her usual chair near the window, which commanded the Melcombe park gates. She was in a light gown, as was also her wont, though it was not becoming. Her flood of light hair, in two great heavy braids, framed her face, and was twisted in a great knot behind. Her complexion, which had grown a little dull, was not capable of overcoming the mingled effects of the light hair and dress, and her eyes, though they were large and animated, were gray, too, of a yellowish tone, concentrating rather than giving forth light. She lent her full attention to Elizabeth, and yet she kept her eyes on the park gates of Melcombe, and not a beggar or tramp could pass out or in without being seen by Pax.

"It is vexing, that's all," said Elizabeth, drying her brown eyes, which in their wet condition sent sparks of light all round her, and illuminated the scene.

"It isn't as if I wished poor auntie to lose the least of the pleasure she takes in her things."

"Only they are not her things; they're your things."

"Oh, what does that matter? What do I care whose things they are? But she cares, poor dear!"

"I'm not fond of self-deception," said Pax, folding her large hands in her lap. "If you did n't care, my dear, you would never come and tell me."

"Oh, Pax!"

"I'm not fond of deception of any kind," continued Miss Lemesurier. "The subject of it is always angry when it is found out, and has a right to be angry. You know I was always for letting Mrs. Travers, poor thing, know; there would have been a few more tears, and then all would have been right."

"I don't think so. As a matter of fact, my uncle's will was very unjust. Fancy his wife, who had been his faithful companion all these years! Everything had been hers, just as much hers as his, and in a moment they all pass away from her without any reason, and come to me. Nothing could be more unjust."

"That's a large statement," said Pax. "I don't know if it's unjust or not, but there can't be a doubt that it's hard. Widows have almost always to bear it. Perhaps they don't mind. When it's their own son who turns them out of house and home everybody seems to think it's all right. But of course you would never have turned her out. You would have made yourself her slave, — as, indeed, you are doing now."

"Not a slave at all. It's all quite right," said Elizabeth. "Sometimes she is a little aggravating, and then I come and grumble to you, — but only to you, Pax, and then it all comes right again."

"What's wrong can never be right," said Pax, with a certain placid dogmatism. She paused a little, and then she said, "There is a wonderful sight! — the

three Mitford boys all walking together out of the gates."

Elizabeth got up quickly to peep over her friend's shoulder. A little additional color had come to her face. "The three Mitford boys!" she said, with a little strained laugh. "One would think you were talking of three curled darlings in velvet frocks, or knickerbockers at the most."

"I've seen them in both," said Pax, calmly. "But it's very seldom of late that I've seen them together. Lizzy, when you make up your mind, and poor Mrs. Travers is no longer in the way" —

"How could she ever be in the way?"

"Oh, my dear! How much simpler this world would be," said Pax, "if people would be sincere and speak the truth! I think the whole business wrong, you know. Still, having done it, you may at least be frank about the consequences, and not pretend to me that it makes no difference. Of course she is in the way. You know very well you can never marry while she is there, thinking herself the mistress of all. I should not wonder if you were to keep it up to the end, and humbly accept an allowance from her out of your own money."

"It would do — us no harm if I did," said Elizabeth, coloring high, and speaking in a very low voice.

"Very likely it would do you no harm. To be poor in reality would not do you much harm. You're a good, honest, healthy young woman, and quite capable of looking after your family, and bringing up your children" —

"Pax!" Elizabeth stopped her, laughing and blushing. "You go a great deal too fast!" she cried.

"That's true. Of course it would take a few years. But that's not the question, my dear. You could n't be married like an ordinary girl. There would be all the fuss in the world about settlements, and everything must be turned over among the lawyers and talked about, and your position made

known. You could n't deceive her any longer; it would n't be possible. Everybody would know."

"Everybody knows now, except my poor auntie. I don't see what difference it need make."

"And you think you could get a man to aid and abet you in all that! You think your husband would carry on the farce, and make believe to be Mrs. Travers's pensioner, and have your money doled out through her hands!"

"Pax," cried Miss Travers, "I tell you, you go a great deal too fast. There's no such person; time enough to consider what he would do, when he exists."

"My poor child," said Pax, with a mixture of pity and contempt, "he exists; or at least I hope so, for your sake. I hope you are not going to marry thirty years hence some boy who is not born yet, — that would be a dismal look-out indeed. He exists, and not far off, or I'm mistaken. Indeed, I should not wonder if he were to pass at any moment under those trees."

"All this is quite beyond the question," said Elizabeth, with a look of pain. It was not the fluttering, pretty blush of happy anticipation, but a hot color of embarrassment, of perplexity, almost of irritation, that made a line under her eyes. Something like a flame of trouble not unmixed with shame passed over her face. "We have talked of this a great deal too much," she said, "or at least I have let you talk. To speculate may be no harm. I suppose I thought it amusing at one time, but it is not amusing now. Pax, please, if you care for me at all, don't say any more."

"I care for you a great deal, my dear, and for him also, — I have a right to," Pax said. Then there was silence between them. For as a matter of fact the three young men were passing under the trees; and it remained uncertain whether they were coming to the Rectory, or whether any one of them was coming to the Rectory, or where this unlikely group

were bound. To see them all three together was so unusual that the women who took so great an interest in them watched and waited for the two or three decisive minutes, almost holding their breath. The footsteps became audible after a minute, and even a distant sound of voices; and then these indications became distant, and it was evident that the Rectory was not the end to which either all or any were bound. Both the ladies drew a long breath when this was ascertained beyond doubt, but it is uncertain whether it was in relief or disappointment. The color still flamed, red and hot, under Elizabeth's eyes. The passing sounds seemed to have disturbed and excited her. She had forgotten the original subject of her complaints and trouble, and her mind went far away out of the Rectory drawing-room to other speculations of her own.

Meanwhile, the three Mitfords passed the Rectory gate, and recognized Elizabeth's horse which the groom was walking up and down outside the gate. "Oh ho!" cried Stephen. "There's Lizzy Travers's man. She's having a consultation with old Pax, Roger, about the best way of hooking you."

"I wish you'd try to be less vulgar, Steve."

"Oh, vulgar! As soon as a fellow speaks the truth about a woman, you call him vulgar. Old Pax ought to know how to set about it, if all tales are true."

"There are some things which are worse than vulgar," said Edmund, "and that is one of them. Keep your mess-room talk for that fine locality. You will soon be there."

"I hope so," cried Stephen, — "free from the lackadaisical, which is worse than vulgar any day. Look here, you fellows, I wish you would make up your minds who is going in for Liz, — a fine girl and a fine fortune, and capital preserves, though they're overstocked. If it's not good enough for you, it's quite good enough for me, and I should n't

mind settling down. Not at home, though. The Governor is too much for any fellow. I can't think how you stand it, you two."

To this speech there was no reply, and presently all three paused to greet a couple of men, quite unlike themselves, who were crossing the common, coming from the little railway station to which the Mitfords were bound. One of these was a very trim and fresh country gentleman of fifty or so, with a gray mustache and that indescribably clean, well-brushed air, the perfection of physical purity and soundness which we in England are apt to consider characteristic of an Englishman, — a man who was not above a cigar, but never smelt of smoke; who was no ascetic, yet showed no symptom of any indulgence; who looked his years, yet bore them like a flower, and was as active as any of the younger men beside him. There was no mistaking the handsome, slim young fellow by his side for anything but his son. But though he was tall and straight and delightful in the first bloom of his youth, Raymond Tudgold was not such a perfect type as his father. The man was as self-possessed and easy in speech and mind as in appearance; the youth was a little shy, a little eager, half a step in advance, but not half so sure where he was going or what he meant to do.

"Hallo, what's up?" Raymond cried, which indeed was but a version less refined of the sentiments of the ladies at the Rectory window as to the errand of the brothers, all walking together, as if they had something (for once) in common to do.

"You're going to see Stephen off?" said Mr. Tudgold, solving this problem summarily. "I'm sorry you are going, Steve. My girls think it will soon be weather for tennis, and I don't know what else, and every man that goes is a loss, they say."

"If it's only in the light of any man that goes — I hope Amy and Nancy

think more of me than that. Tell them I'll see them in town, where perhaps they won't take any notice of me."

"Or you of them. We know what you think of country folks in town," said Mr. Tudgold, with a laugh that was not without meaning. Then he added, "We are going to see if the Rector can do anything for Ray in the matter of this exam."

Ray gave a little shrug to his shoulders when he thus became the subject of the conversation. He was two and twenty, and it was recognized as fully necessary that he should lose no time.

"I am afraid the Rector has rather forgotten his classics," said Edmund.

"What can I do? To send him to a crammer is too expensive; besides, I don't approve of the system. I wish I knew of any one else. But the Rector, even if he has forgotten something, must still know a great deal more than Ray."

"In an old-fashioned way."

"Goodness, what can that matter? Isn't it all old-fashioned?" cried Mr. Tudgold, who had been in the army in his youth, and had not had the advantage of a classical education. "I always was told the classics themselves were the oldest things in creation. It stands to reason they can't be treated in any of your new-fangled ways."

"Ray," said Stephen, "I'll tell you what to do, a deal better than going in for exams. A hundred yards off, round the corner, you'll see a certain mare walked about, waiting for her mistress, and the mistress is in the Rectory drawing-room with old Pax. Go in strong for that, and you never need trouble your head any more about exams."

He laughed an insolent laugh, sweeping over his brothers, both of whom were very grave, a malicious glance of defiance. Young Raymond flashed an angry look at his adviser; but the color rose in his young cheek, and he made a half step forward, like a dog pulling at the leash in spite of himself.

III.

BROTHERS.

"I wonder," said Edmund, as they returned towards the house, "whether I may speak to you quite frankly, Roger?"

"That means make yourself disagreeable about something. Well, fire away. I don't mind anything, now that fellow's gone."

"I wish you would n't speak of him so."

"Come, that's a little too much, Ned. I mean Steve no harm, but you don't think it adds to the comfort of the household, do you, when he's here?"

To this the younger brother made no reply, especially as at the moment he had obeyed involuntarily an impulse given by Roger, in which more was meant than met the eye. They had been walking along the road which, with a sweep round the village common, led to Melcombe from the railway. Roger had not said that he intended to take a less direct way, but he silently turned along a cross-road traversing the common in the opposite direction, and his brother had followed without a word. Indeed, there could not be said to be either leading or following in the matter, for they moved as by one impulse, keeping side by side. Imperceptible as the influence was, however, it was so marked that when the turn was taken Edmund looked up quickly with a questioning glance. After a moment he spoke:—

"Need we enter into that? I have wanted for some time to speak to you, Roger. Don't you think you should come to some decision now, and think of doing what my father wishes so much, what all your friends desire?"

"Speak plainly. I am bad at riddles."

"It is no riddle; you know what I mean," said Edmund, with a faint rising

color. "You should marry; you know that's the question."

Roger was silent for a moment, and they went on quickly, their footsteps ringing clear upon the road, as if that had been the prevailing sound to which speech was but a broken accompaniment. He said at last, "It's a question for myself, surely, rather than any one else. Marry — whom, I wonder? If I'm directed in such a matter, the direction should be complete."

Edmund half paused, and threw out his arm with a quick gesture towards the point which they were leaving behind. "To speak of direction is folly, Roger. But don't you know? If you don't, you are the only ignorant person."

Again the steps went on and the voices stayed, — on, quickly, in measured cadence, sure and steady towards an aim, whatever that aim might be. It was very different, at least, from the object of the other interrupted strain, — the conversation which was begun and broken off so often, and by which only a portion of the intended meaning could be conveyed.

When Roger broke silence again, it was in the veiled voice with which a man speaks who turns his head away, not to encounter the scrutiny of his companion's eye. "I thought it was the first tenet of the romantic school," he said, "that marriage cannot be without love. Should I marry one woman while — should I insult one woman by asking her while — that's out of the question, at least." With angry force he kicked away a stone which was in his path as if that had been the thing which was out of the question, and, hurting his foot upon it, gave vent to a short, sharp exclamation of pain, all of which seemed to come into the discussion and form part of it, as they went on.

"Marriage is a very complex matter," said the younger brother; "it's not so simple as one thought. Love is not the only necessity, as one used to suppose."

"You speak like an oracle, Ned," said Roger, seizing the opportunity to laugh off an argument which was becoming serious. "And that's much from you, the faithful Edmund. No, I'm not going to laugh about Pax, dear old Pax, — there never was a better or a dearer, — but you see the justice of it now."

"I see," said Edmund, adopting his brother's plan, that natural expedient of embarrassed feeling, and turning his head aside, "that there are many things which make it impossible, and best that it is impossible. She saw that well enough from the first, and always told me so. It's rather a dreary thing to be convinced, but I am convinced, if that will do you any good."

"How should it do me any good?" said Roger, in a quick, startled tone.

"Only because you know how much in earnest I was, and yet I see it all well enough. There are other things wanted. There's suitability, — that commonplace qualification; there's all one's life to be taken into account."

"You speak like Pax herself, Ned."

"I dare say, — it's all her at second hand; but the thing is, I now see it myself, which I did n't and would n't in the old days. I don't undervalue love. God forbid. It's the foundation of all things — but" —

"It must consider suitability first of all," said Roger, with a forced laugh, "and reckon up all the qualifications, so much money, so much family, so much beauty even, — oh, I know that comes in; and then, everything fully considered, it may let itself go! Yes, I understand all that. But," the young man continued, drawing a long breath, "that's not how it sets to work, alas. There's no consideration at all to begin with, — no dwelling on this, or dwelling on that, none of your reasons for doing a thing. Love," he went on, warming to his subject, "is not doing anything. It rises in you when you are thinking nothing of it; it catches you unawares; all at once there comes

into you something that was not there a moment before. It's not your doing, nor *her* doing. It is not because she's lovely, even; it's because of — nothing that I know. It comes, and there it is, and the question is — the question is, what are you to do with it, what is to follow it, how is it to end?" He clenched the hand that hung by his side and dashed it into the vacant air with a kind of fury. "Talk about questions!" he cried, with a strange laugh. "There's a question which I don't know how to solve, for one."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked his brother in a subdued and troubled tone.

"As bad as — what?" cried Roger, turning upon him. "There is no bad in it. I don't believe you know what I am talking about. I am talking of love, love in the abstract, love with a capital letter, — what you despise, and think should give place to suitability, Ned. Suitability! I think I see myself poking about looking for what is suitable! Yes, when I want a pair of shoes — No, when what I want is" —

"The companion of your life, Roger, the mistress of the house, the lady of Melcombe, the representative of the family in our generation, besides other things more important still."

"I'm glad you spare me the children!" observed Roger, with a hard laugh.

Then the conversation stopped, and the quick, steady strain of the footsteps, hurrying in their excitement like a march in music, resumed; always going on, — going on like the composed strain of life through all that can happen, quickened now and then by the hurry or commotion of some event, but never brought to a stand-still. The young men's minds were not open to such a comparison, nor, indeed, to any comparison at all. For a long time they moved on in silence, keeping step, with complete harmony in their movement, but in their thoughts they were an immeasurable distance

apart. The month was March; the roads were dry and dusty, the woods all covered with an indescribable softened tint, and here and there shrubs with a high tone of budding green, which denotes the new life swelling to the tip of every bough, half bursting in the brown buds. The footsteps of the brothers rang upon the road in perfect measure, and for several minutes neither spoke. At length, as the road rounded off towards the west, Roger turned suddenly upon his companion.

"Are you going anywhere in particular," he said, "that you come this long round? I thought you had something to do at home."

"Only to keep you company," said Edmund. "I had not thought of any other motive."

"Are you sure it was merely for company? It is your turn to be questioned now. Didn't you think that perhaps, if you stuck to my side, you might — influence me, for my good, as you fellows are always bent on doing; keep me from going where I have a mind to go; make me ashamed possibly of where I was going?" Roger spoke hastily and angrily, but at the same time with embarrassment and a hot flush upon his face. And now for the first time the rhythm of their footsteps ceased, and they stood and looked at each other with much meaning between them, more than was put into words.

Edmund replied in a somewhat startled tone: "No, I don't think I intended all that. I came with you without any particular intention, out of mere habit, idleness. If you think I meant to spy upon you" —

"No, no," cried the other, "nothing of the sort. If you meant anything, Ned, I know it was for my good; but don't you know, you fellows who are so fond of influence, that the man who is to be influenced never likes it when he finds it out?"

"I had no such thought," said Ed-

mund, seriously. "I did n't even know — but since you think so, Roger — It's true I have no particular object in coming this way; on the contrary, the opposite direction — might suit me best."

"I think so, Ned, if you will not be offended."

"Why should I be offended?" said Edmund, but he had the dubious, startled look of a man suddenly pulled up and arrested in his course, whatever that might be. "It is true I have something to do," he said, waving his hand to his brother as he abruptly turned back. He was not offended, but he was abashed and startled by this sudden dismissal. No, there was no cause of offense. A brother may say to a brother what it would not be civil to say to a stranger; he may give that natural ally to understand that he wants to be alone, that he has things to occupy which do not brook companionship. The frankness of the nursery may still linger about their intercourse and no harm done. But Edmund felt, as was equally natural, as if he had been meddling and his efforts rejected as intrusive, and yet he was not offended. He walked very quickly in the opposite direction, very quickly indeed, driven by annoyance and something like shame, while Roger went on with equal speed upon his way, a little disturbed and uneasy, but full of a fervor of feeling which drove all those lesser sentiments before it like a strong wind. It hurt him to hurt Ned, and at the same time the heat of his momentary anger against Ned, and feeling that his presence was extremely uncalled for, impelled him to do so; but in a few minutes he had forgotten all about his brother and everything else save the errand upon which he was bound.

Edmund had no such burning motive in his heart. When the little flash of irritation was over, evaporating in the speed of movement and the prick of the fresh breeze which blew in his face, — which, indeed, was an east wind, and noth-

ing less, though, far inland as Melcombe was and sheltered by many woods, it was robbed of much of its severity, — his hasty steps gradually modified into that slower and reflective pace which comes natural to a thoughtful person in the depths of the country, where no pressure or hurry is. He went along quietly thinking of many things. There had been little activity in Edmund's life; he had been somewhat apt to follow the impulse given him, as he had done in the present case, accompanying Roger, with no intention of interfering with Roger, but instinctively because the turn had been taken which led that way. But it was upon this peculiarity of his own that he reflected, as he turned away. He thought of his brother, for whom he not only felt much tenderness, but in whom he took a pride which was not, perhaps, justified by any superiority in Roger, but was the younger boy's traditional admiration for his elder brother, a sentiment which often lingers after the elder brother has been far surpassed by the younger one and left behind. In some respects this had been done in Edmund's case. He had a better head than Roger, and of this he could not but be aware. He had done better in education than Roger; indeed, he had accomplished much which Roger had not even tried to do. He was in reality more independent, more individual, than his brother, who was of the order of the country squire, without any higher aspirations. But yet Edmund had always been proud of him, and so continued. He had been proud, at Oxford, of the gay young guardsman who brought a whiff of London (not always too wholesome) among the "men," and dispersed the mist of thin talk about schools and novels. He was proud of him now in his robustness, his knowledge of several things, his profound learning in horses, his great rides and feats of all kinds. Roger could far out-ride him, out-walk him, even out-talk him in his own way. Edmund admired his energy, his quick

impulses, his certainty of being right, whether about the course taken by the fox or the course taken by the government. As a true man of his time, knowing how very much is to be said on both sides, Edmund secretly laughed at this certainty, but he admired it, all the same.

Something, however, had come over Roger, in these late days, which had a strange effect upon this open-air and robust young man, — something which had cast him down from the supreme height of those certainties, and at the same time opened out new possibilities in him. To think of Roger, of all people in the world, discussing love, — love, as he said, with a capital letter, giving a nervous laugh; a thing surrounded by all the tremors and hesitations and uncertainties of feeling, complicated by horrible doubts as to what must be done about the issue which he could not control; a power sweet but terrible, which had carried him out of himself, as he described it, and out of all his habitual ways. This new phase of Roger made him more and more interesting to his brother, justified the instinctive pride in him which Edmund had always felt, and awoke a hundred questions in the quiescent breast of the young man, who, his own romance having died out to the very ashes, felt himself put aside from life, and for the moment in the position of a spectator. Where was a greater instance of the perversity of circumstances, or, rather, of human hearts and wishes? It had seemed to many people, not only to the family most concerned, that Roger Mitford and Elizabeth Travers were specially indicated by Providence as a pair “fitly formed to meet by nature.” Their estates lay side by side; their characters were similar, or so the country thought. What Elizabeth wanted in point of family was fully made up by Roger; and though there was no want at Melcombe of a wife’s money, still it is well known that more money never comes amiss even to the wealthiest. Thus everything indicated

a match, which had the “suitability” which Edmund had appealed to in its favor in an overwhelming way.

Alas, suitability is a delusion and snare. It severs more heaven-destined partners than it unites; it lights fires of resistance in the youthful soul. Roger had never been supposed to be romantic, but even upon his seemingly unfantastic mind this rebellion against the suitable had told. At least, so he asserted now with vehement emphasis, as has been seen. There had, however, been a moment when it was not supposed that he had felt this any drawback; when he and the heiress had ridden together, danced together, walked and talked together, and all had been supposed to be in good train. Edmund’s mind went back to this period as he walked along. From Roger’s it had disappeared altogether; had it also disappeared from that of Elizabeth? The neighborhood had unhesitatingly concluded that she had not been slow to make up her mind, and that when Roger’s proposal was made it would be accepted without delay or doubt. Edmund had himself been of that opinion. When he had seen her horse and groom outside the Rectory gates, a keen sympathetic pang had gone through his mind. He was fond of entering into other people’s feelings, and he had thought instinctively of the proud, yet tender, woman watching from the window the man whom she perhaps loved, whom, at least, she had begun to think of as a man who meant to seek her love, — watching him pass by on the other side, without a look or thought. The woman could make no sign; the woman was bound to stand like an Indian at the stake, whatever happened, and never show what she felt. Edmund’s mind hung between these two with a poignant sense of pain, of which, possibly, he did not render a full and frank account to himself. Was it for Roger gone astray, or for Elizabeth slighted and disappointed, or was there still some subtler sentiment underneath?

IV.

THE WEST LODGE.

Roger Mitford quickened his steps as his brother left him. He had been like a dog in a leash, compelled to curb his impatient impulse; now he darted forward, the fervor in his heart carrying all before it. It was no walk upon which he was bound. There is no mistaking the expression on the face of a man who is going somewhere, who knows exactly where he is going and is eager to get there. He walked on as if for a wager along the winding country road.

Presently this impulse came to an end, or at all events he paused, relapsed into a saunter, but a saunter in which the same nervous impatience was disguised. In many things, but most especially in that kind of pursuit which absorbed Roger, the hurry of the eager pursuer fails as he reaches the point at which he has aimed. As he draws near he grows cautious, he grows timid. A terror of what he may find when he gets to the end seizes him. "If Lucy should be dead!" cries the poet. But that is an extreme case. It may be that Lucy will be cruel, that she will be indifferent; it may be—oh misery worse than either alternative—that she is not there. Finally Roger swung open the gate known as the west gate of Melcombe, and stole in with almost noiseless steps, holding his breath. No sign of hurry then in his mild aspect. He had only come round to ask Ford the keeper something about the dogs,—a most innocent question which was really of no consequence. "I'll wait a bit, and perhaps he'll turn up," Roger said, slightly breathless. "If he does n't, it's really of no consequence—only something about the puppies. I'll wait a bit, and see if he comes in. How is your garden looking this fine day?"

"Oh, sir," returned Mrs. Ford, "when

the sun come out this morning it was just a-blaze. All the crocuses a-shining like gold. Them crocuses is the nicest things as ever was. You could n't have done a kinder action to Lily and me."

"I'm very glad you like them. They're simple things enough,—the very simplest you could get anywhere; why, gardeners, you know, make no account at all of them."

"Gardeners is very queer," said Mrs. Ford. "I don't think they care for nothing as has n't a name that's three miles long, as Lily says. She does take her fun out of the Scotch gardener about that, Mr. Roger. You should just hear her at him. My Lily has a deal of fun in her, when she don't stand in awe of a person."

"Of whom does she stand in awe?" asked Roger, with a smile which lit up his face into tenderness; then it suddenly clouded over. "The Scotch gardener is not society for your daughter, Mrs. Ford."

"Oh, Mr. Roger! bless you, he thinks himself much too grand for the like of us."

"Then he's a puppy and a fool, and does n't know what he's talking of!" cried Roger hotly. He paused, and, restraining himself, continued with a smile, "I hope I'm not the person of whom Lily stands in awe."

"Oh, sir! you're a deal too good and kind," cried the keeper's wife, taking up her apron to remove an invisible particle of dust, and avoiding the young master's eye. Then there was a momentary pause.

"Ford does n't seem to be coming," remarked Roger at last.

"No, sir, I don't expect him till tea-time at soonest. He said as he was going to make a long round out by Bilbury Hollow, and then down by"—

"Well," said Roger cheerfully, interrupting her, "I'll take a look at the puppies before I go, and I should like to see your crocuses, Mrs. Ford, now I'm here."

"They're not half as fine as in the morning, sir," said the keeper's wife. "The sun's gone in, and they're just like children at school; they've gone in, too. If you were a-passing this way, sir, some time in the morning" —

"There's no time like the present," answered Roger; "but you need n't disturb yourself, if you're busy. I think I ought to know the way."

"Oh yes, sir, no doubt you knows it," said the woman, hesitating. But whatever her feelings might be on the subject, it was clear that she could not oppose the entrance of the master's son, the young Squire, through whose favor her husband had got the place, and on whose favor they all depended. But the keeper's wife, with an uneasy soul, saw him pass through her house to the greenness of the garden which was visible behind. No one knew or shared her anxieties. She stood looking after him helplessly for a moment, and then, shaking her head, returned to her work, with the sort of unsatisfactory consolation there is in utter helplessness, for what could she do?

Roger stepped along through the passage which traversed the little house with a step which in itself was full of revelations. It rung upon the floor with a sort of triumph, yet timidity. He was on the eve of attaining a pleasure which had still more or less to be schemed for, which he could not seek openly. He had before him the prospect of such an occupation for the afternoon's idleness as it made his heart beat to think of; and yet whether he should have this pleasure at all, whether these hours should be enchantment or a blank of disillusion and misery, was not in his own power, but in that of another, — of one whose very charm was the caprice which wounded yet delighted, which sometimes made him miserable and sometimes intoxicated him with pleasure. It is not all men who are liable to this kind of subjugation, but Roger had all the qualities which give it supreme power. He was

little used to women, still less to the kind of woman to whom the pursuit and subjugation of man are natural, and who puts a master's passion, his wiles and cunning, his patience and his vehemence alike, and disregard of all other things, into her sport. He was simple-minded, seeking no recondite motives, believing in what appeared before his eyes. And he was in need of an object, his mind vacant and unoccupied except by those matters of physical activity which cannot be always pursued, and which leave a perilous blank when they are withdrawn. Perhaps if he could have hunted all the year through, if the shooting could have lasted, if the village football and cricket had been continuous and exciting enough, he might never have thought of the more seductive play which occupies the imagination and the heart. But there are perforce periods in country life in which there is, as *ces messieurs* lament, nothing to do. M. Ohnet's latest hero, at such a pause in existence, elegantly devotes himself to the seduction of the nearest lady as the right and natural alternative. A vicious young Englishman, in such circumstances, might perhaps have found in the keeper's pretty daughter a natural victim. But Roger was neither a *beau garçon* of the French type, nor a Squire Thornhill of the last century. And when he fell under this unaccustomed spell, it was himself who became, or was likely to become, the victim. There was no idea, however, of any victim in the sensations with which he went through the keeper's cottage into the garden behind. It was Armida's garden, the Bower of Bliss, the fool's paradise, to Roger. Away from it he was not without serious thought of what it might come to, and a just perception of all the difficulties and impossibilities in his way. But at this moment he thought of nothing of the kind. All the restraints of judgment, of good sense and practical possibility, were withdrawn. He was hurrying to an intoxication more

delightful than any which vulgarer methods could afford. The delicate fumes had mounted to his head already, though he had not yet tasted the dangerous draught.

The keeper's cottage, known as the West Lodge, was very much like many other lodges at the park gates of country houses. It was built of red brick, with gables intended to be picturesque, but without any pretense at antiquity, being indeed a quite recent erection and in conformity with the taste of the moment. It was, however, already half covered with creepers, and on the warm south wall the roses and honeysuckles which made it sweet in summer were bursting into full leaf. The garden behind was separated from the park only by a railing, and in the season of flowers it was a sight to see. The keeper's wife was one of those women with an instinct for flowers, under whose hand everything thrives, and her simple gardening by the light of nature and homely experience succeeded better than art. Mrs. Ford had married somewhat late in life, and had been a florist in her untutored way before she was a mother. She took her baby, when it came, unexpectedly past the time for such vanities, very much as she would have taken some new and rare plant. It was no rough boy, to fall into the father's way, and grow up in velveteens, a miniature keeper, but a girl, a delicate little creature, a sort of animated flower, transporting the elderly mother into a heaven of tender worship such as she had never dreamed of. The great white lilies were standing in angelic groups about the garden, with their stately heads bent in the reverence of that Ave which the flower of the Annunciation has brought out of the old pictures, out of tender tradition, to make it doubly sweet. The keeper's wife could see them from where she lay, with the little woman-child who was her flower and late blossom in her arms; and what could she name it but Lily, in the still transport of her soul? The flowers and the

child were as one in her eyes, the most exquisite things in the earth, good enough for a queen, yet hers, which was a wonder she never could get over. Lily the child grew up in such delicacy and daintiness as the endless care and worship of a mother often brings. Mrs. Ford's own perceptions grew finer through the medium of the child. Perhaps her flowers, too, gave her a delicacy not to be expected among her kind. Lily had been dressed like a little lady when she caught Mrs. Mitford's eye, and was carried to the Hall to be admired and caressed and to amuse the invalid lady on her death-bed. The Squire's wife was not a judicious adviser for a woman lost in such an adoration. She took a violent fancy to the child, and left her a little legacy to be spent in her education. "She must not grow up to be a mere house-maid. She must have a good education; and then who knows what may happen?" Mrs. Mitford said, with a smile that made Lily's mother dissolve in weeping. Lily was far more pretty, far more dainty, at that period than poor little Nina, who was in the nursery, a weakly baby, left to the nurse's care. From that moment the girl's fate was settled. Mrs. Ford had a battle to fight with her husband, who comprehended none of these delicacies, and did not understand why his little girl should not stir about the house, and open the lodge gates, and help her mother. But even Ford was penetrated by and by with the pride of having a child who was like nobody else's, and whom strangers took for a little lady from the Hall. He was mollified by the fact that the radiant little creature was very fond of him, and would sit in his lap, and coax him to tell her stories, and applaud her daddy's crooning of rustic songs, notwithstanding her white frocks and her lessons from the Melcombe governess. There is nothing more contagious than child worship in any circumstances; and Lily was, to belong to a keeper and his homely wife, a miraculous child. Her

beauty was not of the dairy-maid kind. She was even a little deficient in color, pale as suited her name. And as she grew older, the father came to look upon her with a little awe. "Are you sure as she was n't changed at nurse?" he would say as the dainty creature stood between them, he in his gaiters at one side of the hearth, and his elderly wife in her black cap on the other, with her hard hands all rough with work, and wrinkles abounding in the homely face which bore the brunt of all weather.

"I know as she's never left my lap till she could run by herself," said the mother, well pleased. But she might have been a little princess, — they were both agreed on that.

Naturally, the bringing up of Lily was a point upon which the whole neighborhood had its opinion, which did not agree with that of Mrs. Ford. "What is to come of it?" the village people said; and indeed the West Lodge could give no answer to that question. "Is she going for a governess, or do they mean her for the new girls' school?" her more favorable critics asked, when Lily came home with her education completed. Miss Lemesurier even sent for the mother, to ask this question. "I don't approve of that style of education even for such a purpose," said Pax, "but I will speak to my father, Mrs. Ford, if you want her to try for the girls' school."

"No, thank you kindly, miss. Her father and me, we don't want nothing of that sort," Mrs. Ford replied.

"What do you want, then? You have n't given your girl an expensive education, and brought her up so different from her class, without some meaning, I suppose?"

"Well, miss," said the keeper's wife, drawing patterns on the carpet with the point of her umbrella, "we've brought up Lily as we thought was best for her. She's different in her nature, without any doing of ours."

"I wonder how you can talk such non-

sense," cried Pax, — "a sensible woman like you!"

"If it's nonsense, the dear lady at the Hall, she spoke the same. She saw as the child was n't like one in a hundred. Give her a good eddication, she said, and then" —

"Yes, and then — what then? That's just the question."

"Well, miss, then there's no telling what may happen," Mrs. Ford said.

"Oh, you foolish woman!" cried Pax, holding up her hands; "oh, you" — But words failed to express the force of her feelings. "Mrs. Mitford, poor thing, is dead, and we'll say no harm of her," she went on, "but don't you see what that means? There is only one thing it can mean. It was like her sentimental, silly ways to put it in your head. It means that you expect some fine gentleman to come and fall in love with her and carry the girl away."

"I'm not thinking anything of the sort," cried the mother, springing up and growing red; for English mothers, both high and low, whatever may be their prudential outlook, unlike all parents of other races, vehemently deny that such a thing as marrying a daughter ever enters into their heads. But Mrs. Ford was too simple and too self-conscious to add anything to this first denial. Aware of the guilty hopes in her heart, she broke forth with, "Oh, Miss Pax, I never thought as you'd say such things to me!" and burst into a flood of tears.

"I don't know that there would be anything wrong in it," said Pax impatiently. "If I saw any way to a good marriage for Lily or any one, I'd certainly help it on. But suppose she caught some one far above her, which is what you're thinking of, you know, — what would happen? If the very best came that you could hope for, which is very, very unlikely, he'd take her away from you, and separate her from you, and perhaps never let her come near you more."

The mother dried her eyes indignant-

ly. "It's clear to me you don't know my Lily, and how should you?" Mrs. Ford cried, with mingled resentment and pity. "They might tear her with wild horses, but they would never get her to consent to that."

"Perhaps so; but you would n't like her to be torn with wild horses, would you?" Pax said.

These words gave Mrs. Ford a tremor for the moment; they gave her "a turn," she said to herself. But as there was no immediate possibility of verifying them, and it is much pleasanter to think of events taking a favorable course than a bad one, she was able to dismiss them out of her mind for the time. Still it was not a pleasant thing to have said. Lily would never abandon her mother, never turn her back upon her, not if she were drawn with wild horses. But how about the wild horses? The mother's heart stood still for a moment. Better she should be abandoned, cast off, dropped forever, than that Lily should be exposed to that rending. It gave Mrs. Ford a "dreadful turn." But then she hastily thrust it out of her mind.

It was enough to make any mother's heart dance to see the radiant creature Lily came home. Her hair was light brown and silky, and shone in the sun like gold. Her mother thought she had seen nothing like it save the knot of spun glass which she had brought home from the exhibition once held at Beaulieu, and kept under a little glass shade on the mantelpiece. Her face was like a flower, though more like a rose now than a lily; her complexion more tender, delicate, and perfect in its first bloom than anything but a girl's complexion can be. Her eyes were as blue as the sky. To be sure, the features were not perfect, if Mrs. Ford had been disposed to take them to pieces. The girl's slim figure was also like a flower, tall and light, and swaying a little, as a lily does with its graceful, drooping head. To think of such a creature doing housework, or

looking after the dog's meat, was a thing that made the parents shiver: whatever happened to them, that was impossible; they had not brought her home from the genteel seminary and all her nice companions for that. It was, indeed, after the first rapture of her return, an embarrassing question what Lily was to do. The parents did not know what to make of it; they did not know what to say to her on the subject, or whether to suggest that it was necessary to do something. Lily did not at first appear to see any necessity. She went out with her paints and colors and made little sketches, and she played "pieces" upon the jingling piano, which had come out of the school-room at Melcombe, and sounded like an old tin kettle, and for some time seemed to suppose that this was all that was required of her; but this blissful state of ignorance was dispelled by communications made to the girl in the village at a little tea party, where she was eagerly questioned as to whether she were going into service, or what she was going to do. Lily awakened rudely under the fire of these demands, but she was not without spirit, and she had accepted the position. The housekeeper at Melcombe had some sewing to be done which was finer than the village was equal to; and Lily installed herself in the vacant little room that was called the parlor, which had never been used till her return. And here the parents, growing less and less wise as they came more and more under the influence of this dazzling child of theirs, made Lily a bower. It looked into the garden, and Ford, with the aid of some of the workmen on the estate, made the window into a glass door opening into that flowery inclosure. There Lily took up her abode, with her pretty accomplishments and her pretty dresses, to see what would happen. Those words which her early patroness had said had not indeed been reported to her. But she felt as Mrs. Mitford had done, as her mother did, as Pax had instantly

divined, that there was no telling what might come. The preparation was over; the results might be anticipated any day.

What was it the girl expected when she sat down to her little pretense of work in her little room, all fenced and guarded from intrusion, looking out upon her flowers? She did not know; neither did the mother know who had prepared it all for her, as if with a settled plan and purpose. There was no telling what might happen; there was no telling what fine fortune or beautiful hero might suddenly come out of the unknown. Lily sat down in her bower all hidden among the leaves, and put out her webs unconsciously, as perhaps the spiders do when they begin. It is not a lovely comparison, and she meant to devour no one; but the girl, in all her prettiness, was like nothing in the realms of nature so much as the swift and skillful creature which spreads out those fairy webs, the *toile à la bonne vierge*, to shiver upon every bush in the autumn sun.

It was not long before an event occurred which made the heart of this little enchantress leap into her mouth in fright and triumph. One can imagine that to a little spider, new to her work, the sudden bounce of a great fat fly into those gossamers which she has extended by instinct in the sun, without any clear idea what is to come of them, must be unalarming as well as an exciting sight. Will those airy meshes be strong enough to bear that weight? Will they tear asunder under it? And what is to be done with this altogether unlooked-for victim, so much bigger than his captor? Something like this thrill of strange sensation started through Lily Ford, when all at once it became apparent to her that the agreeable event which there was no divining, the wonder for which she had been working, had come. She had not selected any particular prey any more than the spider does. And it would be impossible to imagine anything further from the

thoughts of Roger Mitford, when he strolled into Ford's cottage as he passed, with some question about the young birds and the prospects of the shooting, than that he should then and there be brought face to face with his fate. It was with no purpose, even, that he was led into Lily's parlor for greater honor, the fire in the kitchen being overpowering on the hot August evening. He went in unsuspecting, and asked his questions all unaware of Armida in her corner, who, for her part, intended the young Squire no harm. But when he made some remark which Ford did not understand at once, and the girl's quick, clear voice rose in the dusk, explaining it, and Roger, amused and interested, stepped to the open window opening into the garden, and in the mystic twilight, just touched by the glimmer of the small new moon, saw the unthought-of, unlooked-for apparition, and asked, surprised, if this were Lily, the deed was done. He was not himself aware of it, but she was aware of it, feeling the tug, let us suppose, in all the delicate, invisible threads of her nets, as this big captive caught in them. Roger lingered talking to her for ten minutes, pleased to find his mother's baby favorite developed into so charming a creature, and went away thinking no more of it. But after that he returned again and again. And this was why he had discoursed to his brother, he a man who knew nothing about poetry or the fictions of the romancers, upon the mystery of love; and why the keeper's wife endeavored with affright to keep him out of the garden, where the cobwebs entangled everything, though it was now no longer autumn, but spring. But Lily sat within and peeped out, hearing his voice, and expected him, drawing the young man with her mysterious thread. For the enchantress had forgotten her alarm in the pleasure of conquest, and for her victim she was without ruth or pity.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE CITY OF THE VIOLET CROWN.

HE is dead and gone, with his wonderful skill,
The poet who once by a sound
Made boulder and birch-tree dance to his will,
And a city arise from the ground.

One night, where the haunted Cephissus pours
Its shrunken wave to the sea,
Some flute-notes, wafted along the shores,
Were the same as Amphion's to me.

For they built thee again in my quiet dreams,
O City of the Violet Crown;
As silent as rises the mist from the streams,
Thy walls rose over the town.

On the gleaming height where the Parthenon lay,
Like a beautiful changeless cloud,
Stood the maiden goddess arrayed for the fray,
Majestic, and silent, and proud.

Her brazen shield in the sunlight shone
Far out on the trembling blue,
As a welcoming star, as a sign well known,
To the home-returning crew.

The seals were broken on urn and grave,
And many a vanished face
Was seen once more in the living wave
Of the street or the market-place.

But all the while it was envious Death
Still masking; the vision of peace
Became as a fabric upheld by a breath,—
I feared that my fluter would cease.

Ill-omened fear! That moment I found
The faces beginning to pass;
All faded, as phantoms fade underground
When the dawn breathes over the grass.

The dawn had risen, the broken spell
I could not recover then;
Time's withering glance on thy temples fell,
And thou wert a ruin again.

Nay, not all ruin! In air and sky,
In thy old historic hill,

A sense of something that cannot die
There lingered, and lingers still, —

A gleam of the light that forever will be
On all the nations afar,
Like the trail that falls over the summer sea
At the set of the Titan star.

Oh, well to remember the deeds and days
Of thy past, handed silently down,
While the sun on thy forehead of mountains lays,
Fair city, the Violet Crown!

Samuel V. Cole.

WHAT CHILDREN READ.

It is part of the irony of life that our discriminating taste for books should be built up on the ashes of an extinct enjoyment. We spend a great deal of our time in learning what literature is good, and a great deal more in attuning our minds to its reception, rightly convinced that by the training of our intellectual faculties we are unlocking one of the doors through which sweetness and light may enter. We are fond of reading, too, and have always maintained with Macaulay that we would rather be a poor man with books than a great king without, though luckily for our resolution, and perhaps for his, such a choice has never yet been offered. Books, we say, are our dearest friends, and so with true friendly acuteness we are prompt to discover their faults, and take great credit in our ingenuity. But all this time, somewhere about the house, curled up, may be, in a nursery window, or hidden in a freezing attic, a child is poring over *The Three Musketeers*, lost to any consciousness of his surroundings, incapable of analyzing his emotions, breathless with mingled fear and exultation over his heroes' varying fortunes, and drinking in a host of vivid impressions that are absolutely ineffaceable from his mind.

We cannot read in that fashion any longer, but we only wish we could. Thackeray used to sigh in middle age over the lost delights of five shillings' worth of pastry; but what was the pleasure of eating tarts to the glamour cast over us by our first romance, to the enchanted hours we spent with *Sintram* by the sea-shore, or with *Nydia* in the darkened streets of Pompeii, or perhaps—if we were not too carefully watched—with *Emily* in those dreadful vaults beneath *Udolpho's* walls!

Nor is it fiction only that strongly excites the imagination of a child. History is not to him what it is to us, a tangle of disputed facts, doubtful theories, and conflicting evidence. He grasps its salient points with simple directness, absorbs them into his mind with tolerable accuracy, and passes judgment on them with enviable ease. To him, historical characters are at least as real as those of romance, which they are very far from being to us, and he enters into their impressions and motives with a facile sympathy which we rarely feel. Not only does he firmly believe that *Marcus Curtius* leaped into the gulf, but he has not yet learned to question the expediency of the act; and, having never

been enlightened by Mr. Grote, the black broth of Lykurgus is as much a matter of fact to him as the bread and butter upon his own breakfast table. Sir Walter Scott tells us that even the dinner-bell — most welcome sound to boyish ears — failed to win him from his rapt perusal of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*; but Gibbon, as a lad, found the passage of the Goths over the Danube just as engrossing, and, stifling the pangs of hunger, preferred to linger fasting in their company. The great historian's early love for history has furnished Mr. Bagehot with one more proof of the fascination of such records for the youthful mind, and he bids us at the same time consider from what a firm and tangible standpoint it regards them. "Youth," he writes, "has a principle of consolidation. In history, the whole comes in boyhood; the details later, and in manhood. The wonderful series going far back to the times of old patriarchs with their flocks and herds, the keen-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, the watchful Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the settled picture of the unchanging East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough, impetuous Middle Ages, the vague warm picture of ourselves and home, — when did we learn these? Not yesterday, nor to-day, but long ago, in the first dawn of reason, in the original flow of fancy. What we learn afterwards are but the accurate littlenesses of the great topic, the dates and tedious facts. Those who begin late learn only these; but the happy first feel the mystic associations and the progress of the whole."¹

If this be true, and the child's mind be not only singularly alive to new impressions, but quick to concentrate its knowledge into a consistent whole, the value and importance of his early reading can hardly be overestimated. That much anxiety has been felt upon the sub-

¹ *Literary Studies*, vol. ii.

ject is proven by the cry of self-congratulation that rises on every side of us to-day. We are on the right track at last, the press and the publishers assure us; and with tons of healthy juvenile literature flooding the markets every year, our American boys and girls stand fully equipped for the intellectual battles of life. But if we will consider the matter in a dispassionate and less boastful light, we shall see that the good accomplished is mainly of a negative character. By providing cheap and wholesome reading for the young, we have partly succeeded in driving from the field that which was positively bad. But nothing is easier than to overdo a reformation, and through the characteristic indulgence of American parents children are drugged with a literature whose chief merit is its harmlessness. These little volumes, nicely written, nicely printed, and nicely illustrated, are very useful in their way; but they are powerless to awaken a child's imagination, or to stimulate his mental growth. If stories, they merely introduce him to a phase of life with which he is already familiar; if historical, they aim at showing him a series of detached episodes, broken pictures of the mighty whole, shorn of its "mystic associations," and stirring within his soul no stronger impulse than that of a cheaply gratified curiosity.

Not that children's books are to be neglected or contemned. On the contrary, they are always helpful, and in the average nursery have grown to be a recognized necessity. But when supplied with a too lavish hand, a child is tempted to read nothing else, and his mind becomes shrunken for lack of a vigorous stimulant to excite and expand it. "Children," wrote Sir Walter Scott, "derive impulses of a powerful and important kind from hearing things that they cannot entirely comprehend. It is a mistake to write down to their understanding. Set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out." Sir Walter himself, be it ob-

served, in common with most little people of genius, got along strikingly well without any juvenile literature at all. He shouted the ballad of Hardyknute, to the great annoyance of his aunt's visitors, long before he knew how to read, and listened at his grandmother's knee to her stirring tales about Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and a host of border heroes whose picturesque robberies were the glory of their sober and respectable descendants. Two or three old books which lay in the window-seat were explored for his amusement in the dreary winter days. Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, a mutilated copy of Josephus, and Pope's translation of the *Iliad* appear to have been his favorites, until, when about eight years old, a happy chance threw him under the spell of the two great poets who have swayed most powerfully the pliant imaginations of the young. "I found," he writes in his early memoirs, "within my mother's dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakespeare; nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sate up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock." And a little later he adds, "Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights, and ladies, and dragons, and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and Heaven only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society!"

"How much of our poetry," it has been asked, "owes its start to Spenser, when the *Fairy Queen* was a household book, and lay in the parlor window-seat?" And how many brilliant fancies have emanated from those same window-seats, which Montaigne so keenly despised? There, where the smallest child could

climb with ease, lay piled up in a corner, within the reach of his little hands, the few precious volumes which perhaps comprised the literary wealth of the household. Those were not days when over-indulgence and a multiplicity of books robbed reading of its healthy zest. We know that in the window-seat of Cowley's mother's room lay a copy of the *Fairy Queen*, which to her little son was a source of unfailing delight, and Pope has recorded the ecstasy with which, as a lad, he pored over this wonderful poem; but then neither Cowley nor Pope had the advantage of following Oliver Optic through the slums of New York, or living with some adventurous "boy hunters" in the jungles of Central Africa. On the other hand, there is a delicious account of Bentham, in his early childhood, climbing to the height of a huge stool, and sitting there night after night reading *Rapin's history* by the light of two candles; a weird little figure, whose only counterpart in literature is the small John Ruskin propped up solemnly in his niche, "like an idol," and hemmed in from the family reach by the table on which his book reposed. It is quite evident that Bentham found the mental nutrition he wanted in *Rapin's* rather dreary pages, just as Pope and Cowley found it in Spenser, Ruskin in the *Iliad*, and Burns in the marvelous stories told by that "most ignorant and superstitious old woman," who made the poet afraid of his own shadow, and who, as he afterwards freely acknowledged, fanned within his soul the kindling fires of genius.

Look where we will, we find the author's future work reflected in the intellectual pastimes of his childhood. Madame de Genlis, when but six years old, perused with unflagging interest the ten solid volumes of *Clélie*, — a task which would appall the most stout-hearted novel-reader of to-day. Gibbon turned as instinctively to facts as Scott and Burns to fiction. Macaulay surely learned from

his beloved *Æneid* the art of presenting a dubious statement with all the vigorous coloring of truth. Wordsworth congratulated himself and Coleridge that, as children, they had ranged at will

"through vales
Rich with indigenous produce, open grounds
Of fancy ;"

and Coleridge, in his turn, was wont to express his sense of superiority over those who had not read fairy tales when they were young. What a picture we have of Cardinal Newman's sensitive and flexible mind in these few words which bear witness to his childish musings! "I used to wish," he says in the third chapter of the *Apologia*, "that the Arabian Nights were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all the world a deception, my fellow-angels, by a playful device, concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world." Alongside of this poetic revelation may be placed Cobbett's sketch of himself: a sturdy country lad of eleven, in a blue smock and red garters, standing before the bookseller's shop in Richmond, with an empty stomach, threepence in his pocket, and a certain little book called *The Tale of a Tub* contending with his hunger for the possession of that last bit of money. In the end, mind conquered matter: the threepence was invested in the volume, and the homeless little reader curled himself under a haystack, and forgot all about his lost supper in the strange, new pleasure he was enjoying. "The book was so different," he writes, "from anything that I had ever read before, it was something so fresh to my mind, that, though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of food or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my

little book in my pocket and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds of Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning. . . . I carried that volume about with me wherever I went; and when I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds."

We all know Charles Lamb's views on the subject of early reading, as expressed in his triumphant vindication of Bridget Elia's happily neglected education: "She was tumbled by accident or design into a spacious closet of good old English books, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion." It is natural that but few parents are anxious to risk so hazardous an experiment, especially as the training of "incomparable old maids" is hardly the recognized summit of maternal ambition; but Bridget Elia at least ran no danger of intellectual starvation, while, if we pursue a modern school-girl along the track of her self-chosen reading, we will be astonished that so much printed matter can yield so little mental nourishment. She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories, bright and well written, probably, but following each other in such quick succession that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once are of scant service to them; those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown-up, — to those non-descript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge; and with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love, so

graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the "Duchess," at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea, even, of what she has missed in the world of books. She tells you that she "don't care for Dickens," and "can't get interested in Scott," with a placidity that plainly shows she lays the blame for this state of affairs on the two great masters who have amused and charmed the world. As for *Northanger Abbey*, or *Emma*, she would as soon think of finding entertainment in *Henry Esmond*. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought, or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in the circulating library, and is seldom visible on the street without a book or two under her arm.

"In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate," wrote little Marjorie Fleming in her diary, nearly eighty years ago, and added somewhat plaintively, "Isabella will not allow me to speak of lovers and heroins," — yearning, as we can see, over the forbidden topic, and mutable in her spelling, as befits her tender age. But what books had *she* read, this bright-eyed, healthy, winsome little girl, — eight years old when she died, — the favorite companion of Sir Walter Scott, and his comfort in many a moment of fatigue and depression? We can follow her path easily enough, thanks to those delicious, misspelt scrawls in which she has recorded her childish verdicts. "Thomson is a beautiful author," she writes at six, "and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. *Macbeth* is a pretty composition, but awful one. . . . The *Newgate Calender* is very instructive." And again, "Tom Jones and Grey's *Elegy* in a country churchyard," surely never classed together before, "are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex,

particularly by the men. . . . Doctor Swift's works are very funny; I got some of them by heart. . . . Miss Egward's [Edgeworth's] tails are very good, particularly some that are much adapted for youth, as *Laz Lawrance* and *Tarleton*." Then with a sudden jump, "I am reading the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. I am much interested in the fate of poor poor Emily. . . . Morehead's sermons are, I hear, much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it or my prayers."

It is quite apparent that she read a great deal which would hardly be considered desirable for little girls, but who can quarrel with the result? Had the bright young mind been starved on Dotty Dimple and Little Prudy books, we might have missed the quaintest bit of autobiography in the English tongue, those few scattered pages which, with her scraps of verse and tender little letters, were so carefully preserved by a loving sister after Pet Maidie's death. Far too young and innocent to be harmed by Tom Jones or the "funny" Doctor Swift, we may perhaps doubt whether she had penetrated very deeply into the *Newgate Calendar*, notwithstanding a further assertion on her part that "the history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." But that she had the "little knolege" of Shakespeare she boasted is proven by the fact that her recitations from King John affected Scott, to use his own words, "as nothing else could do." He would sob outright when the little creature on his knee repeated, quivering with suppressed emotion, those heart-breaking words of Constance: —

"For I am sick, and capable of fears,

Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears;

and, knowing the necessity of relaxing a mind so highly wrought, he took good care that she should not be without healthy childish reading. We have an

amusing picture of her consoling herself with fairy tales, when exiled, for her restlessness, to the foot of her sister's bed; and one of the first copies of Rosamond and Harry and Lucy found its way to Marjorie Fleming, with Sir Walter Scott's name written on the fly-leaf.

Fairy tales, and Harry and Lucy! But the real, old-fashioned, earnest, half-sombre fairy tales of our youth have slipped from the hands of children into those of folk-lore students, who are busy explaining all their flavor out of them; while as for Miss Edgeworth, the little people of to-day cannot be persuaded that she is not dull and prosy. Yet what keen pleasure have her stories given to many boys and girls, who in their time have grown to be clever men and women! Hear what Miss Thackeray, that loving student of children and of childish ways, has to record about them. "When I look back," she writes, "upon my own youth, I seem to have lived in company with a delightful host of little playmates, bright, busy children, whose cheerful presence remains more vividly in my mind than that of many of the real little boys and girls who used to appear and disappear disconnectedly, as children do in childhood, when friendship and companionship depend almost entirely upon the convenience of grown-up people. Now and again came little cousins or friends to share our games, but day by day, constant and unchanging, ever to be relied upon, smiled our most lovable and friendly companions: simple Susan, lame Jervas, the dear little merchants, Jem, the widow's son, with his arms around old Lightfoot's neck, the generous Ben, with his whipcord and his useful proverb of "Waste not, want not," — all of these were there in the window corner waiting our pleasure. After Parents' Assistant, to which familiar words we attached no meaning whatever, came Popular Tales in big brown volumes off a shelf in the lumber-room of an apartment in an old house in

Paris; and as we opened the books, lo! creation widened to our view. England, Ireland, America, Turkey, the mines of Golconda, the streets of Bagdad, thieves, travelers, governesses, natural philosophy, and fashionable life were all laid under contribution, and brought interest and adventure to our humdrum nursery corner."¹

And have these bright and varied pictures, these "immortal tales," as Mr. Matthew Arnold terms them, lost their power to charm, that they are banished from our modern nursery corners; or is it because their didactic purpose is too thinly veiled, or — as I have sometimes fancied — because their authoress took so moderate a view of children's functions and importance? If we place Miss Edgeworth's and Miss Alcott's stories side by side, we shall see that the contrast between them lies not so much in the expected dissimilarity of style and incident as in the utterly different standpoint from which their writers regard the aspirations and responsibilities of childhood. Take, for instance, Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond and Miss Alcott's Eight Cousins, both of them books purporting to show the gradual development of a little girl's character under kindly and stimulating influences. Rosamond, who is said to be a portrait of Maria Edgeworth herself, is from first to last the undisputed heroine of the volume which bears her name. Laura may be much wiser, Godfrey far more clever; but neither of them usurps for a moment their sister's place as the central figure of the narrative, round whom our interest clings. But when we come to consider her position in her own family, we find it strangely insignificant. The foolish, warm-hearted, impetuous little girl is of importance to the household only through the love they bear her. It is plain her opinions do not carry much weight, and she is never called on to act as an especial providence to any one

¹ A Book of Sibyls.

We do not behold her winning Godfrey away from his cigar, or Orlando from fast companions, or correcting anybody's faults, in fact, except her own, which are numerous enough, and give her plenty of concern.

Now with Rose, the bright little heroine of *Eight Cousins*, and of its sequel *A Rose in Bloom*, everything is vastly different. She is of the utmost importance to all the grown-up people in the book, most of whom, it must be acknowledged, are extremely silly and incapable. Her aunts set the very highest value upon her society, and receive it with gratified rapture; while among her male cousins, she is from the first like a missionary in the Feejees. It is she who cures them of their boyish vices, obtaining in return from their supine mothers "a vote of thanks, which made her feel as if she had done a service to her country." At thirteen she discovers that "girls are made to take care of boys," and with dauntless assurance sets about her self-appointed task. "You boys need somebody to look after you," she modestly announces, — most of them are her seniors, by the way, and all have parents, — "so I'm going to do it; for girls are nice peacemakers, and know how to manage people." Naturally, to a young person holding these advanced views of life, Miss Edgeworth's limited field of action seems a very spiritless affair, and we find Rose expressing herself with characteristic energy on the subject of the purple jar, declaring that Rosamond's mother was "regularly mean," and that she "always wanted to shake that woman, though she was a model mamma"! As we read the audacious words, we half expect to see rising from the mists of story-book land the indignant ghost of little English Rosamond, burning to defend with all her old impetuosity the mother whom she so dearly loved. It is true, she had no sense of a "mission," this commonplace but very amusing little girl. She never, like

Rose, adopted a pauper baby, or made friends with a workhouse orphan; she never vetoed pretty frocks in favor of philanthropy, or announced that she would "have nothing to do with love until she could prove that she was something beside a housekeeper and a baby-tender." In fact, she was probably taught that love and matrimony and babies were not proper subjects for discussion in the polite society for which she was so carefully reared. The hints that are given her now and then on such matters by no means encourage a free expression of any unconventional views. "It is particularly amiable in a woman to be ready to yield, and avoid disputing about trifles," says Rosamond's father, who plainly does not consider his child in the light of a beneficent genius; while, when she reaches her teens, she is described as being "just at that age when girls do not join in conversation, but when they sit modestly silent, and have leisure, if they have sense, to judge of what others say, and to form by choice, and not by chance, their opinions of what goes on in that great world into which they have not yet entered."

And is it really only ninety years since this delicious sentence was penned in sober earnest, as representing an existing state of things! There is an antique, musty, long-secluded flavor about it, that would suggest a monograph copied from an Egyptian tomb with thirty centuries of dust upon its hoary head. Yet Rosamond, sitting "modestly silent," under the delusion that grown-up people are worth listening to, can talk fluently enough when occasion demands it, though at all times her strength lies rather in her heart than in her head. She represents that tranquil, unquestioning, unselfish family love, which Miss Edgeworth could describe so well because she felt it so sincerely. The girl who had three stepmothers and nineteen brothers and sisters, and managed to be fond of them all, should be good authority on

the subject of domestic affections ; and that warm, happy, loving atmosphere which charms us in her stories, and which brought tears to Sir Walter Scott's eyes when he laid down Simple Susan, is only the reflection of the cheerful home life she steadfastly helped to brighten.

Her restrictions as a writer are perhaps most felt by those who admire her most. Her pet virtue — after prudence — is honesty ; and yet how poor a sentiment it becomes under her treatment ! — no virtue at all, in fact, but merely a policy working for its own gain. Take the long conversation between the little Italian merchants on the respective merits of integrity and sharpness in their childish traffic. Each disputant exhausts his wits in trying to prove the superior wisdom of his own course, but not once does the virtuous Francisco make use of the only argument which is of any real value, — I do not cheat because it is not right. There is more to be learned about honesty, real unselfish, unrequited honesty, in Charles Lamb's little sketch of Barbara S — than in all Miss Edgeworth has written on the subject in a dozen different tales.

"Taking up one's cross does not at all mean having ovations at dinner parties, and being put over everybody else's head," says Ruskin, with visible impatience at the smooth and easy manner in which Miss Edgeworth persists in grinding the mills of the gods, and distributing poetical justice to each and every comer. It may be very nice to see the generous Laura, who gave away her half sovereign, extolled to the skies by a whole room full of company, "disturbed for the purpose," while "poor dear little Rosamond" — he too has a weakness for this small blunderer — is left in the lurch, without either shoes or jar ; but it is not real generosity that needs so much commendation, and it is not real life that can be depended on for giving it. Yet Ruskin admits that Harry and Lucy

were his earliest friends, to the extent even of inspiring him with an ambitious desire to continue their history ; and he cannot say too much in praise of an authoress "whose every page is so full and so delightful. I can read her over and over again, without ever tiring. No one brings you into the company of pleasanter or wiser people ; no one tells you more truly how to do right."¹

He might have added that no one ever was more moderate in her exactions. The little people who brighten Miss Edgeworth's pages are not expected, like the children in more recent books, to take upon their shoulders a load of grown-up duties and responsibilities. Life is simplified for them by an old-fashioned habit of trusting in the wisdom of their parents, and these parents, instead of being foolish and wrong-headed, so as to set off more strikingly the child's sagacious energy, are apt to be very sensible and kind, and remarkably well able to take care of themselves and their families. This is the more refreshing because, after reading a few modern stories, either English or American, one is troubled with serious doubts as to the moral usefulness of adults ; and we begin to feel that as we approach the age of Mentor it behooves us to find some wise young Telemachus who will consent to be our protector and our guide. There is no more charming writer for the young than Flora Shaw ; yet Hector and Phyllis Browne, and even that group of merry Irish children in Castle Blair, are all convinced it is their duty to do some difficult or dangerous work in the interests of humanity, and all are afflicted with a premature consciousness of social evils.

"The time is out of joint ; oh, cursed spite !

That ever I was born to set it right !"

cries Hamlet wearily ; but it is at thirty, and not at thirteen, that he makes this unpleasant discovery.

In religious stories, of which there

¹ Ethics of the Dust.

are many hundreds published every year, these peculiar views are even more defined, presenting themselves often in the form of a spiritual contest between highly endowed, sensitive children and their narrow-minded parents and guardians, who, of course, are always in the wrong. The clever authoress of *Thrown Together* is by no means innocent of this unwholesome tone; but the chief offender, and one who has had a host of dismal imitators, is Susan Warner, — Miss Wetherell, — who plainly considered that virtue, especially in the young, was of no avail unless constantly undergoing persecution. Her supernaturally righteous little girls, who pin notes on their fathers' dressing-tables requesting them to become Christians, and who endure the most brutal treatment — at their parents' hands — rather than sing songs on Sunday evening, are equaled only by her older heroines, who divide their time impartially between flirting and praying, between indiscriminate kisses and passionate searching for light. A Blackwood critic declares that there is more kissing done in *The Old Helmet* than in all of Sir Walter Scott's novels put together, and utters an energetic protest against the penetrating glances, and earnest pressing of hands, and brotherly embraces, and the whole vulgar paraphernalia of pious flirtation, so immeasurably hurtful to the undisciplined fancy of the young. "They have good reason to expect," he growls, "from these pictures of life, that if they are very good, and very pious, and very busy in doing grown-up work, when they reach the mature age of sixteen or so some young gentleman who has been in love with them all along will declare himself at the very nick of time; and they may then look to find themselves, all the struggles of life over, reposing a weary head on his stalwart shoulder. . . . Mothers, never in great favor with novelists, are sinking deeper and deeper in their black books. — there is a positive jealousy of their

influence; while the father in the religious tale, as opposed to the moral or sentimental, is commonly either a scamp or nowhere. The heroine has, so to say, to do her work single-handed."

In some of these stories, moreover, the end justifies the means to an alarming extent. Girls who steal money from their relatives in order to go as missionaries among the Indians, and young women who pretend to sit up with the sick that they may slip off unattended to hear some inspired preacher in a barn, are not safe companions even in books; while, if no grave indiscretion be committed, the lesson of self-righteousness is taught on every page. Not very long ago I had the pleasure of reading a tale in which the youthful heroine considers it her mission in life to convert her grandparents; and while there is nothing to prevent an honest girl from desiring such a thing, the idea is not a happy one for a narrative, in view of certain homely old adages irresistibly associated with the notion. "Girls," wrote Hannah More, "should be led to distrust their own judgment;" but if they have the conversion of their grandparents on their hands, how can they afford to be distrustful? Hannah More is unquestionably out of date, and so, we fear, is that English humorist who said, "If all the grown-up people in the world should suddenly fail, what a frightful thing would society become, reconstructed by boys!" Evidently he had in mind a land given over to toffy and foot-ball, but he was strangely mistaken in his notions. Perhaps the carnal little hero of *Vice Versâ* might have managed matters in this disgraceful fashion; but with Flora Shaw's earnest children at the helm, society would be reconstructed on a more serious basis than it is already, and Heaven knows this is not a change of which we stand in need. In fact, if the young people who live and breathe around us are one third as capable, as strenuous, as clear-sighted, as independent, as patronizing,

and as undeniably our superiors as their modern counterparts in literature, who can doubt that the eternal cause of progress would be furthered by the change? And is it, after all, mere pique which in-

clines us to Miss Edgeworth's ordinary little boys and girls, who, standing half dazed on the threshold of life, stretch out their hands with childish confidence for help?

Agnes Repplier.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

FOURTH PAPER.

XI.

A QUESTION OF CHRONOLOGY.

It is a commonplace that the French and English of to-day are extremely unlike each other; wonderfully unlike each other, considering that they are such near neighbors, and the two principal representatives of Western civilization in Europe.

Has the unlikeness always been as marked as it is now, or has there been a time in the past history of the two nations when they resembled each other on some points now marked by trenchant differences?

The answer appears to be that the French and English have at certain periods of the past been much less unlike each other than they are to-day, but yet that the extreme of dissimilarity has been reached at a later period, and that, in the present day, the slow but sure action of causes that may be indicated is bringing about a diminution of that extreme dissimilarity without, however, giving grounds for any belief or hope that the two nations can ever be very like each other in the future.

Recent historians, especially Mr. Freeman, have taught us to realize much more clearly than we did thirty years ago the truth that the kings of the house of Anjou were French kings, and that the governing classes in the England

which they ruled were essentially a French *noblesse*. The Frenchifying influence of kings and nobles might have gone on doing its work in later ages, gradually approximating the entire English nations to French customs, had not a great mental revolution occurred in England which made the English thenceforward a peculiar people, strongly differing not only from the French, but from all the other Continental nations whatever. The result of that revolution, as it affects our time, is that England resembles no nation in the world except her own colonies, including, of course, the great kindred nation in America.

That revolution was Puritanism, a far more important thing than the change from a monarchical to a republican form of government, because it really changed the mental habits of the nation, making English people a peculiar people thenceforth, quite incomprehensible by the French; making English customs differ from Continental customs more widely than they had ever differed before; changing even the fundamental character of the English mind by chastening and repressing the light-hearted gayety of merry England, and substituting for it a gravity often deepening into gloom; replacing the old morals by severer morals, and the old religion by a faith less picturesque and less indulgent, consequently less in harmony with French feeling.

There is a temptation to exaggerate the importance of historical influences when once they have been perceived, but one can hardly exaggerate the importance of Puritanism in the history of the English people, especially in the history of the middle classes, where it is still predominant at the present day. Both the qualities and the defects that distinguish the British middle classes are for the most part directly traceable to the influence of Puritanism, and so are those feelings and opinions of which they themselves have forgotten the origin.

A middle-class English family goes to Paris.¹ In due course of time a Sunday comes; or rather, not a Sunday, but a *Dimanche*. The English family has heard of a French Sunday before, but is unable to realize it by mere force of imagination. On actually *seeing* it, the impression received is that the French are all intentional Sabbath-breakers, — that the amusements which go forward on that day are a clear evidence of French wickedness. Some good English or Scotch people are so shocked by what they see that they recognize in the defeat of 1870 a just punishment for this national sin of Sabbath-breaking. They do not realize that what they see is not the French Sunday in particular, but the Continental Sunday in general; still less do they remember that it is also the English Sunday of pre-Puritanic times, — those times now so remote in memory, and yet historically still so near, when the English had not yet become a peculiar people, but lived like the other nations of western Europe. The English of Shakespeare's time went to the theatre on Sunday,² and after morning service in the churches they enjoyed many active games and recreations, including dancing, archery,

and leaping.³ Now as there is nothing more visible than external differences of custom, and as people are separated even more by visible differences than by those which are invisible, and as on one day out of seven those differences are now strikingly apparent between the English and French peoples, it is evident that on the one day when they differ most they must feel infinitely more estranged from each other than their ancestors could have felt on the same day.

The modern disapproval felt by British visitors for the conduct of French people on Sunday is due in great part to the cautious conduct of the Roman Catholic minority in England, who do not venture to show openly what kind of Sunday it is which their church would hold to be innocently employed. To avoid scandal in a country where the influence of Puritanism is still powerful, they keep a Sunday that is outwardly almost a Sabbath, and are careful to avoid many recreations that the Church of Rome has always freely permitted. In fact, that church permits all recreations on the first day of the week that she sanctions on any other, including the most active exercises. What she really forbids is lucrative professional labor. A lawyer should not study a case on Sunday, unless there is urgent necessity, but he is perfectly free to amuse himself, however noisily, in sawing and hammering. A professional artist may do better not to paint, but an amateur, working for recreation, may take his apparatus into the fields. Disinterested studies of all kinds are permitted by the church on Sunday. It is not in a Roman Catholic country that geologists would be in danger of being stoned, as they have been in Scotland, for hammering at rocks on that day.

Here is the way in which some very

¹ What follows is sketched from life.

² Plays were performed on Sunday at the court of Queen Elizabeth.

³ Dancing, archery, leaping, May-games,

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and morris-dances were expressly permitted by James I. on Sunday in his Book of Sports. He forbade brutal sports only.

religious French people spent a Sunday this year, I being one of the party. They went to mass early in the morning, in the chapel of the nearest *château*; then they made preparations for receiving their friends. The friends came after *déjeuner*, two families, in addition to seven guests staying in the house. Some of them remained in the garden, sat about in camp chairs and talked; others went to the village *fête*, where, of course, there was a great deal of dancing and other amusements, which they looked upon quite benevolently. Now, it so happened that those who went to the *fête* were the most religious people of the whole party. On their return we had dinner, and the most religious people were by no means the least merry. After dinner the young ladies gave us some music, and one of them played a waltz. This set the young people dancing, and so a dance was improvised, which lasted till eleven o'clock, when the guests drove away in the moonlight.¹

Perhaps the English and Scotch may have given up dancing on Sunday more readily than if they had been by nature as saltatory as the French are, but the British have given up many things that they cared for passionately. They gave up salmon-fishing, for example, which was not readily put down in Scotland, and the new legislation attained in the end that supreme success of the legislator when he establishes a very durable custom that would survive the repeal of his law. The power of the dead Puritans is shown in nothing more wonderfully than in the abstinence of British sportsmen when the 12th of August² occurs on a Sunday, and every fowling-piece in the British islands remains unloaded till Monday morning.

The history of this divergence from

¹ I made inquiry afterwards to ascertain what the parish priest thought of these proceedings, and discovered that he made a distinction. He did not approve of dancing on the public dancing-floors in the village, es-

Continental custom may be written in two sentences. Puritanism obtained power to legislate, and made recreation illegal on Sunday. By laws of great severity it established new customs, which have now, by lapse of time, become rather old customs; and these have completely obliterated from the ordinary British mind all traces of any recollection that the still older British customs were like those of the Continental nations.

Opinion has gone even beyond legislation itself, by a process of growth and development. Here is an example. An amateur violinist was staying in an English house for a few days, including the first day of the week. He took his violin out of its case, and began to play a little in private. The lady of the house immediately entered the room, and begged him to desist. "I am playing sacred music," he answered. "This is part of Handel's Messiah." "That does not signify," was the rejoinder. "The music may be sacred, but the instrument is not." Here is a new development in the distinction between sacred and profane instruments, and a very subtle distinction it is. The organ, the harmonium, — in default of these, even the commonplace piano, — these are sacred instruments, but not the voice-like violin. Yet the violin is but the lyre — "Jubal's lyre" — made capable of far more perfect expression.

When I lived in Scotland I had occasion to observe another very subtle distinction. It is forbidden to labor on the Sabbath Day, yet I found that the toilsome work of rowing was looked upon as innocent in comparison with sailing. This was because a white sail had rather a festive appearance. I was especially blamed for not removing the flag from my sailing boat, for the same peccially at night, because it sometimes led to wrong, but he was not opposed in any way to Sunday dancing in private houses.

² The day on which grouse-shooting begins.

reason, though it might be argued that there can be nothing unholy in the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

Another matter in which the modern English distinguish themselves from the French is the extreme purity of their literature. English books, with few exceptions, can be read aloud. In French literature, on the contrary, there is often either an extreme plainness of speech, which is not really immorality, or a seeking of interest in immoral situations, which is itself unquestionably immoral. In both cases alike, although there is an immense moral difference, the result is a misfortune for literature, as it is no longer suitable for all readers.

There can be no doubt that the purity of the Victorian literature constitutes an enviable superiority for England, and English authors may be proud of it, though perhaps the quality may be less decidedly due to them than to the restrictions imposed by their readers. Thackeray certainly chafed under these restrictions;¹ Swinburne, Rossetti, and others have openly rebelled against them. What concerns us at present is that purity in English literature is of recent attainment. Byron had none of it. Shelley's most sustained and most mature composition deals with a situation transcending ordinary immorality. As we go back into the past we find increasing licentiousness. What can be said of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries? Without lingering amongst lesser authors, we may come at once to Shakespeare, and find the king of English literature making indecent jests upon his throne.

Now, let us suppose a possible case. Every age has its tendency either towards purity or towards impurity in literature. The tendency in France has been towards Alfred Musset rather than

Lamartine; the tendency in England has been towards Wordsworth rather than Byron. There was, however, a clear possibility that English literature, simply by following old tendencies instead of new, might have been much less divergent from French literature than it happily is at present, and it is evident to those who observe the signs in contemporary work that the restraint of English opinion is now becoming irksome to certain powerful writers of both sexes. It is, therefore, a possibility that the remarkable purity of the Victorian literature may, in its perfection, be only temporary. There can be but one objection to it, — Thackeray's objection that it diminishes the truth and power of fiction; but the cause of truth may be equally betrayed in the most opposite ways. The notions of French life in general that are conveyed by the French novelists are not less false in one direction than English fiction is in another; whilst as to the effect on the mind of the reader, the bread-and-butter of the English story-teller is undeniably healthier than the French condiments.

The best example of a difference of custom that is simply chronological is that of dueling. The English have passed out of this custom; the French have not yet passed out of it. Like all fashions very recently discarded, it seems absurd to those who thought it a part of the order of nature a little time ago. And so completely do we forget the reasons for discarded customs that the English now look upon dueling as quite contrary to reason, having forgotten the ancient reason on which the single combat was founded. Yet it was a very good reason indeed, according to the ideas that our forefathers held about the government of the universe.

The old belief, in France and England to infer from Thackeray's plots as they are known to us what they would have been had he felt himself free to paint all the sides of life with equal truth and force.

¹ There is clear evidence in this great writer's own words that he would have enjoyed the liberty to paint men with still more complete veracity, if it had been permitted him by the code of his time. It is an interesting exercise

land equally, was that the appeal to arms was an appeal to divine justice, which would protect the combatant whose quarrel was rightful against the power and malice of his assailant. So long as this belief prevailed a duel was even more reasonable than an appeal to a court of justice is to-day; and in addition to being reasonable, it was distinctly a pious act, as the combatant proved his faith by staking his existence on his trust in the divine protection. "He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." The faith of David was the faith of the Middle Ages.

Dueling became unreasonable when it was dis severed from the idea of an appeal to the divine justice, — when people no longer believed that God would protect an inferior swordsman with right on his side against a better swordsman who was in the wrong. Most Frenchmen believe in natural consequences now. They believe that success in dueling is for the better fencer or the better shot, and their unreasonableness consists in continuing the practice, with such a belief as this.

There has been, however, the intervention of a sort of secondary religion between the old one and modern unbelief. There has been the religion of honor. According to this, a man of honor was bound to expose his life on certain occasions to the rapier or pistol of a private enemy, and, if he fell, he fell a martyr to this religion of honor, leaving a name unsullied by the stain of cowardice, which was the equivalent of infidelity or apostasy.

This religion survived in England even so late as the first half of the present century, and it still survives in France. The old English sentiment, — I say the old sentiment because contemporary Englishmen have got so far past it, though it is very recent in mere date, — the old English sentiment was expressed by Thackeray in the challenge sent by Clive Newcome to his cousin Barnes,

and in the gratification it afforded to Sir George Tufto and to the Colonel, both of them elderly men. Nevertheless, as Thackeray knew that the religion of dueling was already dead in England when he wrote, he took care to make the action of Clive acceptable by assigning to it filial affection as a motive. The French sentiment about honor was described with disapproval in the case of De Castillonnes and Lord Kew. "Castillonnes had no idea but that he was going to the field of honor; stood with an undaunted scowl before his enemy's pistol; and discharged his own, and brought down his opponent, with a grim satisfaction and a comfortable conviction afterwards that he had acted *en galant homme*."

General Tufto, however, had quite the real French sentiment when he said of Sir Barnes Newcome, after he had received Clive's challenge, "At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot." And the Colonel himself, instead of reprimanding Clive for wishing to commit murder, "regarded his son with a look of beautiful, inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's shoulder and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow mustache."

"And — and did Barnes send no answer to that letter you wrote him?" he said slowly."

"Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. He took both his father's hands. 'My dear, dear old father, what an — old — trump you are!' My eyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as they embraced."

All this is much more French (even down to the embracing and the tear-dimmed eyes of the spectator) than the opinions professed about dueling by the English newspapers of 1886. According to them, a man who sends a challenge is ridiculous, and no more. This

marks the final extinction of the old sentiment.

Another indication of this change is the ridicule of dueling on the ground that it is not dangerous. French dueling is constantly represented in English newspapers as a very safe kind of ceremony, in which a slight scratch only is to be apprehended. As to this, perhaps I may be allowed to give an instance that was brought very near home.

I had been away for several days, and on my return journey dined at a railway station. The waiter had known me for years, and, according to his custom, enlivened my solitary dinner with a little talk. He asked if I had "heard about M. de St. Victor." I had heard nothing. "Because, sir," the waiter continued, "he was killed this morning in a duel, in the wood at Fragny." Now, it so happened that my wife and daughter were to have lunched and spent that afternoon with Madame de St. Victor; but as her husband's dead body had been brought back to the château of Montjeu, where he lived, with a sword wound through it, Madame de St. Victor did not receive her friends that day.¹

A single event of that kind, occurring in a family not altogether strange to you, does more to make you feel the grim reality of dueling than many newspaper paragraphs. In this particular case the incident arose from a correspondence between two proud and brave gentlemen about their game preserves. One of them had written in a manner that offended the other, and had refused to withdraw his letter. The code of honor then made a duel almost inevitable, and the correspondence, being continued, very soon led to it. An especially significant thing about this duel was that the conqueror was known as a remarkably expert swordsman, which the victim was not to the same degree. This

demonstrates the real unfairness of dueling, unless the innocent were supernaturally protected.

The sense of this unfairness is gradually tending (in spite of appearances) to the abolition of the duel in France. There are two signs that the custom is growing weaker. The opinion that duels are contrary to reason is more freely expressed in conversation, especially by women, than it used to be, and the duelists themselves are generally satisfied with the degree of deference to the custom which goes as far as the first wound, and do not vindictively thirst for each other's blood. The difficulty in abolishing the duel strikes an intelligent Frenchman in this way. "The duel," he thinks, "is evidently a most irrational institution; but when there is a quarrel between two high-spirited men, I cannot see how it is to come to an end otherwise." Then he will say, "I know that the duel is obsolete in England, which is a happy thing for your country, but I cannot imagine how an English gentleman behaves when he is insulted." To this difficulty I usually reply that public opinion in his country condemns the insolent man for his bad manners, and puts itself on the side of any gentleman who conducts himself with simple dignity, so that the latter is free to treat his enemy with silent contempt.

A reason that you can scarcely give to a Frenchman is that the quieter and milder manners — the less animated and less irritable manners — of Englishmen make occasions of quarrel much rarer amongst them than amongst Frenchmen. It is also true that the English themselves have made a great advance in gentleness of manner, in the course of a single generation.

I remember a dispute that occurred between two Englishmen, who were elderly when I was a boy, which gives

¹ M. de St. Victor managed the estates belonging to the Countess de Talleyrand, and he lived at her old château of Montjeu, one of the

most romantically situated places in France, in the midst of a large, well-wooded park upon the hills.

an idea of the old manners, and would be impossible between men of the same class in the present day. Being at dinner as guests in a rich man's house, these two elderly gentlemen, of good family, had a quarrel over their port wine, when one of them said to the other, "I'll pull your nose, sir. — I'll pull your nose!"

Only imagine two men of the same class in the present generation behaving in that manner after dinner! In those days, when there was a little difference of opinion, gentlemen sometimes threw glasses of wine in each other's faces. They swore freely, they could not control their tempers, and they got drunk. There are men who invariably become quarrelsome when they have been drinking, so here was a source of quarrels that is happily quite unknown in respectable English society at the present day. Another source of quarrels was the intensity of political hatred, in which the English of our fathers' time more nearly resembled the French of the present day than their own much milder descendants. My recollections do not extend quite so far back, but those who were already elderly when I was young have sometimes described to me the political animosity of their time, and the violence of the private quarrels that arose from it.

Changes of custom in one of the two nations, which have had the effect of separating it still further from the other, may be traced in several minor habits that are now considered especially and characteristically English. I can remember the time when the middle classes of England hardly knew the taste of French wine. Port and sherry were the wines of the middle class. The upper classes, in those days, offered French red wines at dessert under the general name of "claret," without distinguishing between Bordeaux and Burgundy, and consequently without mentioning vineyards, unless the host happened to be, or pre-

tended to be, a connoisseur. The taxes on French wines were afterwards reduced; and just before the reduction, the kind of middle-class people who prided themselves on being especially national often declared that John Bull would never take to those light French wines, implying that he was a personage of more manly tastes, and writers in the press quoted a dignitary of the Anglican Church, who had declared that "claret would be port, if it could." These good middle-class people, who made it a part of John Bull's character to despise thin French wines, seem to have been perfectly unaware that their ancestors, not less English than themselves, had for centuries been hearty appreciators of French wines, and that, in old times, casks of Bordeaux or Burgundy were to be found not only in the cellars of the rich, but in the country hostleries. This may be a trifling matter, but to have the same taste in wines is not altogether unimportant as an aid to good-fellowship. A Frenchman looks upon an incapacity to appreciate the best wines — by which, of course, he always means the best French wines — as the sign of the outer barbarian. What he most likes in the Belgians is the just value they attach to the produce of "*les meilleurs crus*," and their excellent, well-filled cellars.

Another great difference of taste and habit in drinking is of quite modern introduction. The English have become a great tea-drinking people; the French do not drink tea, except when they are ill, or else from mere anglomania. How long is it since the English began to drink tea? I forget the date, the very recent date, but we all know that Queen Elizabeth, who was of English blood by father and mother, and as English in heart as any woman who ever lived, never drank a cup of tea in her life, and did her work energetically without it. However, this habit of drinking tea, once Chinese, has certainly become English by adoption, and is one of those customs

that distinguish nations from each other as decidedly as language or dress.

Man is not usually a cleanly animal, yet cleanliness is sometimes attained by him as an exceptional state, and the modern English believe themselves to be a much cleaner people than the French. The claim is founded on the habits of the English upper class and the richer middle class, in which, no doubt, greater perfection of daily and hourly cleanliness is maintained than is common amongst French people. But here, again, the question of chronology recurs. How long have the English upper classes been so perfectly and *continuously* clean as they are to-day? Observe that it is the *continuity* of the cleanliness that makes all the difference. The skin of a Frenchman is clean after he has taken his warm bath, but he does not take one every morning. The Englishman, unless his health is too delicate to bear it, sponges himself all over every morning in his own dressing-room.

This custom began to be prevalent amongst young men in England when I was a boy. The men of the preceding generation did exactly as Frenchmen do to-day: they took a warm bath occasionally for cleanliness, and they took shower-baths when they were prescribed by the physician for health, and they bathed in summer seas for pleasure, but they did not wash themselves all over every morning. I remember an old gentleman, of good family and estate, arguing against this strange, new-fangled custom, and maintaining that it was quite unnecessary to wash the skin in modern times, as the impurities were removed by linen. However, the new custom took deep root in England, because it became one of the signs of class. It was adopted as one of the habits of a gentleman, and afterwards spread rather lower, though it is not yet by any means universal. It is chiefly upon this habit that the *present* English claim to superior cleanliness is founded. In former times

the English were proud of using more water than the French for ordinary ablutions, and they pretended to believe that the French were unacquainted with the use of soap, because they did not provide public pieces of soap in the bed-chambers of their hotels.

The English have now a clean upper class, but not yet a clean people, at least according to the evidence of physicians who write on health. The same physicians are still more severe on the concealed dirtiness of many people in the middle classes, a subject that it is pleasanter not to dwell upon.

The English upper classes are, by their good example and by their habit of traveling, the great teachers of cleanliness in western Europe. Their baths, ewers, water-basins, and other complicated toilet arrangements are copied very extensively in France. If you visit a pot-shop in a small provincial town, quite remote from the Channel, you will find English wash-stand services of full size, or good French copies of them; and if you go to the iron-monger's, you will find all kinds of baths for domestic use, including English sponge-baths. In French houses where the old small ewers and basins are retained, they are now almost invariably supplemented by a capacious tin water-jug on the floor. In fact, the French are becoming a cleaner people, an improvement in which the English have taken the lead, being about forty years in advance.

In connection with washing I may mention fashions of dressing the hair and beard. The mustache in combination with the "*barbiche*," as worn by Napoleon III., is usually considered a French fashion by the English, and very few contemporary Englishmen have adopted it, for that reason. They forget that it is an old English fashion, — much older than the pair of whiskers with the shaven chin and upper lip, which used to be looked upon as national in the highest degree.

The forgetfulness of English history, of customs and tastes in which Englishmen of former ages resembled some Continental people of the present, is, I believe, due to the habit of confounding what is essentially English with what is John-Bullish, and nothing more. There was an England, a great and illustrious England, before John Bull and his peculiarities had been heard of, and by going back to the ages before his birth we find a hundred proofs that the Eng-

lish of old time were less unlike other nations than they have since become. There is evidence, too, that the period of extreme unlikeness to other nations is now past, and that the present tendency is to diminish the dissimilarity between English and French people in particular. Not that the national sentiment in either country has any occasion for disquietude. The English will never be really Frenchified; the French will never be Anglicized.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

ZENAS SMITH'S RIDE TO ROXBURY.

LOST on Saturday, the third of this instant March, between five and ten of the clock in the morning, five Johannes' or Josephus's, or both, loose out of my pocket, between my dwelling-house in Abington and the widow Susanna Richardson's in Roxbury. Whoever shall take up said pieces of money and will give information to the printers hereof, or to the subscriber, shall have ten dollars reward, or two dollars for each piece, paid by me the subscriber.

ZENAS SMITH.

ABINGTON, March 5, 1770.

This advertisement appeared in the Boston Gazette of March 12, 1770, just one week after it was dated. The editorial and news columns of that issue of Messrs. Edes and Gill's journal were filled with accounts of the Boston Massacre and the indignation meetings consequent, while broad black margin lines and a row of black coffins in illustration supplemented the horrors of the letter-press.

Who was Zenas Smith of Abington, and what was the reason of his long journey to Roxbury? I may picture him pretty closely by focusing the lines of the advertisement. Zenas was doubtless well to do. The man who owned a house in Abington, and carried a pocketful of gold pieces, — carried them "loose in his pocket." — was certainly not go-

ing to Susanna Richardson's for cold victuals or old clothes. The value of a Johannes of Portugal or Brazil was seventeen dollars and six cents (Webster gives it as eight dollars, but this contradicts Emerson's table); the Josephus may have been a popular name for dobra or doubloon, one worth twenty-four cents more, and the other a dollar and four cents less, than a Johannes: so it becomes evident that Zenas's loss was not less than eighty and probably more than eighty-five dollars, with a possibility of its having been eighty-six and a half. I have been very explicit in making the statement, because I think it proves that the advertiser was not pinched for money, and disposes of the idea that he may have gone to the widow for pecuniary aid. The same argument forbids the supposition that he was an artisan or tradesman. An artisan would not have had what was a large sum for that day "loose in his pocket" as he went to his work, and a tradesman, if well to do, probably would have sent an employee. That this man was not himself an employee is, I think, shown by his signature. No clerk would advertise over his own name the loss of his employer's money, even supposing that he carried

such sums of it with him. Nor can we suppose that he was a landlord making collections, though it was upon the Saturday succeeding the end of the month that the loss occurred, for the sum which he lost would have paid the monthly rent of a larger and more palatial house than Roxbury contained, and it was not yet time for the quarterly or half yearly rent; he would have waited till May for that. Besides, he speaks of Susanna Richardson's house in a way that convinces us that it was her own house. Nor was Zenas a tenant. The idea of his being out at five o'clock, on a raw March morning, upon a road that has never lost its reputation for blusteriness, to pay his rent or to pay any other debt, is preposterous.

On March 3d the sun rose about 6.30; that is to say, one hour and a half after Mr. Smith was on his way to the widow's. It was an early start for a business man, and much too early for one who had no business. His confessed ignorance of the exact denomination of the pieces of gold that he had in his pocket and the certainty with which he states their number go to show that he had counted out five coins, of about the same size and weight, before he started, and that he had done this in the dark. There was no doubt in his mind that he lost five gold coins, and that these pieces were either "Johannes' or Josephus's, or both" (notice how carefully he words that statement), but he had no idea which. If he had said *four* or *five*, or had in any other way shown a careless habit of memory, we might believe that he had carried those pieces for a few days, and had forgotten exactly what they were; but this definiteness gives one an idea of method and forehandedness. Or if the pieces in question had been all of his store of wealth, we could not conceive how it would be possible for him to be unable to state within the price of a new saddle how much he possessed.

No; we see a capitalist, a man of

wealth, rising long before daylight to go upon a journey of twelve or fourteen miles on a March morning, along a road exposed for a great part of its length to all the fury of March winds. We see him open the strong-box where he has placed the wealth which colonial troubles make it unwise to leave in a banker's hands. He takes from that repository five gold coins, running his fingers over them to be sure that they are of about the same value, and places them loose in his pocket. He will have use for a sum equal to eighty dollars. During this time no light has been struck, because the clicking of the steel and the flare of the light might attract the attention of some evil prowler, who would in turn visit the box after Zenas's departure.

But now the first difficult question arises. Did he ride or walk to Roxbury? I incline to believe he walked only as far as his own stable, and, having saddled his steady, respectable cob, jogged out upon the highway on four legs instead of two. In the first place, no man of standing in a country town could, at that day, be without a horse. In the second place, no man having a horse would start off before daylight to walk twelve miles in such weather, leaving the locality out of the question. In the third place, a man would have walked twelve miles in less than five hours. It takes a careful horse, picking his way in the dark, to travel as slowly as that.

We know that the nag was sober and sedate, as we know that his master was middle-aged, plethoric, and practical, because we read that between the lines of his advertisement. Would a young man, or a lean man, or an imaginative man, have mentioned the widow Richardson's house? Would not such a man have written simply, "Between my house and the Roxbury post-office," or, "Between Abington and Roxbury"? Would a married man have mentioned the widow

Susanna Richardson's, or a man who had anything to conceal? And would a man, staid and honest and stout enough to advertise so frankly, ride anything but a steady-going nag, do you think? This man had no idea of gossip or scandal, and therefore we infer that he was a bachelor. We have further evidence of his single estate in the fact that he offered an exorbitant reward to the person who should return his money, and because he published that reference to the widow. Even a middle-aged, stout, and unimaginative man would think twice about putting such testimony where his wife could see it.

Now it will be noticed that the fact of such a man having lost his money shows that he was unduly excited, pleasantly or otherwise, so that he became careless. The time consumed on the road was too great for us to imagine that the cob trotted at all, but the wind may have blown the skirts of the sober brown coat till the golden shower fell unnoticed from the ample pocket, as it learned to do when it first shook the chestnuts down; while Zenas pulled his three-cornered hat closer over his square forehead, and thought — of what? Of the widow, doubtless. But no one can suppose that it was as a lover he thought. His business must have been of a pressing nature, such as he could not entrust to another, and, though one requiring money to a considerable amount, *not* a transaction between debtor and creditor, or one involving property directly. He was evidently going as a friend, for he carried hard, tangible proofs of friendship with him (until he lost them), and as a friend whose services were needed at once and urgently, — a trusted and discreet friend. Yet it is possible that I am in error when I say that he did not think as a lover. It is only safe to affirm that his message was not to make love at this time, and we have no business with feelings that have no connection with the text.

That Zenas so promptly attended to

this affair, regardless of what the world might say, certainly proves an unusual warmth of devotion on his part, — a devotion which doubtless tempered the March winds as he rode out of his doorway at Abington.

We surmise what the widow's trouble may have been, as we read upon another page of the Gazette reference to one Richardson, described as "infamous," who "fired the gun which killed young Snyder;" his name being also connected with the assassination of Mr. Otis. The murder of Snyder and the assassination (that is to say, *attempted* killing) of James Otis took place but a short time before that quarrel between the ropemakers and the Ninth Regiment of British regulars which led to the massacre of Crispus Attucks and his companions, which affair we know as the Boston Massacre. So clear is it that the ride to Roxbury occurred between the time of Richardson's act and that of the resistance of the Bostonians, that we cannot avoid suspecting that Dame Richardson's trouble may have been the result of that of her namesake.

If the sympathies of Mr. Smith had been with Richardson and the custom-house party, he would hardly have advertised his loss in the Gazette, which was a mouthpiece for the colonial party, and bitter in its denunciations of the Royalists. As an illustration of the fever of indignation at one side and sympathy with the other, it may be mentioned that, after a full description of the death of Crispus Attucks, who was a negro, and of his burial in the middle cemetery of Boston, the Gazette prints the usual weekly statistics as follows: —

"Buried in the town of Boston since our last, eight whites, *no black*."

The negro who died in such a cause was not black, from the Gazette's standpoint.

Hardly would the sympathizer with Richardson have advertised in that pa-

per. But it is not at all unlikely that he may have been a ready advancer of funds to his friend the widow.

If Richardson was really the man for whom these funds were ultimately intended, he must have been still alive (though perhaps on trial for his life); and if alive, then the son of the widow, — else she was no widow. Or it is very possible that some other form of trouble menaced her; it may have been foreclosure of a mortgage upon her property. In any case, we may be sure that her sad face lighted as she saw the square chin of Zenas Smith resting on his stock, his ruddy cheeks a little ruddier from his ride, and his benevolent gray eyes full of a kindly purpose, as he tied the sober nag by the door of her house in Roxbury.

Then Zenas put his hand down into his right pocket, into its mate, into each of his pockets successively, and his face grew pale. He tried again, the widow watching him anxiously, till at last he could conceal the sad truth no longer, and blurted out, —

“Susanna, I’ve been a fool. This morning I put five Johanneses or Josephuses, or both, loose in my pocket, and I have lost them on the road hither.”

Then, if they were Quakers, as I suspect they were, Susanna answered him,

“Now don’t thee mind, Zenas. I make no doubt it will all be well in the end, and thee had better come in and get some breakfast, after such a long ride.”

It may be she said that in all the simplicity of affection, and it is just barely possible that she may have had an inkling at the same time of more Johanneses or Josephuses, “or both,” in the strong-box at Abington.

Of one thing we may be sure: Zenas enjoyed his breakfast with such an appetite as only an early ride can give one; and if the widow in the end won something even more substantial than a few gold pieces, I am sure that no one will

accuse her of setting her cap for any one. For my part, I never see or hear of a person named Susanna Smith without wondering whether I have guessed this riddle aright, and longing to ask her who her great-grandparents were.

My sister Martha worked up the foregoing account, which she calls a pure piece of detective work, with the facts left out. I have frequently told Martha that accuracy is not incompatible with a historian’s work, but she cites, in support of her method, a list of names which begins with Plutarch and does not end with Froude.

Nevertheless, I resolved that I would discover something definite, if only that there were no bottom facts in the case. As a result of my investigations in one quarter, I received one day a chocolate-colored envelope, addressed in green ink, and bearing in the upper left-hand corner this legend in red: —

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS,
State House, Boston, *July 8, 18—.*

It was a note from the very polite Acting Assistant Librarian, assuring me that he could find no trace of public man, author, or criminal who had signalized the name of Zenas Smith in the commonwealth, but that possibly the Recorder’s office might produce deeds or other data that would furnish a clue. So I tried the Recorder’s office; but so far as the object of my search was concerned its archives were barren. From the Recorder’s Second Assistant Acting Deputy came, however, the consoling hint that people often found in church records information that the public books lacked. I at once turned to the church for consolation; but though a carefully worded note of inquiry was type-written, and copies sent to all the pastors of every probable denomination in Abington, I failed here also. The conclusion was forced upon me that either Zenas was not fond of gathering himself together with the people of Zion, or that

the old church records of that town had been badly kept; so there was a fresh discouragement to vex over. But Martha's mental energy did not flag. "I am sure," she observed, after a season of meditation, "that Zenas must have invented something. No Yankee goes through life without doing so. And don't you think, if he did invent it, he must have got it patented? Certainly, I don't want to advise, but if I were you I should send to the Patent Office; that is," with a sudden return of the offended-dignity air that she had forgotten for awhile, "if you *insist* upon discrediting my solution."

Of course I adopted this plan, writing that same evening; but after the letter had been sent I began to question the sanity of such a step, telling my sister that I did not believe the Patent Office had been running so long. Time proved the justice of this doubt. I got a reply stating that I "must apply to some other department for the information I wanted." There was a Zebedee Smith who had invented a churn, and a Zebulon Smith who had patented a sewing-machine, — but no Zenas.

I next tried libraries. No obscure corner of history escaped me. I learned more about the war for independence and the causes which led to it than I ever dreamed of knowing. Among the two millions who inhabited America at that time, about the only man who had escaped historical mention was Zenas Smith.

"I tell you what," said Martha.

"Well, my dear?"

"Send a letter to Zenas himself."

"But where — his address?" —

"Send it" — and her face lighted with a sudden inspiration — "to the dead-letter office."

As one sometimes concludes a serious matter with a joke, and thus whimsically acknowledges defeat, I did as advised, and addressed a petition, full of moving pleas that he would drop his incognito, to

"Zenas Smith, Esq., Dead-Letter Office, P. O., Washington, D. C."

In the course of a week I received a reply. This was signed by Zenas Smith. He wanted to know who I was, any way, and what particular reason I had for writing a humorous letter to him. Did I mean anything personal by it, and if not what did I mean? He said he was an old man and had been in the department a great many years, but this was the first time he had been the recipient of so much impertinence, — "*gratuitous* impertinence," he wrote.

"An *old* man!" said Martha. "Well, I should think so."

"Can you recall what I wrote to him?" I asked sadly; realizing that the stone I threw just for fun had smashed somebody's window.

"Why, yes. You asked him how he managed to 'cover his tracks,' — that was the rather slangy way you expressed it; and then you wanted to know whether he had ever done anything in the world but lose gold Johannes's. Besides that, you could n't leave out that threadbare joke about the climate where he had been living last, and — oh, you asked him what part he took in the battle of Lexington."

"Of course I did. If there had been any other utterly absurd thing to do or say, I should have added just that much to my folly. And now what am I to say to this gentleman?"

"This — gentleman?"

"Certainly. We have by accident found some one of the same name as the man who inserted that advertisement."

"Then you may be sure he is a relative. No one but a relative would ever have thought of having such a name. I would write to him again, if I were you, and get all the information possible. He may not really be as cross as — as he sounds."

"I shall undoubtedly write again," I answered, perhaps a little tartly, "because

it will be necessary to apologize and explain ; otherwise I would let Zenas Smith and all his relations go to Jericho."

My letter to the old gentleman (who, I could not but feel, was distinguishing himself by the use of a name he had no business with) was one of long explanation and almost abject apology ; at least, so Martha told me. She also informed me that my dragging her name into my explanation had a biblical analogy : the woman tempted me, and I did write. But I let it stand. I did not wish Mr. Smith to misunderstand anything.

I sent the letter this time to the address printed at the head of Mr. Smith's letter, which was No. 1, 2½ Street. He must have got it very soon, for his answer came during the next evening.

DEAR SIR, — Apology accepted. Very natural mistake. Have an old letter somewhere. Will communicate further. If a historical account, will be glad to furnish anything in power.

Yr. obdt. Servt.,
Z. SMITH.

"*There!*" said Martha. "Did n't I say so?"

"No, my dear, not that I heard ; and if you will observe, this letter tells us absolutely nothing."

"Nothing? Read between the lines, as we did with the advertisement : does n't it say that he is a relative and rather eager to have his ancestor written up?"

Astute Martha!

In course of time a rather bulky package came from Washington, and on being opened revealed three inclosures. One was a letter from Mr. Smith, putting at our disposal and commending to our care a second paper written by Zenas Smith the earlier. The third sheet was one of memoranda. From this last we learned that Zenas was the great-grandfather of his namesake, and that he had been a soldier of the revolutionary war.

"*There!*" exclaimed Martha, in vex-

ation. "We never thought of the Pension Department ; though of course," she added, "it makes no real difference, as we have got all we want." As she spoke she unfolded Zenas's letter very reverently, and spread it out on the table before us. The paper was yellow with age, and the ink dim but legible. Here is a copy of the letter : —

BOSTON, 3/3, '99.

DEAR SON, — You ask an explanation of the old cask found by you in the cellar of the Abington house. I think I can satisfy you on that head. You already know how the committee, of which Samuel Adams and Dr. Warren were the soul, used the time before matters came to a head with Great Britain in preparing for a conflict felt by all of us to be inevitable. We had recruits on every hand, and, so far as possible, stores hidden on all the principal roads, and the members of the committee, of whom I was one, pledged themselves to keep their forces in readiness for an outbreak. We communicated by means of a sort of cipher, generally using the public press for our enigmatical notices to each other, and found at that time the friendly attitude of the Boston Gazette of incalculable service to us. Among the stores which I had caused to be secreted near the highway to Roxbury were five barrels of gunpowder, of several grades, but a very heavy storm on the morning of the 3d of March (just twenty-nine years ago to-day) flooded the cellar where the ammunition was, and so damaged it that we could not save above an eighth of the entire quantity. This was removed by night to my house as being a safer and drier place, and buried there in the cellar in a substantial cask. I notified the committee of the loss through the usual channel, and there the matter ended, for after the battle of Breed's (or, as you now call it, Bunker's hill) I was absent on service elsewhere and the gunpowder was forgotten. That is, in brief,

the history of the cask you inquire about. . . .

From your aff. father,
ZENAS SMITH.

I looked at Martha to see how she took it.

"That quite upsets your little romance," I said.

She was silent for a few moments, and then, with apparent irrelevancy, replied, "How much Mr. Z. Smith of Washington writes like his great-grandfather!"

Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

MEN AND TREES.

SCIENCE brings along many novelties for the contemplation of poet and philosopher. None more piquant to the imagination than the hint she drops as to the composite character of a tree. This waving green canopy is, then, an aggregation of many plants of the same kind and habits, growing from one supporting stock, a scion of which may be removed and made to grow from some other stock of the same or kindred nature. This pleasing, cool obscurity, through which my glance goes bird-like, is no longer a mere isolated individual, a tree, but is become a whole forest of minim airy trees,—a leafy communism. So soon have I got into the woods and perplexity! I grant that a tree is a multiplicate miracle, a mazy wilderness to me as to the least indwelling bird or insect. Something I may have learned regarding the tree's habits,—how this vast corporation is fed, what elements taken up from the soil are distributed to wood-fibre or leaf-tissue; its seasonal changes are known, its rate of growth may be calculated; but that wherein lies the individuality of a tree forever eludes. Aspen must shiver, and buttonwood cannot change its spots. The immortal sequence of race and generation is an enduring marvel. Never a changeling or chanceling; and if there could be, as a young elm slipping from an acorn casket, would not the hitherto constant and serious working of nature eclipse the

wonder of the momentary "sport"? The hidden life of these old neighbor trees of mine, with its mystery, still detains me. I shall not soon get away to consider prodigies in the backwoods of the botanical prospect,—a grove-like banyan, or a "traveler's tree" in Madagascar, whose riven trunk pours forth potable water, or a tree whose prehensile branches seize upon all they touch, or, possibly, a flesh-devouring tree diabolically fitted to embrace a man to his death!

The distribution of trees is an attractive subject. I fancy their mighty processional march over the globe, and the parallels at which each individual finds an impalpable barrier in climate or other natural conditions. Some may ascend to the mountain's summit, others must halt at the foot. Some may wade into rivers and even into salt floods, others approach undiscouraged the dry surf of deserts. Each conformation, each region of earth, has its characteristic trees. An unimaginative Western miner was showing a beautiful specimen of moss agate, picked up near his claim, and bearing upon it the perfect figure of a tree with its plat of ground beneath it. "That," said the miner, with the air of one who states undisputed fact, "is a piñon. The piñon is the commonest tree in those parts." Who shall say that the native tree may not have stood for its portrait to the skillful genius of the native stone,

thereby a bond of obligation being established between the organic and inorganic of the place?

What varied scenes are summoned up by the simple phrase, "under a tree"! Mention the palm, and we see the halted caravan at noon; the pine, and the Norwegian hut, snow-drifted to the eaves; the long-lived, wide-branching baobab, and strange villages of black men; the oak, the elm, or the maple, and tilled fields and the familiar farmhouse rise in perspective. Human generations are sometimes reckoned by a "tree;" but, accepting the conclusions of evolution, it would appear that man quite literally descended (that is, got down) from the tree. Perhaps he has not yet fairly reached the ground, since the Papuans and certain African tribes, if accounts are to be credited, have their houses placed aloft among the leaves. Pleasant argument of a lurking instinct for arboreal life might be found in the fact that we like to give the name of roof-tree to our domicile, although the roof-tree be stone or brick.

Since the trees around men's dwellings come to be ideally associated with the fortunes of the inmates, I wonder that we do not more often plant trees to commemorate events of domestic and individual interest. Thus, beginning in youth, one would by middle age find himself with an illustrious record kept in a noble series of bark-bound, million-leaved books. Every family might have its Arbor Days. In a certain country neighborhood stand the "sister willows." They were planted each at the birth of a daughter to the house. Years passing, they have arisen on each side, until now they mingle their benedictive branches above the dwelling. The sisters are wide apart, but their embracing trees keep their amities. Usually fruit-trees, and of these apple-trees, stand nearest in home association. If branches and leaves could speak man's language, what the apple-tree could not

express of loving-kindness and of faithful serving would not be, perhaps, worth hearing. It has pledged with us, even during the winter, — both fruit and drink, to testify of its loyalty. It would never aspire to great stature, as accusing the low roof it loved to touch with its outspread arms.

The carving of a name or of initials upon the trunk of a tree, whether our own name or some other's, does wonderfully signalize that tree to our imagination. It is now a namesake tree, its subsequent career of somewhat more significance than that of its unchristened fellows. "The tree grows, our loves grow." By some occult binding virtue in the hieroglyph it bears, may the tree draw us to itself again. The youth, returning, goes through the well-known woods, and is softly touched on the side of memory, seeing how many a rugged bole still honors the work of his restless boyish hand.

"The teeming tree
Had swoll'n and green'd the pious character,
But not ta'en out."

The broad-girthed maple or oak that stands on some academic green, and is covered with the legends and devices of many school generations, — is it not rather adorned than defaced? Give me the key to read all there is in those rude characters, and I care not who deciphers cuneiform inscriptions. In memory's chart of the little world of childhood, does not some best beloved tree mark the centre thereof, and is not the tree's morning or evening shadow the radius of the golden day's round? As I remember this little world, a poplar had precedence and preëminence. Not classic column nor cathedral spire would now be half so impressive as once, to my eyes, was this lofty-thoughted, yet unvaunting, solitary tree. The dark and light of its leaves, as they turned in the breeze, seemed like the changes of rippling sunny water. Other trees standing near plainly were abashed by the

poplar's presence ('t was not the poplar's fault); and I observed that they were often hushed, as though to hear what their superior might be saying in the ear of heaven. Now, whenever I read *Il Penseroso*, the particular servant of Fancy that illuminates the page while the reading goes on always sets the figure of a poplar-tree in the margin against the verse, "Looks commercing with the skies." Also, I could never read, without being disproportionately moved, this couplet from Keats:—

"If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar shade."

The tree teaches rectitude and aspiration. The twig may be bent, yet the tree is not *inclined* to grow crooked, but as much as possible strives to overcome the early disadvantage, and to align its growth by its tree ideal. Behold in the tree an exemplar of self-reliance and of acquiescence with its lot. Where its cradle was rocked, there it remains, and nobly distinguishes the place of its birth. Were a tree but some prodigious annual plant, the wonder of a summer, or could it pluck itself up by the roots and remove to some other situation, or become a peripatetic philosopher, then its use as a counselor were past; a type of patient abidingness and of steady bending toward sublime ends were lost. Here are illustrated the three graces: dead winter, but the tree has faith; spring, and it declares its hope in tender leafy language; summer, and its charity spreads a shield against the glare of the sun. The shadow of a tree! It is cave-like, raggedly outlined upon the grass. Here and there its edges are crumbled into sunshine, as the breeze stirs the overhanging branches. How different is the air breathing through shade!—always delicately sweet with scent of leaves, and of bark, and of the moister ground beneath the tree. What a fine vista we have, looking through this cool passage-way to the glowing prospect beyond!

Were we searching for sermons in

trees, there is one we could not well overlook. Admiring the leagued strength and the majesty of forest trees, we forget the gentler reciprocities which they exercise, the coöperation by which moisture is retained and the soil kept fertile. The woodman tells us that if one tree be left and its forest compeers be taken, the tree so left rarely thrives in its lonely supremacy. It is now less able to cope with strong winds, and, having grown no lateral branches, its trunk suffers through exposure to unaccustomed sun-heat. No more securely may a human being sustain severance from its kind. Still another sermon which might be "given away" to man is read from those China curiosities, potted trees, a half century old, but less than a foot in height,—a condition said to be produced by repeatedly cutting back the roots, beginning with the tap-root of the seedling. Souls are dwarfed through injuries done to the absorbent faculties.

Ask a tree's age! You commit no common incivility. You do literally rive its heart, if you push your inquiry. Besides, the tree may even then meet you with equivocation, since some careful observers are of opinion that trees growing in humid and tropical climates may produce more than one ring in the course of a year. But granting the so-called "annual ring" tells no falsehoods, what mighty, living antiquities have been reserved for the fleeting gaze of our present! A baobab-tree five thousand years old, a taxodium of four thousand years, an oak of fifteen hundred, while various palms have completed the trifling span of six or seven hundred years. With no such record as the preceding, many of our own forest trees are yet sufficiently venerable to look down with compassion upon our brief generations. Occasionally, imbedded in timber, are found flints, knife-blades, bullets, or other mementoes of early or more recent human presence. This suggests a way of perpetuating our memories. Might we not thrust within

such stout, durable envelope a letter on leaf of some unrusting metal, or an inclosure in a small vial, addressing the missive "To the Future"? We could not send a voluminous report of ourselves (as, when the corner-stone of a church is laid, the newspapers and calendars of the day are submitted), but our dispatch would lose nothing by being brief and to the point.

If there is not, there might appropriately be some such myth as the following, relating how man first came to lift his arm against his friend the tree: Sullen but subtle stone, envying the erect and supple estate of the tree, began plotting the tree's destruction. Sullen stone got the ear of man, and represented how the latter might overcome and subjugate his tall ally, and thereto did put the means in man's hand, to wit, a sharp-edged flint. From that day to this, the man with the axe has never ceased to exercise his advantage. The little giant coming from the sunrise quarter shoulders the billowy forest on before him. Always some denser body of trees is known as the West Woods. I think this to be an enchanted bourn, haunted by a wilder flora and fauna, and constantly shifting towards the occident. East Woods there doubtless are, but there is less reference to them; else the name fails to make so great an impression on the fancy. In the annals of forestry, a leaf should be turned down at the page which depicts the stirring campaign of the early Ohio settlers against the primeval woods. From one who was an on-looker I gather an account of the tactics employed in the long fight. As much as was possible, it was made an internecine strife of trees. The woodman, cutting deeply into a number of trunks in the same range, would then manage that some tree of greater size and heaviness should fall upon its slighter comrade, this in turn prostrating the next in order, and so on, until there was formed what the

chopper, borrowing from the reaper, termed a "windrow." After being sufficiently seasoned, the trees thus felled were set on fire; and when the portions in contact had been consumed, the scattered trunks were hauled together, and the burning renewed until a "clearing" was effected.

In one respect the destruction of "God's first temples" appears more sacrilegious than the act of pulling down a church; for the latter-day temple was never so long in building as was the live edifice. Yet I remember the Scripture: "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease." As we go through the woods, more than one practical exemplification of the text is observed. Around its edge the flat tablet of this beech stump is decorated with thrifty young shoots, in tufts like those of box in a garden border. A decapitated sycamore has, within a few months after its martyrdom, grown a new bushy head, with leaves a foot in breadth. It is as though the tree, conscious of its dismantled condition, and still proud of race, had sought this way of masking its fallen fortunes. Around many an old chestnut, long ago gathered to his fathers, stands a group of flourishing descendants, — natural *fascies* symbolizing the strength of filial devotion and brotherly love. Did the bishop's staff of pious legend put forth leaves and blossoms? The tenacity of life exhibited in some trees is touching to behold. A maple was cut down, earth thrown over the place it had occupied, and a path beaten out. This was in the autumn. The spring following, there was formed above the roots a pool of sap, which did not dry away until the sugar season was past. Though there were no longer branches and leaf-buds to draw upon the hidden supplies, the poor blind roots, ignorant of the calamity that had occurred above ground, were still hopefully and faith-

fully performing their allotted task. It was pitiable that a nectar spring should thus end in a slough, and I surmised that it would have taken little conjuring skill to bring the hamadryad's lamenting ghost to the spot.

As in case of any other benefit, its abundance causes it to be slightly esteemed, so with wood, whether for mechanic use or as mere fuel. In some parts of the continent a house of rose-wood or of mahogany might be accounted no great luxury. But to balance contempt due to familiarity, apply the valuation which a far northern savage would set upon a fallen forest branch or a miserable fagot. Dr. Kane found in a deserted Esquimau hut a child's toy spear, its head of ivory, its shaft of the precious material wood, in six-inch pieces, deftly joined, and bound with skin. The extreme durability of certain timbers is little appreciated. In one of the ecclesiastical edifices at Rome, trusses of fir were sound after nearly a thousand years of service, and a gate of cypress, conducting to St. Peter's, remained good after the lapse of six hundred years. Some kinds of wood are better preserved under water than in dry situations. A giant cedar, of the old forest hidden under the swamps of New Jersey, was estimated to have lain thus encased in muck for a period exceeding three thousand years. When exhumed its grain was still unimpaired. Such durability can have few parallels, yet in one instance it may be said to have been excelled. The constructors of the Denver and New Orleans Railway met with an obstruction in the shape of a buried forest. Axes of steel might not prevail against it. The trees, having suffered an elemental change, were monuments to themselves, — inviolable timber! Yet while fallen trees have been turned to stone, many living ones secrete no inconsiderable amount of earthy matter, storing their cells with atoms of silica, as the artisan can testify, who finds that

certain softer woods, thus freely absorbent of mineral food, are more detrimental to his saws and planes than are many of the harder woods. Less easily explained is the singular fact that some woods when mechanically combined conduce to mutual decay; such ill-fated unions are cypress and cedar, and cypress and walnut. The all-gathering author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* would have digested this fact with extreme relish. He maintains that there are vegetable loves and hates, and that there exists "between the vine and elm a great sympathy, between the vine and the cabbage, between the vine and the olive;" on the other hand, "between the vine and the bay a great antipathy; the vine loves not the bay. . . . The bur and the lentil cannot endure one another." Probably Burton would have accounted for the mischievous action some woods exert upon others by supposing that the ruling passion remained strong in death. However this may be, I have an impression that our beech and maple, which have trained together in life, love to be burned in each other's society, their ashes making one drift upon the hearth, and their spirits together ascending to the heaven of trees.

I am acquainted with a lover of trees, who speaks of them as "those eloquent deaf-mutes," and who thinks it a pity that, being so *sentient*, they yet should lack power to express their thoughts. Perhaps, therefore, out of pure compassion were Dodona's speaking oaks created by the poets, as also may have been the trees of whose timbers were built the intelligent and obedient ships of the Phæacians: —

"They know men's thoughts, and whither
tends their speed,
And there will set them; for you cannot
name
A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
Hath any notice given, but well they know,
And will fly to them, though they ebb and
flow
In blackest clouds and nights."

Perhaps from a fancied wistful intentness and dumb pathos in the mien of a tree came the suggestion that it had once been man, and that it still retained some of the impulses and cogitations of the human. Hence those curious fables relating to metamorphosis, with which the old mythologies abound. Atys, Daphne, Myrrha, Baucis and Philemon, and many another are in this anomalous botanical order. Writes Maurice de Guérin (that Greek spirit chancing upon a French nativity): "Formerly, the gods, wishing to reward the virtue of certain mortals, caused to spring up about them a vegetable matter, which as it grew absorbed their aged bodies, and substituted for their life, worn out by extreme age, the strong and silent life which holds sway under the bark of an oak. These mortals, having become motionless, rested, except as the wind stirred their branching tops. Is not this the sage and his calm?" I own that I should like to see the reverse of the charm, and trees changed to their poetic correspondences among mankind: oaks figuring as strong wrestlers, birches as fleet runners, willows as graceful nymphs leading a brookside dance, pines as wandering minstrels harp-playing at the courts of kings and reciting *Iliads* and *Odysseys*. It is possible the trees themselves have similar day-dreams, if credit be given the vague rumors which the wind occasionally brings us. Some time since, on an enchanted summer afternoon, I heard the woods utter the following complaint, in tones half whisper, half musical recitative. (I do not think I could have been asleep.)

We that sway the forest realm,
Oak and chestnut, beech and elm,
Do grow weary, standing here
Year by year, — long year by year!
Will it never more befall us
We shall hear a master call us,
When our troops shall break their trance
And be joined in nimble dance?
He should lead us up and down,
Drunk with joy from root to crown,

Through the valley, over hill,
Servants unto music's will;
Leaf and nut the earth bestrewing,
Birds their truant nests pursuing, —
Merry madness all around
In the trembling air and ground!

So it chanced (our sages say)
In the bard Amphion's day;
But since he was lost to earth,
None could wake our souls to mirth.
Music, music, music bring,
Blow on flute, and smite the string!
We for revel fare are ripe, —
We would dance, but who will pipe?
Now the best of bards alive
In his art so ill doth thrive,
He might try for days together,
And not start one plume of heather!

Truth to say, the only Amphionic music the trees hear nowadays is the ring of the woodman's axe, their only dance a short, giddy reel.

There are spirits of the sylvan and spirits of the open, natural interpreters of the woods and interpreters of the fields. The true spiritual descendants of the Druids are a small minority. How many of us, while loving trees, are also lovers of the mid-forest and deep shade? If not lost in the woods, we are much at a loss there. The surrounding is alien. A latent timorousness akin to superstition starts up and walks with us, advising

"Of forests and enchantments drear,

Where more is meant than meets the ear."

This under-meaning or over-meaning of the woods still baffles. Their most gracious invitation and salutation at a little distance are never quite made good when I have stepped across their precincts. Foretaste of their indifference has often kept me a traveler "all around Robin Hood's barn," rather than through it. Or is it that, not greatly fond of interiors (of woodland interiors, even), I prefer to stand or sit in the strong-pillared portico, and gaze thence far into the mysterious presence-filled sanctuary? Were I within, the preached word would but puzzle my child-like capacity. Such impression I have of

the woods in full leaf, roofed over and curtained round. In winter, in early spring, or in late autumn, when the sky's good light keeps me in countenance, my wood-wit is less dull. Looking sunward through these long aisles, I see the dead leaves repeatedly lifted on the awakening wind. The ground itself seems to acquire motion from their fluctuations, and appears now rising, now

subsiding, as the wind comes or goes. Are the leaves surely dead? Near by they have a cautionary speech all their own, a continuous "hist" and "'sh," — sounds distinct from the sonorous wind-march through the tree-tops. Soul of the forest and of all sylvan summers gone, set free by the blown ripe leaves, — I flush it, and follow it through the shrill woods!

Edith M. Thomas.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE DAYS.

THERE is always a peculiar pleasure in the discovery that some subtle and unspoken-of flavor, vaguely felt by ourselves as belonging to any object or experience, is shared in the same intangible way by others. Is it not so with our sense of the particular quality of its own, characteristic of each day of the week? Given the regular starting-point, and we know the days apart without any calendar. When one says to me, "Tuesday" or "Friday," the word does not stand merely for a day, any day, a seventh part of a week, that might as well be any other such interval of time, but it brings up a curiously indefinite-definite conception of its own. Each day has its physiognomy. If, finding I have misunderstood the word, my companion tells me he said, not *Tuesday*, but *Thursday*, I have to shift pictures instantly, in my mind; as if by mistake I had thought of John, with his short nose and auburn hair, and had suddenly to change the mental image for that of Thomas, with his long nose and black hair.

Yet it is hard to say what makes up each day's particular countenance. Different as it is from every other, I find it something of a psychological gymnastic to put my finger, so to speak, on the intangible features that go to the com-

position of this hazy physiognomy. It is as much as to get a photograph, not now of space, but of time. The mind-plate is sensitive enough, and the image is there, but the feat is to develop it and fix it by the cheap and adulterated chemicals of words.

Sunday, no doubt, is the day most easily conceived as a separate image. It is full of peculiar associations. It is a time of emancipation. Some bondage of routine has held the spirit for all the week. To-day the mill ceases to grind. The man belongs to himself. The father makes the acquaintance of his children; the mother renews her youth, and again "keeps company" with her mate. The lover of open nature gets back to it with a great sigh of relief; while he who craves the touch of worshipping multitudes seeks it in temples built with hands. The name, whether the Hebrew "Sabbath" or the Christian "Sunday," brings immediately to the mind its rest and peace; its shut shops in the city; its quiet spaces in country door-yards, where the sunshine no longer dances with the leaves, though the crickets have piped unto it all the forenoon, but lies asleep and unutterably still, so that the deep bark of a dog, or the crowing of a cock, long-drawn and somnolent, comes from half a mile away.

The flavor of Monday (and now it takes no clairvoyant to see what picture is instantly wafted into every reader's mind at the word), do we not all perceive it, by more senses than one? — the bubbly tub, with smooth-armed Aphrodite above it, new-risen from the foam, the saponic pungency, the fluttering foliage of the clothes-line, which to Dickens's disconsolate lover seemed so "like groves." Yet it is not this pomp and pageantry that make up the essential quality of our mental image of the day, but a circumstance which lies behind these humid purgations, as their cause. It is the fact that Monday comes after Sunday, with all that this involves: the cold plunge into mundane work again; the sad cropping up of little things we meant to have finished the week before; the feeling of slight reluctance to undertaking (*videlicet* getting underneath) the accustomed burdens, and this oddly mixed with a certain sense of freshness of fibre in tackling them. Then there is that affluent consciousness of having the whole week before us; a kind of illogically increased expectation of life, as if the safe start on Monday morning implied an agreement that the coming six days should all be our own. This is the time, moreover, of the accumulation of two days' mails in one; and, besides, such a still further increased number of the friendly or only semi-business sort of letters as leads to the suspicion that most people make of Sunday not only a read-letter day, but a written-letter day as well.

Tuesday, on the other hand, is a comparatively characterless day. It is like the laboring man whose anxious better half recommended him to me lately because he "had no habits." Or it is like those people to whom we dread being introduced, because they have no expression of face, and it is morally certain we never shall be able to recognize them again. Tuesday has only this hold on our recognition, that it is not

so far from Sunday but there is a distinct, if diminished, flavor of its being still "along the first of the week." Things promised for this conveniently vague period can still be creditably performed. But to-morrow, we feel, will be already the middle of the week. There is, accordingly, a slight "hurry-up" tinge about Tuesday.

Wednesday is still worse off for identity of countenance. Its face is chiefly to be known by its not being that of any other day in the week, as some persons are known only by their not being anybody else. The middle of its forenoon is the time when we ask some one, "What day is this?" It has occurred to me that there might be, in quiet families, some special bit of food as a mnemonic for Wednesday. If the fish was sacred to the Teutonic Venus, and so came into Friga's day, is there not some flesh or fowl that might be considered to belong to Woden? Do we not know, indeed, of a wholesome vegetable, a little under a cloud, perhaps, whose subdued fragrantcy in the house might stir the fountains of memory (and of tears), and mark the day? Yet if we search cautiously in our mental impression of Wednesday, we may find a kind of leisurely and humdrum look that is all its own. The hour for the first-of-the-week dash into great enterprises is gone. We are in the midst of everything, with time enough before us to prevent hurry, but not enough to invite any vigor of attack. This early-middle-of-the-week-ness it is which vaguely marks Wednesday to the mind.

Thursday, however, begins to have a dim penumbra of a sense of end-of-the-week about it. It has to a greater degree the hurry-up suggestiveness of Tuesday, but with this marked difference: on Tuesday it was the haste of hope; now it is the haste of fear. It is the day of feeling oppressed with the lot of things that were to have been (on Wednesday we should have said "to be

done;” now we use the regretful or remorseful “to have been”) done this week, — “and here we are,” we say, “past the middle of it.” Thursday is therefore the working-day *par excellence*. If a man ever does any stroke of solid work, — if he is not constitutionally opposed to “working between meals” at all, — he is likely to do it now.

Friday has its fish, — inversely appropriate for fasting, as being the most voracious of animals. It is as if one cried, “Shameless monster of appetite, behold to what end it hath brought thee; for thus I thee devour!” — though in point of fact, no doubt, it was its fecundity that consecrated it to Friday’s ancient deity. The day has, too, for a feature of its physiognomy, the repute for ill-luck; or for good-luck, in some heretical households. As for me and my house, we commonly set out on journeys, and begin building, and “move,” and marry, and have even been known to commit the indiscretion of being born, on this fateful day. It was long ago that we discovered it to be the time of all others for travel, for the reason that so many avoid it; by which circumstance we not only gain in elbow-room, but in the conspicuous absence of fools.

The face of Friday, by its particular distance from the end of the week, — being the accented penultimate of this heptasyllabic word of time, — has an unmistakable expression to the mind. There is only one more day to the jumping-off place. Letters that are to go any distance before Sunday must be dispatched to-day. It is the last full day of school or of college work.

Is there not in the mind, almost out of the region of visibility, but not out of consciousness, a kind of hieroglyph of the week in the shape of two lines, one slanting upward to a peak, the other sloping down? The one line runs up from Sunday to about Wednesday evening, the other down from Thursday

morning to Saturday night. The imagination does not exactly see these lines, in conceiving of the week, but it feels them in the dark, as it were. Friday is where the downward slope gets steep, especially toward evening.

Saturday faces backward. It is a time of retrospect. We clean up odd jobs. To the children it is play-day. To the college world it continues that character; and we never entirely outgrow the sense of it. If any tough bit of work is suggested on Saturday, especially toward afternoon, we feel that the proposition is uncalled for and untimely. At any hour during the day we are “liable” to remind ourselves that “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.” (The last words of this sentiment, my friend the professor says, took the form to his mind, in boyhood, of “jackadulboy,” and he used to wonder what kind of a thing that might be.) Saturday night, everybody feels, ends the week; but does anybody feel that Sunday morning begins a new one? Does not Sunday rather seem a time by itself, lying *between* the two weeks? Life, to most people, is work; and the week begins when the work begins.

How came there to be a *week*? We may grope a long way back in history for an answer, and then find only such obscurity that the question is apt to escape into a flight of airy speculation. It is our only large division of time that seems purely artificial. The sun marks the year, and the moon the month, and the earth the day; but what determines the week? Why might it not have been of ten days, like that of the Greeks and the French Revolutionists? Or shall we say that the waxing and waning face of the moon marks it, as a sort of celestial switch-signal? — first the crescent, then the straight-cut line of the half-moon (a dichotomized “green cheese”), then the full orb, then the half-cut line again. There ought, it would seem, to be another Luna, or Lunula; a moonling

that should revolve every seven days and mark the week. Was there one before the records of history commence, and did its fragments help to strew the "drift" upon our planet, after giving origin to the seven-day period?

That the *hebdomas*, or seven-day division, came to us from Egypt (a very ancient thing there, as in Assyria) is the almost universal opinion among scholars. Where the *names* came from, and how, is more doubtful. We find our days named, at present, after the sun and moon, and the ancient Teutonic deities, *Tíw*, *Woden*, *Thor*, *Fria*, and *Saeter*. (I give these names in their most familiar form. They are variously spelt in the different Teutonic tongues. The old Norse, curiously enough, instead of *Saeter's* day, has *Laugardagr*, or bathing day.)

It is uncertain when these names first appeared in Europe. The probability seems to be that they were translations made from the names of the Roman divinities, about the second century of our era. The original prototypes of these in Egypt were probably not religious names, but astrological; that is to say, "planetary." Dion Cassius says the Egyptians gave "the first hour to *Kronos* (Saturn), the second to *Zeus* (Jupiter), the third to *Ares* (Mars), the fourth to *Helios* (the sun), the fifth to *Aphrodite* (Venus), the sixth to *Hermes* (Mercury), the seventh to *Selene* (the moon)," and so on, the same order of these seven "planets" being followed throughout the twenty-four hours. The next day's series will then begin with the Sun.

This process, curiously enough, whether or not it gives the key to the mystery of the naming of the days, certainly does assign the first hour of the successive days to the very names whose equivalents we now use. If we assume, for example, that the day whose first hour fell to the Egyptian representative of Saturn was entitled his day,

Saturn's day (and Herodotus testifies that each day did belong to a particular divinity), then the next would be the Sun's day, the next the Moon's day, and so on through the week in the precise order of our own days. The order of the names indicates a very ancient astronomical knowledge in Egypt, for they follow the order of the times of revolution of the "planets," the sun being included according to the geocentric theory. These, the seven planetary or "wandering" heavenly bodies then known, were no doubt believed, or fabled, to have peculiar sway over human destinies. The Egyptian Tables of the Hours note that, for a given day, "on the first hour Orion is lord of the left elbow; on the second hour the Twins have influence on the left ear; on the fifth hour the Pleiads are sovereign over both chambers of the heart." William Jones, in his work on *Credulities*, quotes a Saxon manuscript as saying, "Three days there are in the year *which we call Egyptian days*; that is, in our language, dangerous days." They are the last Monday in April, the second in August, the first in December. "If one drink some time in these three days, he will end his life; and he that tastes of goose-flesh within forty days' space, his life he will end." The same author cites "A *Newe Almanacke* and *Prognostication* for the yeare of our Lord God 1615, by Thomas Bretnor." For the months of October and November, the list runs as follows:—

OCTOBER. GOOD DAYS.

- 1, 2, 5. Follow and feare not.
- 7, 8, 9. Something hollow harted.
- 14, 15. Welcome at a word.
- 16, 20. Not very free.
- 21, 23. It falles pat.
31. His countenance carries it.

EVILL DAYS.

- 3, 4, 6. Crosse and intricate.
- 10, 11, 12, 13. Up to the ears.
- 17, 18, 19. Mad medling.
- 25, 28, 30. Stay the bels.
- 24, 26, 27. A lash at last.
29. Shrunke in the wetting.

NOVEMBER. GOOD DAYS.

- 1, 4, 6. Wit may win her.
 7, 8. That or nothing.
 11, 12, 15. Build upon it.
 19, 20, 21. As sure as a club.
 29, 30. Downe upon the nail.

EVILL DAYS.

- 2, 5, 9. Take another time.
 3, 10, 13. Cost ill bestowd.
 14, 16, 17, 18. Beleeve not a word.
 22, 23, 24. Past all hope.
 25, 26, 27, 28. Relye not upon it.

Various days were held, by different ancient nations, to be unlucky days. The superstition is as old as the hills, or older. It would be difficult to say how much of the old "keeping" of Saturday evening, or even the whole afternoon at one period, went back for origin to this sort of astrology. Brand gives an extract from an old English manuscript, showing the religious form of the custom:—

"It is written in the liffe of Seynt . . . that he was bisi on Ester Eve before None that he made one to shave him or the sunne went doune. And the fiend aspied that, and gadirid up his heeris; and whan this holi man sawe it, he conjured him and badde him tell him whi he did so. Thane said he, bycause yu didest no reverence to the Sundaie, and therefore this heris wolle I kepe unto ye day of Dome in reprofte of the. Thane he left of all his shavyng, and toke the heris of the fiend, and made to brene hem in his owne hand for penaunce, whiche him thought he was worthé to suffre; and bode unshaven unto Monday. This is saide *in reprofte of hem that worchen at afternone on Saturdayes.*"

It is likely that this precious anecdote was often brought to the attention of mothers and schoolmasters by the Early English urchin.

The very word *week* is of origin so ancient as to be open to enticing guesswork, such as that concerning the hieroglyphic UK. The "authorities" all tell

us that the Egyptians fixed the week at seven days because of the seven known heavenly bodies; but no one knows for certain that this is true. To say "Egypt," in history, is to begin to speculate; as to say "electricity," in physical science.

A favorite theory as to the ancient sanctity of the number seven has always been based on its peculiar arithmetical properties. (For a single instance of the numbers between one and ten, including the latter, all except seven are either factors or products of others.) We find the number a favorite one in most of the old cosmogonies. The first series of Manetho's Egyptian gods, or dynasties of gods, includes seven. The original Kabiri of Phœnicia, or the sons of Ptah, according to Bunsen, were seven. Among George Smith's Assyrian discoveries is a calendar, in which every month is divided into four weeks, and the seventh days are noted as unsuitable for the undertaking of any work. In the translation of Rev. A. H. Sayce the first such seventh day has the note: "A sabbath (literally, *dies nefastus*). The king in his chariot rides not. Medicine for his sickness of body he applies not."

It is possible that the origin of the world-old estimation of this week-number may go back to something older than astrology or astronomy, — older even than the science of arithmetic; namely, to a primeval psychological fact.

May it not be that the number seven was chosen because it falls in with a certain limitation of the human mind? Seven represents the limit of ordinary ability to grasp particular objects as a total, without subdivision into smaller groups. If we make seven dots upon paper, or place seven pebbles closely in a line, the eye (that is to say, the mind) can apprehend them as a single group, and at the same time be aware of the number of individuals composing it. If it were eight, they would be decomposed into fours, or twos. It is an experiment

which each may try for himself. For my own part, I find that if I make a long line of dots on the paper, by fixing my eye on any one of them I easily include the three at each side in the same perception, either as separated, or all seven united like Alpine climbers by their rope. Thus the mind conceives a whole week pretty easily at one grasp, and may alternately separate it into successive days, and telescope these back into the total conception of the week, at will. We say to ourselves, Such a week I spent at this place, and such another at that; and find no difficulty either in the total conception of each, or in the instantaneous separation of it into its days. Is not seven the largest group with which this process would have been easy? Could we have done it with thirteen, or easily with nine; and would not eight or ten have inevitably split apart into groups of fours or fives, each week thus

falling into two weeks, in spite of us? It is odd enough how perfectly we have come to feel, after all these centuries — more likely, after all these thousands of years — of the employment of the seven-day week, that it is a part of original nature. We can hardly shake off the sense that *time*, abstract *time*, everywhere and always, comes cut into these particular blocks. The year — everybody's year, every epoch's and every planet's year — consists, to our inveterate feeling, of just these fifty-two divisions, as rigidly as any chain consists of its links. It is like the old story (none the worse for a certain nutty flavor it may now have) of the Englishman, who remarked, "How queer that the French say '*pain*' for '*bread*'!" And when his friend replied, "No queerer than that we should say '*bread*,'" he exclaimed, "Ah, but it is '*bread*,' you know!"

E. R. Sill.

UNAWARES.

A SONG welled up in the singer's heart,
 (Like a song in the throat of a bird,)
 And loud he sang, and far it rang, —
 For his heart was strangely stirred;
 And he sang for the very joy of song,
 With no thoughts of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
 A heavenly patience grew.
 He fared on his way with a benison
 On the singer, who never knew
 How the careless song of an idle hour
 Had shaped a life anew.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

PAUL PATOFF.

MY dear lady — my dear friend — you have asked me to tell you a story, and I am going to try, because there is not anything I would not try if you asked it of me. I do not yet know what it will be about, but it is impossible that I should disappoint you ; and if the proverb says, “Needs must when the devil drives,” I can mend the proverb into a show of grace, and say, The most barren earth must needs bear flowers when an angel sows the seed.

When you asked for the story I could only find a dry tale of my own doings, which I detailed to you somewhat at length, as we cantered down into the Valley of the Sweet Waters. The south wind was warm this afternoon, though it brought rain with it and wetted us a little as we rode ; it was soft and dreamy, and made everything look sleepy, and misty, and a little uncertain in outline. Baghdad sniffed it in his deep red nostrils, for it was the wind of his home ; but Haroun al Raschid shook the raindrops restlessly from his gray mane, as though he hated to be damp, and was thinking longingly of the hot sand and the desert sun. But he had no right to complain, for water must needs come in the oases, — and truly I know of no fairer and sweeter resting-place in life’s journey than the Valley of the Sweet Waters above the Golden Horn.

That same south wind — when I think, it is a point or two easterly, and it seems to smell of Persia — well, that same soft wind is blowing at my windows now in the dark night, and is murmuring, sometimes almost complaining, then dying away in a fitful, tearful sigh, sorry even to weeping for its restless fate, sorry perhaps for me and sighing for me. God knows, there is enough to sigh for in this working-day world, is

there not ? I have heard you sigh, too, very sadly, as though something hurt you, although you are so bright and young and fair. The wind sighs hopelessly, in great sobs of weariness and despair, for he is filled with the ghosts of the past ; but your breath has a music in it that is more like the song of the sunrise that used to break out from the heart of the beautiful marble at dawn.

Poor wind ! He is trying to speak to me through the pines, — perhaps he is bringing a message. It is long since any one brought me a message I cared to hear. I will open the door to the terrace and let him in, and see what he has to say.

Truly, he speaks great words : —

“I am the belt and the girdle of this world. I carry in my arms the souls of the dead and the sins of them ; the souls of them that have not yet lived, with their deeds, are in my bosom. I am sorrowful with the sorrow of ages, and strong with the strength of ages yet un-lived. What is thy sorrow to my sorrow, or thy strength to my strength ? Listen.

“Knowest thou whence I come, or whither I go ? Fool, thou knowest not even of thyself what thou shalt do to-morrow, and it may be that on the next day I shall have thy soul, to take it away, and hold it, and buffet it, and tear it as I will. Fool, thou knowest little ! The gardens of Persia are sweet this night ; this night the maidens of Hindustan have gone forth to greet the new moon, and I am full of their soft prayers and gentle thoughts, for I am come from them. But the north, whither I go, is cold and cruel, full of snow and darkness and gloom. Along the lands where I will pass I shall see men and women dying in the frost, and little chil-

dren, too, poor and hungry, and shivering out the last breathings of a wretched life; and some of them I will take with me this night, to my journey's end among the ice-floes and the brown driving mists of the uttermost north. Dost thou wonder that I am sad?

"That is thy life. Thou art come from the sweet-scented gardens of thy youth, thou must go to the ice desert of thine old age; and now thou art full of strength and boastfulness, and thinkest thou shalt perchance be the first mortal who shall cheat death. Go to! Thou shalt die like the rest, the more miserably that thou lovest life more than the others."

The wind is in an ill humor to-night; I should not have thought he could say such hard things. But he is a hopeless old cynic, even when he blows warm from the south; he has seen so much and done so much, and has furnished so many metaphors to threadbare poets, that he believes in nothing good, or young, or in any way fresh. He is bad company, and I have shut the window again. You asked me for a story, and you are beginning to wonder why I do not tell you one. Do you like long stories or short stories? Sad or gay? True or fanciful? What shall it be? My true stories are all sad, but the ones I imagine are often merry. Could I not think of one true, and gay as well? There was once a bad old man who said that when the truth ceased to be solemn it became dull. Between solemnity and dullness you would not find what you want, which, I take it, is a little laughter, a little sadness, and, when it is done, the comfortable assurance of your own senses that you have been amused, and not bored. The bad old gentleman was right. When our lives are not filled with great emotions they are crammed with insignificant details, and one may tell them ever so well, they will be insignificant to the end. But the fancy is a great store-house, filled with all the

beautiful things that we do not find in our lives. My dear friend, if true love were an every-day phenomenon, experienced by everybody, it would cease to be in any way interesting; people would be so familiar with it that it would bore them to extinction; they would have it for breakfast, dinner, and supper as a matter of course, and would be as fastidious of its niceties as an Anglo-Indian about the quality of the pepper. It is because only one man or woman in a hundred thousand is personally acquainted with the sufferings of true-love fever that the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine take delight in observing the contortions and convulsions of the patient. It is a great satisfaction to them to compare the slight touch of ague they once had when they were young with the raging sickness of a breaking heart: to see a resemblance between the tiny scratch upon themselves, which they delight in irritating, and the ghastly wound by which the tortured soul has sped from its prison.

To tell the truth, they are not so very much to blame. Even the momentary reflection of love is a good thing; at least, it is better than to know nothing of it. One can fancy that a violin upon which no one had ever played would yet be glad to vibrate faintly in unison with the music of a more favored neighbor; it would bring a sensation of the possibility of music. The stronger harmony is caught up and carried on forever in endless sound waves, but the slight responsive murmur of the passive strings is lost and forgotten.

And now you will tell me that I am making phrases. That is my profession: I am a twister of words; I torture language by trade. You know it, for you have known me a long time, and, if you will pardon my vanity, or rudeness, I observe that my mode of putting the dictionary on the rack amuses you. The fact that you ask for a story shows that well enough. I am a plain man, and

there never was any poetry in me, but I have seen it in other people, and I understand why some persons like it. As for stories, I have plenty of them. I, Paul Griggs, have seen a variety of sights, and I have a good memory. There is the southeast wind again. I was speaking of love, a moment ago, — there is a story of the wind falling in love. There is a garden of roses far away to the east, where a maiden lies asleep; the roses have no thorns in that garden, and they grow softly about her and make a pillow for her fair head. A blustering wind came once and nearly waked her, but she was so beautiful that he fell deep in love; and he turned into the softest breeze that ever fanned a woman's cheek in summer, for fear lest he should trouble her sleep. There was a poor woman in rags, in the streets of London, on that March night, but she could not soften the heart of the cruel blast for all her shivering and praying; for she was very poor and wretched, and never was beautiful, even when she was young.

That is a short tale, and it has no moral application, for it is too common a truth. If people would only act directly on things instead of expecting the morality of their cant phrases to act for them, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to pay their bills, and to save their souls into the bargain, what a vast deal of good would be done, and what an incalculable amount of foolish talk would be spared! But there is a diplomatic spirit abroad in our day, and it is necessary to enter into polite relations with a drowning man before it is possible to pull him out of the water.

But the story, you say, — where is it? Forgive me. I am rusty and ponderous at the start, like an old dredger that has stuck too long in the mud. Let me move a little and swing out with the tide till I am in clearer waters, and I will promise to bring up something pretty from the bottom of the sea for you to

look at. I would not have you see any of the blackness that lies in the stagnant harbor.

I will tell you the story of Paul Patoff. I played a small part in it myself last summer, and so, in a certain way, it is a tale of my own experience. I say a tale, because it is emphatically a tale, and nothing else. I might almost call it a yarn, though the word would look strangely on a printed title-page. We are vain in our generation; we fancy we have discovered something new under the sun, and we give the name "novel" to the things we write. I will not insult literature by honoring this story with any such high-sounding designation. A great many of the things I am going to tell you were told to me, so that I shall have some difficulty in putting the whole together in a connected shape, and I must begin by asking your indulgence if I transgress all sorts of rules, and if I do not succeed in getting the interesting points into the places assigned to them by the traditional laws of art. I tell what happened, and I do not pretend to tell any more.

I.

If places could speak, they would describe people far better than people can describe places. No two men agree together in giving an account of a country, of natural scenery, or of a city; and though we may read the most accurate descriptions of a place, and vividly picture to ourselves what we have never seen, yet, when we are at last upon the spot, we realize that we have known nothing about it, and we loudly blame the author, whose word-painting is so palpably false. People will always think of places as being full of poetry if they are in love, as being beautiful if they are well, hideous if they are ill, wearisome if they are bored, and gay if they are making money.

Constantinople and the Bosphorus are no exceptions to this general rule. People who live there are sometimes well and sometimes ill, sometimes rich and sometimes poor, sometimes in love with themselves and sometimes in love with each other. A grave Persian carpet merchant sits smoking on the quay of Buyukdere. He sees them all go by, from the gay French secretary of embassy, puffing at a cigarette as he hurries from one visit to the next, to the neat and military German diplomat, landing from his steam launch on his return from the palace; from the devil-may-care English youth in white flannel to the graceful Turkish adjutant on his beautiful Arab horse; from the dark-eyed Armenian lady, walking slowly by the water's edge, to the terrifically arrayed little Greek dandy, with a spotted waistcoat and a thunder-and-lightning tie. He sees them all: the Levantine with the weak and cunning face, the swarthy Kurdish porter, the gorgeously arrayed Dalmatian embassy servant, the huge, fair Turkish waterman in his spotless white dress, and the countless veiled Turkish women from the small harems of the little town, shuffling along in silence, or squatted peacefully upon a jutting point of the pier, veiled in *yashmaks*, the more transparent as they have the more beauty to show or the less ugliness to conceal. The carpet merchant sees them all, and sits like patience upon a monumental heap of stuffs, waiting for customers and smoking his water-pipe. His eyes are greedy and his fingers are long, but the peace of a superior mendacity is on his brow, and in his heart the lawful price of goods is multiplied exceedingly.

By the side of the quay, separated from the quiet water by the broad white road, stand the villas, the embassies, the houses, large and small, a varying front, following the curve of the Bosphorus for half a mile between the Turkish towns of Buyukdere and Mesar Burnu. Be-

hind the villas rise the gardens, terraces upon terraces of roses, laurels, lemons, Japanese medlars, and trees and shrubs of all sorts, with a stone pine or a cypress here and there, dark green against the faint blue sky. Beyond the breadth of smooth sapphire water, scarcely rippling under the gentle northerly breeze, the long hills of the Asian mainland stretch to the left as far as the mouth of the Black Sea, and to the right until the quick bend of the narrow channel hides Asia from view behind the low promontories of the European shore. Now and then a big ferry-boat puffs into sight, churning the tranquil waters into foam with her huge paddles; a dozen sailing craft are in view, from Lord Mavourneen's smart yawl to the outlandishly rigged Turkish schooner, her masts raking forward like the antlers of a stag at bay, and spreading a motley collection of lateen-sails, stay-sails, square top-sails, and vast spinnakers rigged out with booms and sprits, which it would puzzle a northern sailor to name. Far to the right, towards Therapia, glimmer the brilliant uniforms and the long bright oars of an ambassador's twelve-oared caïque, returning from an official visit at the palace; and near the shore are loitering half a dozen *barcas*, — commodious row-boats, with awnings and cushioned seats, — on the lookout for a fare.

It is the month of June, and the afternoon air is warm and hazy upon the land, though a gentle northerly breeze is on the water, just enough to fill the sails of Lord Mavourneen's little yacht, so that by making many short tacks he may beat up to the mouth of the Black Sea before sunset. But his excellency the British ambassador is in no hurry; he would go on tacking in his little yawl to all eternity of nautical time, with vast satisfaction, rather than be bored and worried and harrowed by the predestinating servants of Allah, at the palace of his majesty the commander of the faithful. Even Fate, the universal Kis-

met, procrastinates in Turkey, and Lord Mavourneen's special mission is to out-procrastinate the procrastinator. For the present the little yawl is an important factor in his operations, and as he stands in his rough blue clothes, looking up through his single eyeglass at the belying canvas, a gentle smile upon his strongly marked face betrays considerable satisfaction. Lord Mavourneen is a very successful man, and his smile and his yacht have been elements of no small importance in his success. They characterize him historically, like the tear which always trembles under the left eyelid of Prince Bismarck, like the gray overcoat of Bonaparte, the black tights and gloomy looks of Hamlet the Dane, or Richelieu's kitten. Lord Mavourneen is a man of action, but he can wait. When he came to Constantinople the Turks thought they could keep him waiting, but they have discovered that they are more generally kept waiting themselves, while his excellency is up the Bosphorus, beating about in his little yawl near the mouth of the Black Sea. His actions are thought worthy of high praise, but on some occasions his inaction borders upon the sublime. Of the men who moved along the Buyukdere quay, many paused and glanced out over the water at the white-sailed yawl, with the single streamer flying from the mast-head; and some smiled as they recognized the ambassadorial yacht, and some looked grave.

The sun sank lower towards the point where he disappears from the sight of the inhabitants of Buyukdere; for he is not seen to set from this part of the upper Bosphorus. He sinks early behind the wooded hills above Therapia, and when he is hidden the evening freshness begins, and the crowd upon the quay swells to a multitude, as the people from the embassies and villas sally forth to mount their horses or to get into their *caïques*.

Two young men came out of the

white gates of the Russian embassy, and, crossing the road, stood upon the edge of the stone pier. They were brothers, but the resemblance was slight between them. The one looked like an Englishman, tall, fair, and rather angular, with hard blue eyes, an aquiline nose, a heavy yellow mustache concealing his mouth, and a ruddy complexion. He was extremely well dressed, and, though one might detect some awkwardness in his movements, his manner had that composure which comes from a great knowledge of the world, and from a natural self-possession and independence of character.

His brother, though older by a year, might have passed for being several years younger. He was in reality two and thirty years of age, but his clear complexion was that of a boy, his dark brown hair curled closely on his head, and his soft brown eyes had a young and trustful look in them, which contrasted strangely with his brother's hard and dominating expression. He was shorter, too, and more slender, but also more graceful; his hands and feet were small and well shaped. Nevertheless, his manner was at least as self-possessed as that of his tall brother, and there was something in his look which suggested the dashing, reckless spirit sometimes found in delicately constituted men. Alexander Patoff was a soldier, and had obtained leave to visit his younger brother Paul in Constantinople, where the latter held the position of second secretary in the Russian embassy. At first sight one would have said that Paul should have been the cavalry officer, and Alexander the diplomatist: but fate had ordered it otherwise, for the elder son had inherited the bulk of his father's fortune, and was, consequently, able to bear the expenses of a career in a guard regiment; while Paul, the younger, just managed to live comfortably the life of a fashionable diplomacy, by dint of economy and an intelligent use of his small income.

They were Russians, but their mother was an Englishwoman. Their father had married a Miss Anne Dabstreak, with whom he had fallen in love when in London, shortly before the Crimean War. She was a beautiful woman, and had a moderate portion. Old Patoff's fortune, however, was sufficient, and they had lived happily for ten years, when he had died very suddenly, leaving a comfortable provision for his wife, and the chief part of his possessions to Alexander Paolovitch Patoff, his eldest boy. Paul, he thought, showed even as a child the character necessary to fight his own way; and as he had since advanced regularly in the diplomacy, it seemed probable that he would fulfill his father's predictions, and die an ambassador.

At the time when this story opens Madame Patoff was traveling in Switzerland for her health. She was not strong, and dared not undertake a journey to Constantinople at present. On the other hand, the climate of northern Russia suited her even less well in summer than in winter, and, to her great regret, her son Alexander, whom she loved better than Paul, as he was also more like herself, had persisted in spending his leave in a visit to his brother.

Madame Patoff had been surprised at Alexander's determination. Her sons were not congenial to each other. They had been brought up differently to different careers, which might partially account for the lack of sympathy between them, but in reality the evil had a deeper root. Madame Patoff had either never realized that Alexander had been the favored son, and that Paul had suffered acutely from the preference shown to his elder brother, or she had loved the latter too passionately to care to hide her preference. Alexander had been a beautiful child, full of grace, and gifted with that charm which in young children is not easily resisted. Paul was ugly in his boyhood, cold and re-

served, rarely showing sympathy, and too proud to ask for what was not given him freely. Alexander was quick-witted, talented, and showy, if I may use so barbarous a word. Paul was slow at first, ungainly as a young foal, strong without grace, shy of attempting anything new to him, and not liking to be noticed. Both father and mother, as the boys grew up, loved the older lad, and spoiled him, while the younger was kept forever at his books, was treated coldly, and got little praise for the performance of his tasks. Had Paul possessed less real energy of character, he must have hated his brother; as it was, he silently disliked him, but inwardly resolved to outshine him in everything, laboring to that end from his boyhood, and especially after his father's death, with a dogged determination which promised success. The result was that, although Paul never outgrew a certain ungainliness of appearance, due to his large and bony frame, he nevertheless acquired a perfection of manner, an ease and confidence in conversation, which, in the end, might well impress people who knew him more favorably than the bearing of Alexander, whose soft voice and graceful attitudes began to savor of affectation when he had attained to mature manhood. As they stood together on the quay at Buyukdere, one could guess that, in the course of years, Alexander would be an irritable, peevish old dandy, while Paul would turn out a stern, successful old man.

They stood looking at the water, watching the caiques shoot out from the shore upon the bosom of the broad stream.

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Paul, without looking at his brother.

"Oh, yes. I do not care where we go. I suppose it is worth seeing?"

"Well worth seeing. You have never seen anything like it."

"Is it as fine as Easter Eve in Moscow?" asked Alexander, incredulously.

"It is different," said Paul. "It corresponds to our Easter Eve in some ways. All through the Ramazán they fast all day — never smoke, nor drink a glass of water, and of course they eat nothing — until sunset, when the gun is fired. During the last week there are services in Santa Sophia every night, and that is what is most remarkable. They go on until the news comes that the new moon has been seen."

"That does not sound very interesting," remarked Alexander, languidly lighting a cigarette with the bit of yellow fuse that dangled from his heavy Moscow case.

"It is interesting, nevertheless, and you must see it. You cannot be here at this time and not see what is most worth seeing."

"Is there nothing else this evening?" asked Alexander.

"No. We have to respect the prejudices of the country a little. After all, we really have a holiday during this month. Nothing can be done. The people at the palace do not get up until one o'clock or later, so as to make the time while they fast seem shorter."

"Very sensible of them. I wonder why they get up at all, until that ridiculous gun fires, and they can smoke."

"Whether you like it or not, you must go to Santa Sophia to-night, and see the service," said Paul, firmly. "You need not stay long, unless you like."

"If you take me there, I will stay rather than have the trouble of coming away," answered the other. "Bah!" he exclaimed suddenly. "there is that *caïque* again!"

Paul followed the direction of his brother's glance, and saw a graceful *caïque* pulling slowly up-stream towards them. Four sturdy Turks in snow-white cotton tugged at the long oars, and in the deep body of the boat, upon low

cushions, sat two ladies, side by side. Behind them, upon the stern, was perched a hideous and beardless African, gorgeously arrayed in a dark tunic heavily laced with gold, a richly chased and adorned scimitar at his side, and a red fez jauntily set on one side of his misshapen head. But Alexander's attention was arrested by the ladies, or rather by one of them, as the *caïque* passed within oar's length of the quay.

"She must be hideous," said Paul, contemptuously. "I never saw such a *yashmak*. It is as thick as a towel. You cannot see her face at all."

"Look at her hand," said Alexander. "I tell you she is not hideous."

The figures of the two ladies were completely hidden in the wide black silk garments they wore, the eternal *ferigee* which makes all women alike. Upon their heads they wore caps, such as in the jargon of fashion are called *toques*, and their faces were enveloped in *yashmaks*, white veils which cross the forehead above the eyes and are brought back just below them, so as to cover the rest of the face. But there was this difference: that whereas the veil worn by one of the ladies was of the thinnest gauze, showing every feature of her dark, coarse face through its transparent texture, the veil of the other was perfectly opaque, and disguised her like a mask. Paul Patoff justly remarked that this was very unusual. He had observed the same peculiarity at least twenty times; for in the course of three weeks, since Alexander arrived, the brothers had seen this same lady almost every day, till they had grown to expect her, and had exhausted all speculation in regard to her personality. Paul maintained that she was ugly, because she would not show her face. Alexander swore that she was beautiful, because her hand was young and white and shapely, and because, as he said, her attitude was graceful and her head moved well when she turned it. Con-

cerning her hand, at least, there was no doubt, for as the delicate fingers stole out from the black folds of the ferigee their whiteness shone by contrast upon the dark silk; there was something youthful and nervous and sensitive in their shape and movement which fascinated the young Russian, and made him mad with curiosity to see the face of the veiled woman to whom they belonged. She turned her head a little, as the caïque passed, and her dark eyes met his with an expression which seemed one of intelligence; but unfortunately all black eyes look very much alike when they are just visible between the upper and the lower folds of a thick yashmak, and Alexander uttered an exclamation of discontent.

Thereupon the hideous negro at the stern, who had noticed the stare of the two Russians, shook his light stick at Alexander, and hissed out something that sounded very like "Kiope 'oul kiopek," — dog and son of a dog; the oarsmen grinned and pulled harder than ever, and the caïque shot past the pier. Paul shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, but did not translate the Turkish ejaculation to his brother. A boatman stood lounging near them, leaning on a stone post, and following the retreating caïque with his eyes.

"Ask that fellow who she is," said Alexander.

"He does not know," answered Paul. "Those fellows never know anything."

"Ask him," insisted his brother. "I am sure he knows." Paul was willing to be obliging, and went up to the man.

"Do you know who that Khanum is?" he asked, in Turkish.

"Bilmem, — I don't know," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.

"Do you know who her father is?"

"Allah bilir, — God knows. Probably Abraham, who is the father of all the faithful." Paul laughed.

"I told you he knew nothing about her," he said, turning to his brother.

"It did you no harm to ask," answered Alexander testily. "Let us take a caïque and follow her."

"You may, if you please," said Paul. "I have no intention of getting myself into trouble."

"Nonsense! Why should we get into trouble? We have as good a right to row on the Bosphorus as they have."

"We have no right to go near them. It is contrary to the customs of the country."

"I do not care for custom," retorted Alexander.

"If you walked down the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris on Easter Day and kissed every woman you met, merely saying, 'The Lord is risen,' by way of excuse, as we do in Russia, you would discover that customs are not the same everywhere."

"You are as slow as an ox-cart, Paul," said Alexander.

"The simile is graceful. Thank you. As I say, you may do anything you please, as you are a stranger here. But if you do anything flagrantly contrary to the manners of the country, you will not find my chief disposed to help you out of trouble. We are disliked enough already, — hated expresses it better. Come along. Take a turn upon the quay before dinner, and then we will go to Stamboul and see the ceremony."

"I hate the quay," replied Alexander, who was now in a very bad humor.

"Then we will go the other way. We can walk through Mesar Burnu and get to the Valley of Roses."

"That sounds better."

So the two turned northwards, and followed the quay up-stream till they came to the wooden steamboat landing, and then, turning to the left, they entered the small Turkish village of Mesar Burnu. While they walked upon the road Alexander could still follow the caïque, now far ahead, shooting along through the smooth water, and he slackened his pace more slowly when it was

out of sight. The dirty little bazaar of the village did not interest him, and he was not inclined to talk as he picked his way over the muddy stones, chewing his discontent and regretting the varnish of his neat boots. Presently they emerged from the crowd of vegetable venders, fishmongers, and sweetmeat sellers into a broad green lane between two grave-yards, where the huge silent trees grew up straight and sad from the sea of white tombstones which stood at every angle, some already fallen, some looking as though they must fall at once, some still erect, according to the length of time which had elapsed since they were set up. For in Turkey the headstones of graves are narrow at the base and broaden like leaves towards the top, and they are not set deep in the ground; so that they are top-heavy, and with the sinking of the soil they invariably fall to one side or the other.

Paul turned again, where four roads meet at a drinking fountain, and the two brothers entered the narrow Valley of Roses. The roses are not, indeed, so numerous as one might expect, but the path is beautiful, green and quiet, and below it the tinkle of a little stream is heard, flowing down from the spring where the lane ends. There they sat down beneath a giant tree on a beaten terrace, where a Kaffegée has his little shop. The water pours from the spring in the hillside into a great basin bordered with green, the air is cool, and there is a delicious sense of rest after leaving the noise and dust of the quay. Both men smoked and drank their coffee in silence. Paul could not help wishing that his brother would take a little more interest in Turkey and a little less in the lady of the thick yashmak; and especially he wished that Alexander might finish his visit without getting into trouble. He had successfully controlled him during three weeks, and in another fortnight he must return to Russia. Paul confessed to himself that his broth-

er's visit was not an unmitigated blessing, and found it hard to explain the object of it. Indeed, it was so simple that his diplomatic mind did not find it out; for Alexander had merely said to himself that he had never seen Constantinople, and that, as his brother was there, in the embassy, he could see it under favorable circumstances, at a very moderate cost. He was impetuous, spoiled by too much flattery, and incapable of imagining that Paul could consider his visit in any light but that of a compliment. Accordingly he had come, and had enjoyed himself very much.

"Let us dine here," he said suddenly, as he finished his coffee.

"There is nothing to eat," answered Paul. "Coffee, cold water, and a few cakes. That is all, and that would hardly satisfy you."

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed the elder brother. "What a barbarous country this is! Nothing to eat but coffee, cold water, and cakes!"

"It is rather hard on the Turks to abuse them for not keeping restaurants in their woods," remarked Paul.

"I detest the Turks. I shall never forget the discomfort I had to put up with in the war. They might have learned something from us then; but they never learn anything. Come along. Let us go and dine in your rooms."

"It is impossible to be more discontented than you are," said Paul, rather bitterly. "It is utterly impossible to please you, — and yet you have most things which are necessary to happiness."

"I suppose you mean the money?" sneered his brother. But Paul kept his temper.

"I mean everything," he answered. "You have money, youth, good looks, and social success; and yet you can hardly see anything without abusing it."

"You forget that I do not know the

name of the lady in the yashmak," objected Alexander.

Paul shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing. Both men rose, and began to go down the green lane, returning towards Mesar Burnu. By this time the sun had sunk low behind the western hills, and the cool of the evening had descended on the woods and the Valley of Roses. The green grass and the thick growth of shrubs took a darker color, and the first dampness of the dew was in the air. The two walked briskly down the path. Suddenly a turn in the narrow way brought them face to face with a party of three persons, strolling slowly towards them.

"Luck!" ejaculated Alexander. "Here they are again!"

He was right. There was no mistaking the lady with the thick, impenetrable veil, nor her companion, whose heavy dark face was distinctly visible through the thin Indian gauze. Behind them walked the hideous negro, swinging his light cane jauntily, but beginning to cast angry glances at the two Russians, whom he had already recognized. The way was very narrow, and the ladies saw that retreat was impossible. Paul bit his lip, fearing some foolish rashness on the part of his brother. As they all met, the ladies drew close to the hedge on one side of the path, their black attendant standing before them, as though to prevent the Giaours from even brushing against the wide silken ferigees of his charges. Paul pushed his brother in front of him, hoping that Alexander would have the sense to pass quietly by; but he trembled for the result.

Alexander moved slowly forward, turning his head as he passed, and looking long into the black eyes of the veiled lady.

"Pek güzel. — very pretty indeed," he said aloud, using the only words of Turkish he had learned in three weeks. But they were enough; the effect was

instantaneous. Without a word and without hesitation, the tall negro struck a violent blow at Alexander with the light bamboo he carried. Paul, who was immediately behind his brother, saw the action and caught the man's hand in the air, but the end of the flexible cane flew down and knocked Alexander's hat from his head.

"Run!" cried Paul excitedly, as the negro struggled in his grip.

The two Turkish ladies laughed aloud. They were used to such adventures, but the spectacle of the negro beating a Frank gentleman was novel and refreshing. Alexander picked up his hat, but showed no disposition to move. The African struggled vainly in Paul's powerful arms.

"Go, I say!" cried the latter authoritatively. "There will be trouble if any one comes."

But Alexander had received a blow, and his blood was up. Moreover, he was a Russian, and utterly regardless of consequences, — or perhaps he only wanted to annoy his brother by a show of violence.

"I think I will shoot him," he said, quietly producing a small revolver from his pocket.

At the sight of the weapon, the two ladies, who, on seeing the fight prolonged, had retired a few paces up the path, began to scream loudly for help. The negro, who was proof against blows and would not have shown much fear at the sight of a knife, fell on his knees, crying aloud for mercy. Thereupon Paul released him and bid him go.

"For God's sake, Alexander, do not make a fool of yourself!" he said coldly, walking up to his brother. But he turned once more to the black attendant, and added quietly in Turkish, "You had better go. We both have pistols."

The negro did not wait, but sprang back and flew towards the two ladies, speaking excitedly, and imploring them

to make haste. The two brothers made their way quickly down the path, Paul pushing Alexander before him.

"You have done it now. You will have to leave Constantinople to-morrow," he said, sternly. "You cannot play these tricks here."

"Bah!" returned Alexander, "it is of no consequence. They do not know who we are."

"They have not seen us coming out of our embassy half a dozen times without knowing where to look for us. There will be a complaint made within two hours, and there will be trouble. The law protects them. These fellows are authorized to strike anybody who speaks to the women they have in charge, or who even goes too near them. Be quick! We must get back to the quay before there is any alarm raised."

Alexander knew that his brother Paul was no coward, and, being thoroughly convinced of the danger, he quickened his walk. In twenty minutes they reached Mesar Burnu, and in five minutes more they were within the gates of the embassy. The huge Cossack who stood by the entrance saluted them gravely, and Paul drew a long breath of relief as he entered the pretty pavilion in the garden in which he had his quarters. Alexander threw himself upon a low divan, and laughed with true Russian indifference. Paul pretended not to notice him, but silently took up the local French paper, which came every evening, and began to read.

"You are excellent company, upon my word!" exclaimed Alexander, irritated at his brother's coldness. Paul laid down the paper, and stared at him with his hard blue eyes.

"Alexander, you are a fool," he said coolly.

"Look here," said the other, suddenly losing his temper, and rising to his feet, "I will not submit to this sort of language."

"Then do not expose yourself to it.

Are you aware that you do me very serious injury by your escapades?"

"Escapades indeed!" cried Alexander indignantly. "As if there were any harm in telling a woman she is pretty!"

"You will probably have occasion to hear what the chief thinks of it before long," retorted his brother. "There will be a complaint. It will get to the palace, and the result will be that I shall be sent to another post, with a black mark in the service. Do you call that a joke? It is very well for you, a rich officer in the guards, taking a turn in the East by way of recreation. You will go back to Petersburg and tell the story and enjoy the laugh. I may be sent to China or Japan for three or four years, in consequence."

"Bah!" ejaculated the soldier, sitting down on the divan. "I do not believe it. You are an old woman. You are always afraid of injuring your career."

"If it is to be injured at all, I prefer that it should be by my own fault."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Alexander, rising once more. "I think I will go back to the Valley of Roses, and see if I cannot find her again." Suiting the action to the word, he moved towards the door. All the willfulness of the angry Slav shone in his dark eyes, and he was really capable of fulfilling his threat.

"If you try it," said Paul, touching an electric bell behind his chair, "I will have you arrested. We are in Russia inside these gates, and there are a couple of Cossacks outside. I am quite willing to assume the responsibility."

Paul was certainly justified in taking active measures to coerce his headstrong brother. The spoilt child of a brilliant society was not accustomed to being thwarted in his caprices, and beneath his delicate pale skin the angry blood boiled up to his face. He strode towards his brother as though he would have struck him, but something in Paul's

eyes checked the intention. He held his heavy silver cigarette case in his hand; turning on his heel with an oath, he dashed it angrily across the room. It struck a small mirror that stood upon a table in the corner, and broke it into shivers with a loud crash. At that moment the door opened, and Paul's servant appeared in answer to the bell.

"A glass of water," said Paul calmly. The man glanced at Alexander's angry face and at the broken looking-glass, and then retired.

"What do you mean by calling in your accursed servants when I am angry?" cried the soldier. "You shall pay for this, Paul, — you shall pay for it!" His soft voice rose to loud and harsh tones, as he impatiently paced the room. "You shall pay for it!" he almost yelled, and then stood still, suddenly, while Paul rose from his chair. The door was opened again, but instead of the servant with the glass of water a tall and military figure stood in the entrance. It was the ambassador himself. He looked sternly from one brother to the other.

"Gentlemen," he said, "what is this quarrel? Lieutenant Patoff, I must beg you to remember that you are my guest as well as your brother's, and that the windows are open. Even the soldiers at the gates can hear your cries. Be good enough either to cease quarreling, or to retire to some place where you cannot be heard."

Without waiting for an answer, the old diplomat faced about and walked away.

"That is the beginning," said Paul, in a low voice. "You see what you are doing? You are ruining me, — and for what? Not even because you have a caprice for a woman, but merely because I have warned you not to make trouble."

Paul crossed the room and picked up the fallen cigarette case. Then he handed it to his brother, with a conciliatory look.

"There, — smoke a cigarette and be quiet, like a good fellow," he said.

The servant entered with the glass of water, and put it down upon the table. Glancing at the fragments of the mirror upon the floor, he looked inquiringly at his master. Paul made a gesture signifying that he might leave the room. The presence of the servant did not tend to pacify Alexander, whose face was still flushed with anger, as he roughly took the silver case and turned away with a furious glance. The servant had noticed, in the course of three weeks, that the brothers were not congenial to each other, but this was the first time he had witnessed a violent quarrel between them. When he was gone Alexander turned again and confronted Paul.

"You are insufferable," he said, in low tones.

"It is easy for you to escape my company," returned the other. "The Var-na boat leaves here to-morrow afternoon at three."

"Set your mind at rest," said Alexander, regaining some control of his temper at the prospect of immediate departure. "I will leave to-morrow."

He went towards the door.

"Dinner is at seven," said Paul quietly. But his brother left the room without noticing the remark, and, retiring to his room, he revenged himself by writing a long letter to his mother, in which he explained at length the violence and, as he described it, the "impossibility" of his brother's character. He had all the pettiness of a bad child; he knew that he was his mother's favorite, and he naturally went to her for sympathy when he was angry with his brother, as he had done from his infancy. Having so far vented his wrath, he closed his letter without re-reading it, and delivered it to be posted before the clock struck seven.

He found Paul waiting for him in the sitting-room, and was received by him as though nothing had happened. Paul

was indeed neither so forgiving nor so long-suffering as he appeared. He cordially disliked his brother, and was annoyed at his presence and outraged at his rashness. He felt bitterly enough that Alexander had quartered himself in the little pavilion for nearly a month without an invitation, and that, even financially, the visit caused him inconvenience; but he felt still more the danger to himself which lay in Alexander's folly, and he was not far wrong when he said that the ambassador's rebuke was the beginning of trouble. Accustomed to rely upon himself and his own wise conduct in the pursuance of his career, he resented the injury done him by such incidents as had taken place that afternoon. On the other hand, since Alexander had expressed his determination to leave Buyukdere the next day, he was determined that on his side the parting should be amicable. He could control his mood so far as to be civil during dinner, and to converse upon general topics. Alexander sat down to table in silence. His face was pale again, and his eyes had regained that simple, trustful look which was so much at variance with his character, and which, in the opinion of his admirers, constituted one of his chief attractions. It is unfortunate that, in general, the expression of the eyes should have less importance than that of the other features, for it always seems that by the eyes we should judge most justly. As a matter of fact, I think that the passions leave no trace in them, although they express the emotions of the moment clearly enough. The dark pupils may flash with anger, contract with determination, expand with love or fear; but so soon as the mind ceases to be under the momentary influence of any of these, the pupil returns to its normal state, the iris takes its natural color, and the eye, if seen through a hole in a screen, expresses nothing. If we were in the habit of studying men's mouths rather than their eyes, we should less

often be deceived in the estimates we form of their character. Alexander Patoff's eyes were like a child's when he was peaceably inclined, like a wild-cat's when he was angry; but his nervous, scornful lips were concealed by the carefully trained dark brown mustache, and with them lay hidden the secret of his ill-controlled, ill-balanced nature.

When dinner was finished, the servant announced that the steam launch was at the pier, and that the embassy *kavâss* was waiting outside to conduct them to Santa Sophia. Alexander, who wanted diversion of some kind during the evening, said he would go, and the two brothers left the pavilion together.

The *kavâss* is a very important functionary in Constantinople, and, though his office is lucrative, it is no sinecure. In former times the appearance of Franks in the streets of Constantinople was very likely to cause disturbance. Those were the great days of Turkey, when the Osmanli was master of the East, and regarded himself as the master of the world. A Frank — that is to say, a person from the west of Europe — was scarcely safe out of Pera without an escort; and even at the present day most people are advised not to venture into Stamboul without the attendance of a native, unless willing to wear a fez instead of a hat. It became necessary to furnish the embassies with some outward and visible means of protection, and the *kavâss* was accordingly instituted. This man, who was formerly always a Janizary, is at present a veteran soldier, and therefore a Mussulman; for Christians rarely enter the army in Constantinople, being permitted to buy themselves off. He is usually a man remarkable for his trustworthy character, of fine presence, and generally courageous. He wears a magnificent Turkish military dress, very richly adorned with gold embroidery, girt with a splendid sash, in which are thrust enough weapons to fill an armory, — knives, dirks, pistols, and daggers. —

while a huge scimiter hangs from his sword-belt. When he is on active service, you will detect somewhere among his trappings the brown leather case of a serviceable army revolver. The reason of this outfit is a very simple one. The kaváss is answerable with his head for those he protects, — neither more nor less. Whenever the ambassador or the minister goes to the palace, or to Stamboul, or on any expedition whatsoever, the kaváss follows him, frequently acting as interpreter, and certainly never failing to impose respect upon the populace. Moreover, when he is not needed by the head of the mission in person, he is ready to accompany any member of the household when necessary. A lady may cross Stamboul in safety with no other attendant, for he is answerable for her with his life. Whether or not, in existing circumstances, he would be put to death, in case his charge were killed by a mob, is not easy to say; it is at least highly probable that he would be executed within twenty-four hours.

It chanced, on the evening chosen by Paul and Alexander for their visit to Santa Sophia, that no other members of the embassy accompanied them. Some had seen the ceremony before, some intended to go the next day, and some were too lazy to go at all. They followed the kaváss in silence across the road, and went on board the beautiful steam launch which lay alongside the quay. The night was exceedingly dark, for as the appearance of the new moon terminates the month Ramazán, and as the ceremonies take place only during the last week of the month, there can of course, be no moonlight. But a dark night is darker on the black waters of the Bosphorus than anywhere else in the world; and the darkness is not relieved by the illumination of the shores. On the contrary, the countless twinkling points seem to make the shadow in mid-stream deeper, and accidents are not unfrequent. In some places the current is

very rapid, and it is no easy matter to steer a steam launch skillfully through it without running over some belated fisherman or some shadowy caique, slowly making way against the stream in the dark.

The two brothers sat in the deep cane easy-chairs on the small raised deck at the stern, the weather being too warm to admit of remaining in the cushioned cabin. The sailors cast off the moorings, and the strong little screw began to beat the water. In two minutes the launch was far out in the darkness. The kaváss gave the order to the man at the wheel, an experienced old pilot: —

“To the Vinegar Sellers’ Landing.”

The engine was put at full speed, and the launch rushed down stream towards Constantinople. Paul and Alexander looked at the retreating shore and at the lights of the embassy, fast growing dim in the distance. Paul wished himself alone in his quiet pavilion, with a cigarette and one of Gogol’s novels. His brother, who was ashamed of his violent temper and disgusted with his brother’s coldness, wished that he might never come back. Indeed, he was inclined to say so, and to spend the night at a hotel in Pera; but he was ashamed of that too, now that his anger had subsided, and he made up his mind to be morally uncomfortable for at least twenty-four hours. For it is the nature of violent people to be ashamed of themselves, and then to work themselves into new fits of anger in order to escape their shame, a process which may be exactly compared to the drunkard’s glass of brandy in the morning, and which generally leads to very much the same result.

But Paul said nothing, and so long as he was silent it was impossible to quarrel with him. Alexander, therefore, stretched out his legs and puffed at his cigarette, wondering whether he should ever see the lady in the yashmak again,

trying to imagine what her face could be like, but never doubting that she was beautiful. He had been in love with many faces. It was the first time he had ever fallen in love with a veil. The sweet air of the Bosphorus blew in his face, the distant lights twinkled and flashed past as the steam launch ran swiftly on, and Alexander dozed in his chair, dreaming that the scented breeze had blown aside the folds of the yashmak, and that he was gazing on the most beautiful face in the world. That is one of the characteristics of the true Russian. The Slav is easily roused to frenzied excitement, and he as easily falls back to an indolent and luxurious repose. There is something poetic in his temperament, but the extremes are too violent for all poetry. To be easily sad and easily gay may belong to the temper of the poet, but to be blood-thirsty and luxurious by turns savors of the barbarian.

Alexander was aroused by the lights of Stamboul and by the noise of the large ferry-boats just making up to the wooden piers of Galata bridge, or rushing away into the darkness amidst tremendous splashing of paddles and blowing of steam whistles. A few minutes later the launch ran alongside of the Vinegar Sellers' Landing on the Stamboul shore, and the kaváss came aft to inform the brothers that the carriage was waiting by the water-stairs.

II.

There is probably no nation in the world more attached to religion, both in form and principle, than the Osmanli; and it is probably for this reason that their public ceremonies bear a stamp of vigor and sincerity rarely equaled in Christian countries. No one can witness the rites practiced in the mosque of Agia Sophia without being profoundly impressed with the power of the Mo-

hammedan faith. The famous church of Justinian is indeed in itself magnificent and awe-inspiring; the vast dome is more effective than that of Saint Peter's, in proportion as the masses which support it are smaller and less apparent; the double stories of the nave are less burdened with detail and ornament, and are therefore better calculated to convey an impression of size; the view from the galleries is less obstructed in all directions, and there is something startling in the enormous shields of green inscribed in gold with the names of God, Mohammed, and the earliest khalifs. Everything in the building produces a sensation of smallness in the beholder, almost amounting to stupor. But the Agia Sophia seen by day, in the company of a chattering Greek guide, is one thing; it is quite another when viewed at night from the solitude of the vast galleries, during the religious ceremonies of the last week in the month Ramazán.

Paul and Alexander Patoff were driven through dark streets to a narrow lane, where the carriage stopped before a flight of broad steps which suddenly descended into blackness. The kaváss was at the door, and seemed anxious that they should be quick in their movements. He held a small lantern in his hand, and, carrying it low down, showed them the way. Entering a gloomy doorway, they were aware of a number of Turks, clad mostly in white tunics, with white turbans, and congregated near the heavy leathern curtain which separates this back entrance from the portico. One of these men, a tall fellow with an ugly scowl, came forward, holding a pair of keys in his hand, and after a moment's parley with the kaváss unlocked a heavily ironed door, lighting a taper at the lantern.

As they entered, both the brothers cast a glance at the knot of scowling men, and Alexander felt in his pocket for his pistol. He had forgotten it, and

the discovery did not tend to make him feel more safe. Then he smiled to himself, recognizing that it was but a passing feeling of distrust which he experienced, and remembering how many thousands of Franks must have passed through that very door to reach the winding staircase. As for Paul, he had been there the previous year, and was accustomed to the sour looks of Mussulmans when a Frank visitor enters one of their mosques. He also went in, and the kaváss, who was the last of the party, followed, pulling the door on its hinges behind him. During several minutes they mounted the rough stone steps in silence, by the dim light of the lantern and the taper. Then emerging into the gallery through a narrow arch, a strange sound reached them, and Alexander stood still for a moment.

Far down in the vast church an Imam was intoning a passage of the Koran in a voice which hardly seemed human; indeed, such a sound is probably not to be heard anywhere else in the world. The pitch was higher than what is attainable by the highest men's voices elsewhere, and yet the voice possessed the ringing, manly quality of the tenor, and its immense volume never dwindled to the proportions of a soprano. The priest recited and modulated in this extraordinary key, introducing all the ornaments peculiar to the ancient Arabic chant with a facility which an operatic singer might have envied. Then there was a moment's silence, broken again almost immediately by a succession of heavy sounds which can only be described as resembling rhythmical thunder, rising and falling three times at equal intervals; another short but intense silence, and again the voice burst out with the wild clang of a trumpet, echoing and reverberating through the galleries and among the hundred marble pillars of the vast temple.

The two brothers walked forward to the carved stone balustrade of the high

gallery, and gazed down from the height upon the scene below. The multitude of worshipers surged like crested waves blown obliquely on a shingly shore. For the apse of the Christian church is not built so that, facing it, the true believer shall look towards Mecca, and the Mussulmans have made their *mihrab* — their shrine — a little to the right of what was once the altar, in the true direction of the sacred city. The long lines of matting spread on the floor all lie evenly at an angle with the axis of the nave, and when the mosque is full the whole congregation, amounting to thousands of men, are drawn up like regiments of soldiers in even ranks to face the *mihrab*, but not at right angles with the nave. The effect is startling and strangely inharmonious, like the studied distortions of some Japanese patterns, but yet fascinating from its very contrariety to what the eye expects.

There they stand, the ranks of the faithful, as they have stood yearly for centuries in the last week of Ramazán. As the trumpet notes of each recited verse die away among the arches, every man raises his hands above his head, then falls upon his knees, prostrates himself, and rises again, renewing the act of homage three times with the precision of a military evolution. At each prostration, performed exactly and simultaneously by that countless multitude, the air is filled with the tremendous roar of muffled rhythmical thunder, in which no voice is heard, but only the motion of ten thousand human bodies, swaying, bending, and kneeling in unison. Nor is the sound alone impressive. From the vaulted roof, from the galleries, from the dome itself, are hung hundreds of gigantic chandeliers, each having concentric rings of lighted lamps, suspended a few feet above the heads of the worshipers. Seen from the great height of the gallery, these thousands of lights do not dazzle nor hide the multitude below, which seems too great to be hidden, as

the heavens are not hid by the stars ; but the soft illumination fills every corner and angle of the immense building, and, lest any detail of the architecture and splendid mosaic should escape the light, rows of little lamps are kindled along the cornices of the galleries and roof, filling up the interstices of darkness as a carver burnishes the inner petals of the roses on a huge gilt frame of exquisite design, in which not the smallest beauty of the workmanship can be allowed to pass unnoticed.

This whole flood of glorious illumination descends then to the floor of the nave, and envelops the ranks of white and green clothed men, who rise and fall in long sloping lines, like a field of corn under the slanting breeze. There is something mystic and awe-inspiring in the sight, the sound, the whole condition, of this strange worship. A man looks down upon the serried army of believers, closely packed, but not crowded nor irregular, shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee, not one of them standing a hair's breadth in front of his rank nor behind it, moving all as one body, animated by one principle of harmonious motion, elevated by one unquestioning faith in something divine, — a man looks down upon this scene, and, whatever be his own belief, he cannot but feel an unwonted thrill of admiration, a tremor of awe, a quiver of dread, at the grand solemnity of this unanimous worship of the unseen. And then, as the movement ceases, and the files of white turbans remain motionless, the unearthly voice of the Imam rings out like a battle signal from the lofty balcony of the *mastaba*,¹ awaking in the fervent spirits of the believers the warlike memories of mighty conquest. For the Osmanli is a warrior, and his nation is a warrior tribe ; his belief is too simple for civilization, his courage too blind and devoted for the military

operations of our times, his heart too easily roused by the bloodthirsty instincts of the fanatic, and too ready to bear the misfortunes of life with the grave indifference of the fatalist. He lacks the balance of the faculties which is imposed upon civilized man by a conscious distinction of the possible from the impossible ; he lacks the capacity for being contented with that state of life in which he is placed. Instead of the quiet courage and self-knowledge of a serviceable strength, he possesses the reckless and all-destroying zeal of the frenzied iconoclast ; in place of patience under misfortune, in the hope of better times, he cultivates the insensibility begotten of a belief in hopeless predestination, — instead of strength he has fury, instead of patience apathy. He is a strange being, beyond our understanding, as he is too often beyond our sympathy. It is only when we see him roused to the highest expression of his religious fervor that we involuntarily feel that thrill of astonishment and awe which in our hearts we know to be genuine admiration.

Alexander Patoff stood by his brother's side, watching the ceremony with intense interest. He hated the Turks and despised their faith, but what he now saw appealed to the Orientalism of his nature. Himself capable of the most distant extremes of feeling, sensitive, passionate, and accustomed to delight in strong impressions, he could not fail to be moved by the profound solemnity of the scene and by the indescribable wildness of the Imam's chant. Paul, too, was silent, and, though far less able to feel such emotions than his elder brother, the sight of such unanimous and heartfelt devotion called up strange trains of thought in his mind, and forced him to speculate upon the qualities and the character which still survived in these hereditary enemies of his nation. It

¹ The tribune, or marble platform, from which the prayers are read ; not to be confounded with the *minber*, or pulpit, from which

the Khatib preaches on Fridays, with a drawn sword in his hand.

was not possible, he said to himself, that such men could ever be really conquered. They might be driven from the capital of the East by overwhelming force, but they would soon rally in greater numbers on the Asian shore. They might be crushed for a moment, but they could never be kept under, nor really dominated. Their religion might be oppressed and condemned by the oppressor, but it was of the sort to gain new strength at every fresh persecution. To slay such men was to sow dragon's teeth and to reap a harvest of still more furious fanatics, who, in their turn being destroyed, would multiply as the heads of the Hydra beneath the blows of Heracles. The even rise and fall of those long lines of stalwart Mussulmans seemed like the irrepressible tide of an ocean, which, if restrained, would soon break every barrier raised to obstruct it. Paul sickened at the thought that these men were bowing themselves upon the pavement from which their forefathers had washed the dust of Christian feet in the blood of twenty thousand Christians, and the sullen longing for vengeance rankled in his heart. At that moment he wished he were a soldier, like his brother; he wished he could feel a soldier's pride in the strong fellowship of the ranks, and a soldier's hope of retaliation. He almost shuddered when he reflected that he and his brother stood alone, two hated Russians, with that mighty, rhythmically surging mass of enemies below. The bravest man might feel his nerves a little shaken in such a place, at such an hour. Paul leaned his chin upon his hand, and gazed intently down into the body of the church. The armed kaváss stood a few paces from him on his left, and Alexander was leaning against a column on his right.

The kaváss was a good Mussulman, and regarded the ceremony not only with interest, but with a devotion akin to that of those who took part in it. He also looked fixedly down, turning his eyes to

the mihrab, and listening attentively to the chanting of the Imam, of whose Arabic recitation, however, he could not understand any more than Paul himself. For a long time no one of the three spoke, nor indeed noticed his companions.

"Shall we go to the other side of the gallery?" asked Paul, presently, in a low voice, but without looking round. Alexander did not answer, but the kaváss moved, and uttered a low exclamation of surprise. Paul turned his head to repeat his question, and saw that Alexander was no longer in the place where he had been standing. He was nowhere to be seen.

"He is gone round the gallery alone," said Paul to the kaváss, and leading the way he went to the end of the balcony, and turning in the shadow looked down the long gallery which runs parallel with the nave. Alexander was not in sight, and Paul, supposing him to be hidden behind one of the heavy pillars which divided the balustrade into equal portions, walked rapidly to the end. But his brother was not there.

"Bah!" Paul exclaimed to the kaváss, "he is on the other side." He looked attentively at the opposite balconies, across the brilliantly lighted church, but saw no one. He and the soldier retraced their steps, and explored every corner of the galleries, without success. The kaváss was pale to the lips.

"He is gone down alone," he muttered, hastening to the head of the winding stair in the northwest corner of the dim gallery. He had left his lantern by the door, but it was not there. Alexander must have taken it with him. The Turk with the keys and the taper had long since gone down, in expectation of some other Frank visitors, but as yet none had appeared. Paul breathed hard, for he knew that a stranger could not with safety descend alone, on such a night, to the vestibule of the mosque, filled as it was with turbaned Mussul-

mans who had not found room in the interior, and who were pursuing their devotions before the great open doors. On the other hand, if Alexander had not entered the vestibule, he must have gone out into the street, where he would not be much safer, for his hat proclaimed him a Frank to every party of strolling Turks he chanced to meet.

Paul lit a wax taper from his case, and, holding others in readiness, began to follow the rugged descent, the kaváss close at his elbow. It seemed interminable. At every deep embrasure Paul paused, searching the recess by the flickering glare of the match, and then, finding nothing, both men went on. At last they reached the bottom, and the heavy door creaked as the kaváss pressed it back.

"You must stay here," he said, in his broken jargon. "Or, better still, you should go outside with me and get into the carriage. I will come back and search."

"No," said Paul. "I will go with you. I am not afraid of them."

"You cannot," answered the kaváss firmly. "I cannot protect you inside the vestibule."

"I tell you I will go!" exclaimed Paul impatiently. "I do not expect you to protect me. I will protect myself." But the kaváss would not yield so easily. He was a powerful man, and stood calmly in the doorway. Paul could not pass him without using violence.

"Effendim," said the man, speaking Turkish, which he knew that Paul understood, "if I let you go in there, and anything happens to you, my life is forfeited."

Paul hesitated. The man was in earnest, and they were losing time which might be precious. It was clear that Alexander might already be in trouble, and that the kaváss was the only person capable of imposing respect upon the crowd.

"Go," said Paul. "I will wait by the carriage."

The kaváss opened the door, and both men went out into the dim entry. Paul turned to the right and the soldier to the left, towards the heavy curtain which closed the entrance of the vestibule. The knot of Turks who had stood there when the Russians had arrived had disappeared, and the place was silent and deserted, while from behind the curtain faint echoes of the priest's high voice were audible, and at intervals the distant thundering roll from the church told that the worshipers were prostrating themselves in the intervals of the chanting. Paul retired up the dark way, but paused at the deserted gate, unwilling to go so far as the carriage, and thus lengthen the time before the kaváss could rejoin him with his brother. He trembled lest Alexander should have given way to some foolhardy impulse to enter the mosque in defiance of the ceremony which was proceeding, but it did not strike him that anything very serious could have occurred, nor that the kaváss would really have any great difficulty in finding him. Alexander would probably escape with some rough treatment, which might not be altogether unprofitable, provided he sustained no serious injury. It was indeed a rash and foolish thing to go alone and unarmed among a crowd of fanatic Mohammedans at their devotions; but, after all, civilization had progressed in Turkey, and the intruder was no longer liable to be torn in pieces by the mob. He would most likely be forcibly ejected from the vestibule, and left to repent of his folly in peace.

All these reflections passed through Paul's mind, as he stood waiting in the shadow of the gate at the back of the mosque; but the time began to seem unreasonably long, and his doubts presently took the shape of positive fears. Still the echoes came to his ears through the heavy curtain, while from without

the distant hum of the city, given up to gayety after the day's long fast, mingled discordantly with the sounds from within. He was aware that his heart was beating faster than usual, and that he was beginning to suffer the excitement of fear. He tried to reason with himself, saying that it was foolish to make so much of so little; but in the arguments of reason against terror, the latter generally gets the advantage and keeps it. Paul had a strong desire to follow the kaváss into the vestibule, and to see for himself whether his brother were there or not. He rarely carried weapons, as Alexander did, but he trusted in his own strength to save him. He drew his watch from his pocket, resolving to wait five minutes longer, and then, if the kaváss did not return, to lift the curtain, come what might. He struck a match, and looked at the dial. It was a quarter past ten o'clock. Then, to occupy his mind, he began to try and count the three hundred seconds, fancying that he could see a pendulum swinging before his eyes in the dark. At twenty minutes past ten he would go in.

But he did not reach the end of his counting. The curtain suddenly moved a little, allowing a ray of bright light to fall out into the darkness, and in the momentary flash Paul saw the gorgeous uniform and accoutrements of the embassy kaváss. He was alone, and Paul's heart sank. He remembered very vividly the dark and scowling faces and the fiery eyes of the turbaned men who had stood before the door an hour earlier, and he began to fear some dreadful catastrophe. The kaváss came quickly forward, and Paul stepped out of the shadow and confronted him.

"Well?"

"He has not been there," answered the soldier, in agitated tones. "I went all through the crowd, and searched everywhere. I asked many persons. They laughed at the idea of a Frank gentleman in a hat appearing amongst

them. He must have gone out into the street."

"We searched the gallery thoroughly, did we not?" asked Paul. "Are you sure he could not have been hidden somewhere?"

"Perfectly, Effendim. He is not there."

"Then we must look for him in the streets," said Paul, growing very pale. He turned to ascend the steps from the gate to the road.

"It is not my fault, Effendim," answered the soldier. "Did you not see him leave the gallery?"

"It is nobody's fault but his own," returned Patoff. "I was looking down at the people. He must have slipped away like a cat."

They reached the carriage, and Paul got inside. It was a landau, and the kaváss and the coachman opened the front, so that Patoff might get a better view of the streets. The kaváss mounted the box, and explained to the coachman that they must search Stamboul as far as possible for the lost Effendi. But the coachman turned sharply round on his seat and spoke to Paul.

"The gentleman did not come out," he said emphatically. "I have been watching for you ever since you went in. He is inside the Agia Sophia — somewhere."

Paul was disconcerted. He had not thought of making inquiries of the coachman, supposing that Alexander might easily have slipped past in the darkness. But the man seemed very positive.

"Wait in the carriage, Effendim," said the kaváss, once more descending from his seat. "If he is inside I will find him. I will search the galleries again. He cannot have gone through the vestibule."

Before Paul could answer him the man had plunged once more down the black steps, and the Russian was condemned a second time to a long sus-

pense, during which he was frequently tempted to leave the carriage and explore the church for himself. He felt the cold perspiration on his brow, and his hand trembled as he took out his watch again and again. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the kavass returned. The man was now very pale, and seemed as much distressed as Paul himself. He silently shook his head, and, mounting to the box seat, ordered the coachman to drive on.

The city was ablaze with lights. Every mosque was illuminated, and the minarets, decked out with thousands of little lamps, looked like fiery needles piercing the black bosom of the sky. The carriage drove from place to place, passing where a crowd was gathered together, hastening down dark and deserted streets, to emerge again upon some brilliantly lighted square, thronged with men in fez and turban and with women veiled in the eternal yashmak. More than once Paul started in his seat, fancying that he could discover on the borders of the crowd the two ladies, with their attendant, who had been the cause of the scuffle in the Valley of Roses that afternoon. Again, he thought he could distinguish his brother's features among the moving faces, but always the sight of the dark red fez told him that he was wrong. He was driven round Agia Sophia, beneath the splendid festoons of lamps, some hung so as to form huge Arabic letters, some merely bound together in great ropes of light; back towards the water and through the Atmaïdam, the ancient Hippodrome, down to the Serai point, then up to the Seraskierat, where the glorious tower shot upwards like the pillar of flame that went before the Israelites of old; on to the mosque of Suleiman, over whose tomb the great dome burned like a fiery mountain, round once more to the Atmaïdam, past the tall trees amidst which blazed the six minarets, of Sultan Achmet; then, trying a new route, down by the bazaars

to Sultan Validé and the head of Galata bridge, and at last back again to the Seraskierat, and, leaving the Dove Mosque of Bajazet on the right, once more to the Vinegar Sellers' Landing, in the vain hope that Alexander might have found his way down to the quay where the steam launch was moored.

In vain did the terrified kavass bid the coachman turn and turn again; in vain did Paul, in agonized excitement, try to pierce the darkness with his eyes, and to distinguish the well-known face in the throngs that crowded the brightly lighted squares. At the end of two hours he began to realize the hopelessness of the search. Suddenly it struck him that Alexander might have found the bridge, and, recognizing it, might have crossed to Pera rather than run the risk of losing himself in Stamboul again.

"Tell the launch to be at Beschik Tasch to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," said Paul. "Take me to Galata bridge. I will cross on foot to Pera. Then go back and wait behind Agia Sophia, in case he comes that way again to look for the carriage. If I find him in Pera, I will send a messenger to tell you. If he does not come, meet me at Missiri's early to-morrow morning."

"Pek eyi — very good," answered the kavass, who understood the wisdom of the plan. Again the carriage turned, and in five minutes Paul was crossing Galata bridge, alone, on his way to Pera.

He was terribly agitated. Stories of the disappearance of foreigners in the labyrinths of Stamboul rose to his mind, and though he had never known of such a case in his own experience, he did not believe the thing impossible. His brother was the rashest and most foolhardy of men, capable of risking his life for a mere caprice, and perhaps the more inclined to do so on that night because he had had a violent quarrel with Paul that very afternoon, about his own fool-

ish conduct. Of all nights in the year, the last four or five of Ramazán are the most dangerous to unprotected foreigners, and as he walked the spectacle of the scowling Turks thrust itself once more before Paul's mental vision. If Alexander had descended the steps, and had ventured, as well he might, to push past those fellows into the vestibule of the mosque, it must have gone hard with him. The fanatic worshipers of Allah were not in a mood that night to bear with the capricious humors of a haughty Frank; and though Alexander was active, strong, and brave, his strength would avail him little against such odds. He would be overpowered, stunned, and thrown out before he could utter a cry, and he might think himself lucky if he escaped with one or two broken bones. But then, again, if he had suffered such treatment, some one must have heard of it, and Paul remembered the blank face and frightened look of the kaváss when he returned the second time from his search. They had gone carefully round the great building, and must have seen such an object as the body of a man lying in the street. Perhaps Alexander had broken away without injury, and fled out into the streets of Stamboul. If so, he was in no common danger, for, utterly ignorant of the topography of the great city, he might as easily have gone towards the Seven Towers or to Aiwán Serai as to Galata bridge or Topkapussi, the Canon Gate at Serai point. There was still one hope left. He might have reached Pera, and be at that very moment refreshing himself with coffee and cigarettes at Missiri's hotel.

Paul hastened his walk, and, reaching Galata, began at once to ascend the steep street which further on is called the Grande Rue, but which of all "great" streets least deserves the name. He then walked slowly, scrutinizing every face he saw. But indeed there were few people about, for Christian Pera does not fast in Ramazán, and conse-

quently does not spend the night in parading the streets. Nevertheless, Paul began a systematic search, leaving no small café or eating-house unvisited, rousing the sleepy porters of the inns with his inquiries, and finally entering the hotel. It was now past midnight, but he would not give up the quest. He caused all the guides to be collected from their obscure habitations by messengers from the hotel, and representing to them the urgency of the case, and giving them money in advance with the promise of more to come, he dispatched them in all directions. Alexander had been at the hotel very often during the last month, while visiting the sights of the city, and most of these fellows knew him by sight. At all events, it would be easy for them to recognize a well-dressed Frank gentleman in trouble.

Patoff saw the last of them leave the hotel, and stood staring out upon the Grande Rue de Pera, wondering what should be done next. The town residence of the embassy was closed for the summer, and there were only two or three sleepy servants in the place, who could be of no use. He thought of getting a horse and riding rapidly back to Buyukdere, in order to warn the ambassador of his brother's disappearance; but on reflection it seemed that he would do better to stay where he was. The short June night would soon be past, and by daylight he could at once prosecute his search in Stamboul with safety and with far greater probability of finding the lost man. He knew that the kaváss would remain with the carriage all night behind Santa Sophia, and that at dawn he should still find them there. Meanwhile, he took a *hamál*, — a luggage porter from the hotel, — and, armed with a lantern and a stick, began to beat the different quarters of Pera, judging that in the three or four hours before daylight he could pass through most of the streets.

Hour after hour he trudged along,

pale with fatigue and anxiety, his big features hardening with despairing determination as he walked. He searched every street and alley; he interviewed the Bekjees, who stamp along the streets, pounding the pavement with their iron-shod clubs; he tramped out to the Taksim, and down again to Galata tower, plunging into the dark alleys about the Oriental Bank, skirting lower Pera to the Austrian embassy, and climbing up the narrow path between tall houses, till he was *once more* in the Grande Rue; crossing to the filthy quarter of Kassim Paschá and emerging at the German Lutheran church, crossing, recrossing, stumbling over gutters and up dirty back lanes, silent and determined still, addressing only the sturdy Kurd by his side to ask if there were any streets still unexplored, and entering every new by-path with new hope. At last he found himself *once more* at Galata bridge, and the light of the lantern began to pale before the grayness of the coming morning. He paid the Kurdish porter a generous fee, and giving his tiny coin to the tall keeper of the bridge, whose white garments looked whiter in the dawn, he walked on until he was half-way over the Golden Horn.

Stepping aside on to the wooden pier where the great ferry-boats were moored, he leaned upon the rail and looked out over the water, momentarily exhausted and unable to go further. The tender light tinged the southeastern sky, and the far mist of the horizon seemed already hot with the rising day. On the lapping water of the Horn the light fell like petals of roses tossed in a mantle of some soft dark fabric interwoven with a silvery sheen. Far across the mouth of the Bosphorus the minarets of Scutari came faintly into view, and on the Stamboul side the few lingering lamps which had outlasted the darkness, upon the lofty minarets, paled and lost their yellow color, and then ceased to shine, outdone in their turn by the rosy morning light.

A wonderful stillness had fallen on the great city, as one by one the tired parties of friends had gone to rest, to shorten the day of fasting by prolonging their sleep till late in the hot afternoon. The clank of some capstan on one of the ferry-boats struck loud and clear on the still air, as the reluctant sailors and firemen prepared for their first run to the Black Sea, or across to Kadi Köi on the Sea of Marmara. Paul turned and looked towards the mighty dome of Santa Sophia, and his haggard face was almost as pale as the white walls. He lingered still, and suddenly the sun sprang up behind the Serai, and gilded the delicate spires, and caught the gold of the crescents on the mosques, and shone full upon the broad water. Paul followed the light as it touched one glorious building after another, and his hand trembled convulsively on the railing. Somewhere in that great awakening city — his brother was somewhere, alive or dead, amongst those white walls and glittering crescents and towering minarets — somewhere, and he must be found. Paul bent his head, and turning away hurried across the bridge, and plunged *once more* into Stamboul, alone as he had come.

The streets were deserted, and the early morning air was full of the smell of thousands of extinguished oil lamps, that peculiar and pervading odor which suggests past revelry, sleepless hours, and the vanity of turning night into day. It oppressed Paul's overwrought senses, as he passed the melancholy remains of the illumination before the post-office and the Sultan Validé mosque, and he hurried on towards the more secluded streets leading to Santa Sophia, in which the night's gayety had left no perceptible signs. At last he came to the narrow lane behind the huge pile, feeling that he had at last reached the end of his five hours' tramp.

There stood the carriage, all dusty with the night's driving, looking dilapidated and forlorn; the tired horses

drooped their heads in the flaccid and empty canvas nose-bags. The extinguished lamps were black with the smoke from the last flare of their sputtering wicks. The coachman lay inside, snoring,—a mere heap of cloth and brass buttons surmounted by a shapeless fez. On the stone steps leading down to the church sat the kavàss; his head had fallen on the low parapet behind him, and his half-shaved scalp was bare. His face

was deadly pale, and his mouth was wide open as he slept, breathing heavily; his left hand rested on the hilt of his scimiter; his right was extended, palm upwards, on the stone step on which he sat, the very picture of exhaustion.

At any other time Paul would have laughed at the scene. But he was very far from mirth now, as he bent down and laid his hand upon the sleeping kavàss's shoulder.

F. Marion Crawford.

MARGINAL NOTES FROM THE LIBRARY OF A MATHEMATICIAN.

THE books from which the following marginal notes are taken came into my possession at an auction sale in 18—. I made no formal bid for them,—indeed, no bid at all. They were a dejected-looking lot. Some one had evidently handled them frequently, but considerably, for, while worn, they had not been abused. Tied together in sets, as if unworthy of individual sale, they reminded me of slaves brought to the block after the master's death, and as I raised my eye mechanically to the auctioneer they seemed to cower under his hammer. Possibly he detected some trace of sympathy in my face. At all events, any incautious lapse from stolidity of expression on my part received prompt interpretation, and I was declared the owner.

My unintentionally acquired possessions proved to be chiefly mathematical, and the penciled notes interpolated here and there in the text, extensions of theorems and hints at consequences which had escaped the author, were proof that their owner had been an intelligent reader. These, however, were not the notes which most interested me. Along the margins and above the captions, in fact wherever a pencil could wander, were others, whose contents, while evidently

suggested by the text, contrasted as strangely with its prosaic subject as did their flowing characters with its rigid symbols. It is from these notes that the following extracts are made. Possibly some one may recognize in them the hand which ran so fluently over the margin of those dry pages, but which never wrote its master's name on the fly-leaf. Should such prove to be the case, the undersigned would gladly receive any information of one whose random pencil alone sufficed for friendship. It remains for me only to add that, while these annotations are rarely connected with any particular passage in the text by visible signs, I have prefixed and inclosed in brackets the sentences which seem most probably to have suggested them.

A. S. Hardy.

[“Force is the unknown cause of changes in the rate or direction of motion.” Here follows a reference to current speculations on the nature of force, in fine print.]

These fine-print notes have come into fashion since my day. May they never go out! One may theorize in *brevier*, but not in text-books, where theories on ultimates ought to appear only in *diavol*.

mond. I know a man who, after a course in chemical philosophy, believed that the atoms of a pyrophosphoric acid molecule were actually arranged as pictured on the page of his text. Why is it that people who *know* the evidence on certain questions is lacking do not say—just that? No one thinks to establish dynamics on “pushes” because we cannot understand “pulls,”—that is, action at a distance,—simply because, in making the attempt, pushes would be found more embarrassing than pulls, the plenum more difficult to dogmatize in than the vacuum. One can dodge a question in the latter! No, we fall back resignedly on the “unknown cause of changes in momentum,” and consign the speculations to a fine-print note. But this resignation, so commonly admired in physical science, is stamped elsewhere with the iron of heresy. Eminently desirable as it is to look at the pull-and-push question from more than one standpoint, in order that we may be brought to a modest admission of ignorance, free circulation about other questions presenting more than one aspect is treason. For such questions there are definite points of view, and all the adjacent territory is placarded “No trespassing!” The temple doctors may wage honorable warfare on those who occupy other standpoints, but for the unlucky wight who circulates about the object of interest, to obtain a view from all sides, they have a supreme contempt.

Moreover, the multitude follow the doctors. Most people believe the solid truth has only one side; that, paradoxical as it may seem, it cannot be solid if it has more than one. It is the positive thinking, even of the most dogmatic kind, which charms. In the history of thought it is the positive thinker, though he be a fanatic and his truths half-truths, who leads the multitude and founds a school. The kings in philosophy and life, in the world of thought and the world of action, look steadily at one

facet of the crystal, and it is from this steadfast vision, this preponderance of one aspect of truth at the expense of others, that the great empires, systems, sects, have sprung. Devotion to a single principle implies, it is true, contempt or neglect of other principles; but the conservatism which lacks definite statements has ever been scattered and leaderless, for only about such definite centres will men gather, ready to die. The man of single purpose is the successful man, *because* he is the man of one dominant, controlling, positive idea, or set of ideas. They give the edge to his sword and the weight to its blows, whether he be a Descartes or a Mohammed.

Neutrals may be loved and respected, but have not the ear of the world. For intellectual leadership, we must have answers for questions, solvents for the mysteries which these questions concern, something definite to meet hopes and still fears. To explain, to modify, to condition, is to weaken. To see difficulties and acknowledge mysteries is to lessen authority. But an unlettered Arab, crying, “This is the will of Allah!” founds a creed and an empire. Power lies in extremes, at the far end of the lever. If there is any in materialism, it is in Moleschott’s proposition that everything in the intellect has entered by the gate of the senses; idealism is shorn of its strength when it admits the existence of matter; the skeptic is at his best when he *knows* that he knows knowing is hopeless. So all the great currents of philosophic thought set strongly in one direction, and, like the magnetic needle, oscillate without ever resting on the true meridian. The authority and prestige of systems run parallel with boldness of assumption and definiteness of statement, even long after they have left a truly rational basis. What is not apparent in the founder appears in the disciple, who denies what the master neglected, pushes the premise to its ultimate conclusion, and develops

the single limit towards which, like a series, it tends. It is not that a system *ought* to be thus autocratically exclusive in order to be influential, but that this association of exclusiveness and influence is a fact of history, and one we might predict from a study of individual development without any knowledge of history whatever. For while it is true that our ideal human development is a symmetrical one, in which body, mind, and heart move abreast; while we know that a healthy body is conclusive to sound mental action, that a man with a diseased liver is apt to take diseased views of life, that great intellectual powers would be softened and deepened by a strong emotional nature, as the latter, when in excess, would be toned and invigorated by a strong intellect; while our ideal, in short, is one of balance, we do not see this type markedly successful in life. The rounded spheres may be loved and admired, but fail of deep impressions. Whatever our ideals, we expect to find marked success in any one direction bought at the expense of development in other directions. It is the same with thought-systems. Our ideal one has not occupied the seat of power nor controlled the suffrages of men.

This the artist, the man of ideals, tacitly recognizes when he translates them into color and form. Every ideal figure must still represent a particular type. Cosmopolitanism, says Tourguéneff, is a zero, and outside of nationality there is no art.

Yet the neutral charms me. The world is like a huge nursery, with a few grave figures among the throngs of children. What a riot of laughter and crying! What prayers and Te Deums! Our neutral friend had best hide himself in such company, lest his very modesty appear a garment of pride and his silence be mistaken for scorn. We are naturally believers. We are so persuaded that a thread of cause runs

through the universe that any one who thinks he has discovered it is sure of followers. Childhood is one impulse to believe running riot. We grow more cautious with years, but never escape this spirit of inquiry, with its thirst to know. Out of it comes all progress. Theories run to the end of the tether, and the noose strangles them. Every eye that singles out one fact, or aspect of truth, challenges another eye. But when we see in this tumult the neutral who halts because he will not be towed, silent because he cannot affirm, we feel the power of his poise. If there were no danger in his conservatism, no shadow of fanaticism lurking in this very appeal to the judgment; if there were no skepticism, no despair, lying in wait for him, we should envy without fear his catholic heart, his calm, judicial eye.

[“While the mechanism of what (for want of knowledge) we call gravitation has not been explained, we are none the less able to formulate its laws of action, and apply them to the practical problems of life.”]

Every teacher encounters those who would not challenge explanations of mysteries inscrutable as the mechanism of gravitation, but for whom the statement of our want of knowledge of this mechanism would prove a source of uneasiness. For such, ignorance of the *action* is a reason for restlessness under the *action-law*. If told that the sum of energy in the universe is a constant, they ask, “Who fixed the constant?” The desire for the absolute is so strong they would prefer to assert that π is exactly two sevenths rather than to admit it is the interminable decimal 3.141592+. Doubtless there would be something gratifying in the ability to write its exact value, but, were this possible, the mariner would not thereby be enabled to determine his latitude and longitude any more accurately, nor the astronomer to predict more closely the time of an eclipse, simply because, in each case,

he can do so now as accurately as *he pleases, and with far greater precision than he needs to*. Yet this inability to express certain incommensurables in finite terms, though their exact evaluation would not appreciably affect the conduct of life, is as grave a source of concern to many as is this obstinate π to the circle-squarers. Like one who throws a coin in the air, they cannot know on which side it is to fall, yet must decide before it reaches the ground. Fate or free-will, mortality or immortality, — these are the stupendous head and tail of the coin, the life, and they must answer before it falls, before it is over. No matter how scanty or how conflicting the evidence, they must bring in a verdict.

My good friend the sailor is no whit safer in setting sail with an approximate value of π than are you, and if his bark sinks π will have nothing to do with the catastrophe. "Be not curious in unnecessary matters, for more things are showed unto thee than men understand." Meanwhile, "add not more trouble to an heart that is vexed, and defer not to give to him that is in need; and let it not grieve thee to bow down thine ear to the poor and give him a friendly answer with meekness."

["The Cartesian coördinate system is a device which enables us to discover and enunciate the properties of curves."]

For proof of the fact that ultimate solutions are unnecessary for the right ruling of conduct, observe that all philosophical and theological systems, however divergent at first, and though they lead us through lands east of the sun and west of the moon, all meet at last and voice one golden rule. They are like the coördinate systems of geometry, — mere bridges and scaffoldings, — all proving the same propositions and enunciating the same truths. Why then look askance at our brother? Fancy a mathematician who had found the path of a projectile was a parabola by Cartesian co-

ordinates assailing a colleague who had reached the same conclusion by the polar system! Imagine him eying the radius vector with suspicion, making fun of the pole, and holding up his hands with holy horror at the polar axis!

["Any one who will try to imagine the state of a mind conscious of knowing the absolute position of a point will ever after be content with our relative knowledge."]

We attack our problems in geometry and kinematics with "fixed" axes, but the fixity is only *relative*. Think of a geometer doubting his results because he had not referred his data to an absolute origin; or, what is worse, since he at least knows the absolute is unthinkable, declaring his results absolute when his origin is not! What endless vistas of hopeless search open before the ambition that is dissatisfied with a statement of relative velocity! And yet our theological colleagues have absolute systems of reference! We should have to face all their dilemmas if we attempted to refer our relative data to the "absolute centre," and these dilemmas of a mind conscious of knowing the attributes and ways of the absolute ought long ago to have made us content with our relative knowledge.

Then again, not being tied up to an absolute (!) origin, the geometer often recognizes the desirability of a change of axes, and transforms his equations unhesitatingly when such a change facilitates his search. But what a stir a transformation to new axes occasions in theology! And the most remarkable accompanying phenomenon of such a change is the fact that men who once effected similar changes thereafter oppose new ones. It seems as if those who once pushed the triumphant car of intellectual progress ahead an inch always got into it afterwards, and objected to further advance.

Why should not a *movable* origin, such as is used in certain kinematical

problems, be introduced also into morals? X is naturally avaricious. It requires a tremendous effort on his part not to steal. Y does not even see the opportunity. Yet, practically, both are judged by the same standard. Such a method of evaluation is too loose for mathematics. Absolute standards which are not absolute serve only to distort every relative.

["The quaternion analysis is only a new organ of expression."]

We need a new language for all logical processes. English does well enough for poetry and fiction, but is it the proper vehicle for exact thought? Huxley and Gladstone both use x in the argument, but it turns out that Huxley meant x' and Gladstone x'' . A writer makes a like mistake twenty times in a chapter, and no one discovers it for two centuries! Such blunders in the Mathematical Journal would be set down to the printer, — all the errors are clerical, that is, easily avoided; or if, as may be contended, easily made, then also easily detected and corrected. The truth is x means x . Mathematics has no dictionary of synonyms. How few books we should have on some subjects if we had a better "organ of expression," and how much more we should know! How we should be obliged to recognize our premise as such in our conclusion, and to eliminate our infinities, infinitesimals, and imaginaries before stating our results.

True, it is impossible to write, even in the language of mathematics, without, like Horatio, putting more into a combination of symbols than we dreamed of. But its interpretation is not left to the imagination. A terrible necessity, inherent in the nature of these symbols, governs their meaning. The mask they wear may cover the unknown, never the uncertain. But who knows what lies under the mask of an English word? No logical necessity strong enough to bind the fancy of the reader determines its signification. *O la belle exégèse!*

What sermons thou wringest from the text! Not Rumford boring his cannon could have been more surprised to find that the more he bored the more caloric he got.

In our desire for a new language for logical forms, let us not, however, dream to translate into it all our Bible, lest we fall into the difficulty of one who, in his zeal to make the decimal system universal, was obliged to suppress two of the twelve apostles. This language of algebra has no perspective effects, no sense of proportion. In it x is as good as y , though x be a mud-puddle and y a rainbow. If the realist is in earnest, let him write in algebraic characters, where, if x be the unknown quantity, it must be called so; where the minus is as important as the plus, and the uninteresting as vital as the interesting; where there are no softening shades, no melting tones, no Claude Lorraine glasses, and the inventor of the cosmos described monopolized all the imagination he created.

["All the great advances of the century grow out of our increasing knowledge of the properties of matter."]

We are signing away our liberties to these vanities of the century, — telegraphs, railroads, and the rest. If we could reverse the experience of Rip Van Winkle, and sleep backwards a hundred years, we should wake more helpless than he did. Moreover, everything that increases the delicacy and sensitiveness of organization (of nervous tissue or of society) turns a stronger light on the fact of our dependence upon matter. Pascal boasted that he was greater than the universe, because, though the universe crushed him, *he knew it*, whereas of this the universe knows nothing. Precisely, says Leopardi, *savoir sans rien pouvoir*. To realize our spirituality is simply to tug at our chains. What a poem might be written on compensation! — the spiritual shadow, ever more distinct as we rise into the sunlight.

Are we then so ungrateful that, after the molecule has acquired a vortical motion and a complex, unstable equilibrium for our especial delectation, we turn and revile it? Fancy an "aquosity," as Huxley would say, declaring water to be a nasty compound! — kicking against its very *raison d'être*. Still, when we rise to the summits of being, we too kick at our chains. There in the rarer medium, where thought plays with space and time as if they were the fictions

they may be, the mile-per-hour velocity-unit which the body, dragged so painfully up the hill, imposes on the spirit seems a ridiculous one for a rational being, — a second infinitely too large, and a mile infinitely too small. No, we will be something better than matter. But let us waste no time in deciding what that something may be, lest the ever-increasing "promise and potency" of these wondrous atoms outstrip our dreams.

THE SALOON IN SOCIETY.

"USE," says an old proverb, "is second nature." The truth of the observation is shown in the assimilating power of custom. There is nothing, however inherently vicious or dangerous, to which we cannot become so accustomed as to lose sight of its evil qualities. There is no habitual apprehension among the operatives in powder-mills and manufactories of the higher explosives, though statistics show that all such works are certain to be destroyed, sooner or later. The most unhealthy trades are as well supplied with labor as the most healthy. Custom and conservatism are sometimes so strong that men whose lives were being shortened by breathing a vitiated atmosphere, or by inhaling fine particles of stone or metal, have resisted every effort to improve their surroundings. Exposure to danger begets indifference to it. Exposure to vice begets indifference to it. The ancient Greeks had inherited the practice of infanticide from savage ancestors. They became so inured to it that, when the custom of exposing children gradually superseded child-murder, there were not wanting moralists to deplore the change as denoting the rise of what moderns would call a "sickly sentimentalism." Nor

was there altogether lacking an element of plausibility in these complaints, for humanity was so little developed that the fate of exposed children, sad though it was, elicited no practical sympathy. When a Greek mother thus abandoned her infant, knowing that in the first place it was very likely to perish from the exposure, and that, should it survive, it would be doomed to slavery if a boy, and worse if a girl, the consequence of her act did not deter her. It was what her neighbors did. It was social crime disguised by custom.

A distinguished ethnologist, addressing a section at the late meeting of the British Association, expressed the opinion that mankind has made comparatively little physical and mental progress in the last five thousand years or so. Of course not many persons will agree with this view, and yet occasionally facts are encountered which seem to justify a doubt as to whether, despite the march of what we call civilization, the race has grown much since the dawn of the historical period. If a general disposition to exalt ourselves over those who preceded us were a proof of progress, the case might be regarded as settled. But if we are prepared to be candid with our-

selves, it may not prove difficult to show that even the barbarism of ancient Greece is not so far behind us as we should like to be able to feel that it is. We do not kill our children. We do not any more expose them habitually, after the antique mode. We cherish them in their infancy, rear them to adolescence, and then send them forth to pit their immature vitality against the most elaborate, skillfully devised, and comprehensive machinery for ruining human beings, both mind and body, that the world has ever seen.

We are so accustomed to the saloon that its relations to and effects upon society are apt to seem merely part and parcel of the existing order of things; and those of us who are conservative from inheritance or education naturally look upon it as an institution which has its proper functions in the general scheme, and which could not be eliminated without creating a painful void, to say the least. The object of this paper is to induce those who read it to clear their minds of prepossessions and the fixed impressions derived from habitude, and to regard the saloon as it is, realizing the true nature of its influence, and perceiving the actual character of the functions it discharges. The chief backing of the saloon undoubtedly comes from our inherited aptitudes. We are all sprung, no matter what European race we claim as ancestors, from men who drank heavily a few generations ago. The predominance of the animal life has indeed not yet ceased, and, while the intellectual side of man is struggling to assert itself, the old Adam has hitherto been too strong for it. Progress in temperance there certainly has been, but when we look abroad and see what the saloon still means in our community life, how large a feature it is in social problems, how deeply it colors and affects not only the character and tone of our politics, but those of our morals, of our intellectual status, of our domes-

tic existence, it will have to be admitted that hitherto popular sensibility on this question has been sluggish and dull, and that, for a nation commonly credited with capacity for self-government, we have a great deal to learn and a great many crying evils to get rid of.

Let us begin at the foundation, and trace the saloon through society. The first fact to be noted is that the institution is planted most thickly where the poorest people live. It has been alleged by some philanthropists and penalogists that poverty is in many instances the cause of drinking, and not the effect; that men drink to forget their sorrows and remember their misery no more. No doubt there is some truth in this. Indigence, squalor, destitution, innutrition, produce morbid conditions of body and mind, probably reinforce inherited tendencies to alcoholism, and move to that desperation which seeks relief in the oblivion either of death or drunkenness. But, however true such considerations may be, they cannot affect the obvious fact that the influence of the saloon among the poor is wholly mischievous. Even with those whose case is almost desperate the effect of resorting to this means of forgetfulness is pernicious. The man who drowns memory at the saloon does not facilitate his subsequent proceedings. He is poorer, in worse health, less able to confront difficulties, on the morrow. But one tendency in him is strengthened, and that is the tendency to repeat the debauch. The poor man who, being a husband and father, frequents the saloon runs the risk of betraying his most sacred trusts. His home may be uncomfortable, his meals may be unsavory, but the saloon cannot improve his surroundings. On the contrary, it absorbs his scanty earnings, thus depriving those dependent on him of the pittance of food and clothing he alone is able to supply. The drinking husband, too, often makes a drinking wife. For the women among the

poor have most need of all the moral support their husbands, fathers, brothers, can bring them. Being physically weaker, they are more liable to faint under the heat and burden of the day; and when they see the man who should be their staff and prop cravenly giving way to despair and selfishly seeking oblivion for himself, they are apt to succumb to the pressure and to follow the evil example.

Then the fate of the children is generally sealed. The saloon has orphaned them. It will be henceforward their school and training ground. It will bring them up to be petty thieves, while they are developing the muscle that is to qualify them for ruffianism; and when they are old enough they will fall naturally into some gang, if they live in a city, and become material for professional criminals, loafers, and wrecks. But suppose that the poor frequenter of the saloon stops short of drunkenness. Suppose that he confines his expenditure there to what is called "a few social glasses." In that case the evil he suffers will be less, but he will still suffer evil. He will squander a part of his earnings, and that he cannot afford. He will neglect his family, and that he cannot afford. He will fall into bad company, and that he cannot afford. He will most probably also become one of the chronic accusers of society, who, while wasting their own substance in riotous living, foolishly and inconsequently complain of the poverty whose continuance their own thriftlessness and self-indulgence are mainly accountable for. The Knights of Labor refuse to admit a saloon-keeper or a liquor-dealer to their ranks. The prohibition looks as if it meant something, at first sight, but it has no real significance. The Knights of Labor and all the labor organizations must take to themselves a full share of the reproach that labor in the United States is every year spending upon drink which it does not need, and which hurts

it, fully six hundred millions of dollars: a sum so large that if even fifty per cent. of it were saved a fund could be established in two years which, under wise management, would render destitution among the poor of this country impossible forever after.

Let us remember, however, that if the workingmen do not show the highest wisdom here, they are quite as advanced as the society to which they belong. We are so accustomed to have the worship of God and of the devil carried on side by side, so used to see the saloon standing cheek-by-jowl with the church, that we find it very difficult to perceive things as they really are. The relationship of the saloon to crime is notorious. It is not indeed true, as sometimes alleged, that professional criminals, such as burglars, sneak-thieves, pick-pockets, confidence men, etc., are prone to drink. These classes are strictly temperate, as a rule, and as a matter of business. But it is true that three fourths of all crimes of violence, such as assaults, assaults to murder, homicides and murders, are committed under the influence of drink. Our police justices are called perpetually to deal with a mass of brutal crime which is almost wholly the sequence of drink; and in all our great cities the taxpayer has to provide constant sustenance for the considerable number of chronic drunkards who have been reduced to hopeless degradation by the saloon. All this we know as we know that the sun rises and sets, and no doubt many, if not most, of us question its continuance as little as we do that of the solar phenomena. It is a new idea that such misery and sin and lawlessness are not unavoidable, but that they are evidences of the backwardness of the civilization on which we pride ourselves, and testify not less strongly to the insensitiveness of the general conscience.

The saloon of the poor man is usually marked by vulgar decoration or careless squalor. It offers him more warmth

and better shelter, perhaps, than he can get at home. It appeals to his most selfish feelings. It tickles his self-indulgence. He finds there, too, an excitement, a companionship, which are seductive. It is no wonder the poor man yields. The classes above him in possessions yield too, in their turn, and with not half his excuse. But what is the sociability encountered at the saloon? It is a sham, like all the alleged pleasure obtainable from the institution. Saloon friendship is a Dead Sea apple. The men who strike hands with one another as comrades and boon companions will stand by while one of their number goes headlong to destruction; will observe with stolid passivity the victim's advance from one fatal symptom to another; will register his successive downward steps, marking in cold blood his loss of one holdfast after another; and when ruin, complete and irreversible, has concluded the drama, they will turn away and pursue their own affairs. The truth is that the spirit of the saloon is incompatible with the germination or growth of real friendship, as it is with any good thing. Indeed, its influences and tendencies are so palpably and wholly evil that any nation voluntarily adopting such an institution, and accepting it as part of the fixed order of things, could hardly escape Manicheism but for that curious aptitude of the average human mind to separate religious beliefs from every-day experiences.

The lowering influences of the saloon react directly and with energy upon the poorest classes. The abuse of drink does not necessarily or immediately involve personal degradation or personal privation among such as possess some property. But with those for whom sustained sobriety can procure only a narrow sufficiency, intemperance means swift descent into discomfort and suffering. The poor man cannot drink without falling behind in everything. The saloon not only deprives him of reason

and the full use of his faculties, it drives him to the pawnshop with his few possessions; it strips him, his wife, and his children of the clothing they need; it bares the walls of his poor rooms; it makes all his material surroundings meaner and shabbier, at the same time that it implants a distaste for the steady industry which is the one means of redemption. Into brains diseased and inflamed by drink socialist doctrines fall with fructifying power. The man whose own weakness and self-indulgence have brought him to indigence and misery is prone to shift the blame for his condition on the shoulders of society. A spurious self-respect is engendered by nursing the fallacy that, if justice were done, the street-corner loafer would fare equally well with the capitalist.

Yet these victims of a national vice must not be judged harshly. Their temptations are manifold. Their education is narrow. The world has been a cold stepmother to them, and they cannot be found fault with for not exhibiting an intelligence and a discrimination too commonly sought in vain among much more fortunate people. To a considerable extent they are helpless, just as the people may be so regarded in whom the passion for gambling is fostered and stimulated by governmental lottery schemes. When Great Britain went to war with China to force the opium trade upon the Middle Kingdom, her neighbors were shocked, and with reason. Those, however, who perceived clearly enough the immorality of England's policy on that occasion have failed, for the most part, to see in the national support of the saloon a betrayal of the masses bearing an ugly resemblance to that involved in the opium war. It is the general acquiescence in the evil which makes it so hard to deal with. Nothing is easier than to point out the effects of the saloon upon various classes. Nothing is easier than to prove that human selfishness and frailty have much to do with the per-

sistence of the evil. But nothing is so difficult as to secure comprehension of the vital truth that beyond the foibles of individuals and classes lies the national supineness or tacit approval of the saloon, as a determining cause.

There are among the poor everywhere many distinctions. There is the considerable element of crude, unformed humanity, which has not advanced beyond the capacity for manual labor of the simplest kind. This element has many of the defects and limitations which belong to childhood. It is easily led and misled. It picks up, as we all do, vices quicker than virtues. It cannot be said that it is repressed by the squalor in which it lives, for it has never known any better conditions, and it is painfully difficult to educate it out of the filthy habits which it has brought from the state of savagery whence it so lately emerged. This class seeks and finds in the saloon the excitement which the red Indian obtains in the same way. The brutality of these coarse natures is stimulated by drink, and they fight among themselves, or go home and beat their wives and children. The saloon operates with them as a conservative influence; it does much, that is to say, to keep them in their pristine condition of semi-savagery. But it has another and even more sinister function. The United States are absorbing vast numbers of the least civilized and enlightened peasantry of Continental Europe, people who know no English, have the vaguest idea of our form of government, and belong to the most conservative class extant; who bring with them obstinate prejudices, superstitions, delusions, and antipathies; who for generations have been taught to look up from their lowly positions and hate the classes above them. The saloon unites these unfit citizens, gives them a focus, and helps to develop the socialistic or anarchist sentiments which they imbibed in Europe. The saloon, which poisons

the minds of the poor with the same drugged liquors which destroy their bodies, prepares them for hostility to the law by encouraging them to believe that every whiskey-muddled loafer is somehow entitled, without work, to a competence at the hands of society, and that the men whose brains and industry have put them above want or earned them abundance are somehow the enemies of the poor. No doubt there is in this enmity a basis of genuine feeling, though the feeling is not estimable. To the indolent and self-indulgent man, whose own laziness keeps him poor and in want, the sight of prosperity attained by energetic work must be irritating, because it involves self-reproach; and it is one of the vices of human nature to hate that which humiliates it by emphasizing its own inferiority.

All such meanness, however, all such impotent malevolence, all the envy, hatred, and uncharitableness which waste in transforming into evil impulses the energy which should find vent in industry, are fostered by the saloon. It fixes the squalor and misery of the poor, just as alcohol fixes the tissues plunged in it. Its alchemy converts the potentialities of successful labor into the seditious bitterness of the dissipated socialist. It makes the poverty which, sweetened by mutual forbearance and the hope of better things, might often be tolerable, maddening and unendurable, by adding to it the intensified selfishness of intoxication, the chronic shame and despair of semi-convalescence. And it has still more serious effects. Who that has lived in cities has not marked a peculiar growth of such centres? — a class of children who have never been young; boys and girls whose sharp features denote the experience of sordid age, whose anæmic bodies and fleshless limbs bespeak habitual innutrition, and whose sinister and hard expression shows how fervid is the hate they already bear to a world which has acquainted them only with suffering

and sin. Everywhere this class of city-bred children is on the increase. Everywhere anxious philanthropists, sociologists, penalogists, are discussing its treatment, and wondering what shall be done with it.

The organization of charity, the organization of criminal administration, are alike busy with the problem, and systems of corrective and educational institutions arise in all our large cities, founded for this express purpose. Meanwhile, the supply of material does not diminish, as how should it? The saloon is at work night and day to maintain it. Not content with debauching the adult generation, it plants its deadly seeds in the systems of unborn children; it projects the curse from generation to generation. The city-bred children, whose premature knowledge of evil, precocious savagery, and anti-social proclivities may well cause apprehension for the future, are made what they are more by the saloon than by any other agency. It influenced their lives before they saw the light. It gave them weakness or disease on both sides. It handicapped them in the race of life from the start. It is doing this steadily, continually, and society nevertheless continues to tolerate such an agency; continues to act precisely as though its elimination were unthinkable; continues to evolve its houses of correction, industrial schools, asylums, probationary institutes, and shifts of all kinds in profusion, keeping its eyes shut to the perennial procreative energies of the saloon, whose unremitting exercise renders these remedial measures as futile as the effort to fill the bottomless jars of the Danaides.

What would be thought of the medical administration which, in the time of a great epidemic, concerned itself chiefly in providing additional hospital accommodations, and paid no attention to the origin and mode of prevention of the prevailing disease? In the case of the saloon in society the facts are continu-

ally in evidence. Our police courts are mainly occupied with the petty offenses which spring directly or indirectly from drink. Through them drift the myriad wrecks which strew the path of progress. In them is exhibited, every day and all day, the extent, depth, paralyzing influence, of the saloon. It is bad enough in politics, but its social effects, especially among the poor, are as those of a pestilence. The cruder element of the community is brutalized and retarded in its growth by this influence. Another element, that of the physically or intellectually feeble (always considerable, and increasing with the growth of competitive pressure), is condemned to a wretched fate by the same instrumentality. The people who have not the energy of mind or body to form clear and practical purposes, or to put them in operation if formed, are the easiest victims of the saloon. As a rule they are sensitive, often morbidly so. They brood over their weakness and their failure. Naturally prone to depression, they become jaundiced and desponding. From that state of mind to the craving for any kind of stimulant the transition is natural and swift, and the saloon does the rest. There are thousands of families doomed to indigence, disappointment, misery, through life, that might have lived at least in decent poverty and with self-respect, but to-day are plunged in hopeless ruin by drink, and are sinking out of sight in the quicksand.

The churches lament the alienation of the poor and the working classes. The indifference of these to religion is a standing cause of regret. The clergy say it is almost impossible to get near the hearts of the masses. Perhaps the effort to disseminate Christian doctrine has been less systematic and persistent than it should have been. Perhaps more would have been accomplished if the clergy had gone themselves, instead of waiting for the people to come. No doubt, also, the spread of socialism and

of agnosticism has much to do with the present attitude of that element in the labor party which is not in communion with the Church of Rome. But the saloon is not guiltless in the matter, for it represents all the tendencies and influences which make most strongly against religion and morality, and its atmosphere is quite as fatal to spiritual development as the drink it dispenses is to the health of the body. The poor suffer in a thousand ways through their poverty, and one of the abuses practiced most audaciously upon them is the adulteration of all the intoxicants sold to them. Alcoholic drinks made by the most honest processes are bad enough in their consequences, but the drinks of commerce are sophisticated to such an extent that those who use them habitually and freely are exposed to a whole catalogue of diseases from which our ancestors, with all their intemperance, were free. The effect of many of the adulterants commonly employed, moreover, is to excite the nervous system and act toxically upon the cerebral centres, with the frequent result of inciting to maniacal deeds, which may very easily be ascribed to native savagery of disposition.

The saloon, in fact, is an institution for the compounding and dispensation of poisons. These poisons, when taken in excess (and sometimes when taken in moderate quantities), cloud the reason of the victim, extinguish for the time his conscience and his moral convictions, stimulate all that is ferocious and brutal in him, and impel him frequently to the perpetration of crimes. They do not affect all alike. While they render some savage and malignant, they make others imbecile and incapable of self-protection, and yet others they rouse to immorality. Society, however, is exposed to injury in some way from all who drink; and since it is impossible to be sure that any who drink may not drink to excess, and since all who drink to excess are liable to become irresponsi-

ble, the danger is perennial. Of its reality no specific proof is needed. We have only to look abroad in any direction to see this. Fully half the police and judicial machinery of our cities is occupied in dealing with the evils which are produced directly or indirectly by the saloon. The cost to society is enormous, but when a nation makes an institution of the saloon it must be prepared to pay roundly for all the accessories in the shape of prisons, and police forces, and courts, and insane asylums, and work-houses. The prosperous taxpayer, who grumbles at the levies made upon him, may be thankful that his bank account secures him at least partial freedom from the worst products of the saloon. The poor mechanic, whose narrow earnings compel him to accept the life of the tenement house, cannot shelter himself in the same way. He may be a temperate man himself. He may be a Christian. He may be desirous of raising his family respectably, and of keeping them untainted. But the polluting contiguity which poverty compels makes him an involuntary witness and auditor of all the brutalities and obscenities provoked by drink in the most depraved of his neighbors, and he cannot keep from the eyes and ears of his wife or daughters sights and sounds which in themselves constitute infection. Thus it is not only its frequenters that the saloon injures. Its corrupting influence spreads far beyond the ostensible range of its activity, and its deadliest work is doubtless often effected among simple creatures who have not entered its doors.

It used to be said of the old-fashioned prisons, when the prisoners were commingled, that they were schools of vice and crime. Undoubtedly the statement was true; but what essential difference is there between life in one of those prisons and life in a modern city tenement house, with the regular saloon attachment? The strength of a chain or rope is equal to that of its weakest part. That

is a mathematical axiom. The moral strength of the tenement house must in like manner be measured by its weakest part. Let it not, however, be concluded that the dwellers in the tenement house are accountable for the situation. They are not free agents. They are the victims of society's blindness and apathy. They are the failures which mark the divergence of civilization from the right course. They may also be, in a time not distant, the instrumentalities of national chastisement, unless the American people rise, however tardily, to a sense of their responsibilities and duties. For it is plain that the growth already attained by anarchism and the darker forms of socialism has been fostered by the saloon and its influences. It has made the incapable more ineffective, the feeble still weaker, the envious more bitter, the lawless more turbulent, the revolutionary more violent, the dishonest more unscrupulous, the demagogue more blatant. In stopping many avenues to prosperity it has increased the number of the discontented. In debauching the intelligence of its *habitués* it has opened their minds to pernicious teachings. While compelling society to enlarge its preventive and corrective machinery, it has organized insurrection against the whole existing order of things.

The worst effects of the saloon are seen in connection with the poor, but it does not follow that the rest of the community escape. On the contrary, some of the most startling proofs of the power of this agency for evil may be found in the experience of what may be termed our well-to-do classes. The evidence attainable here is startling, because the contrast between the warring conditions is so strong. All over the land there are mothers, pure of heart and mind, trained in Christian faith and virtues, full of sweet and tender and exalted hopes for their boys. These loving, innocent, pious women rear their children, to the best of their ability, "in

the nurture and admonition of the Lord." They endeavor to keep the young souls stainless until character is formed. They agonize over every slip and stumble on the part of the children. They seek with all the earnestness of their nature, aided by all the strength devotion can supply, to establish the feet of their little ones firmly. What success do they attain? Among the conventionalities which serve only to disguise barbarous, coarse, or disgusting habits and tendencies, perhaps there is not one more thoroughly mischievous, ignoble, and degrading than that which holds it to be a proof of manhood and independence to cast off the "mother's leading-strings," and to signalize the alleged enfranchisement by the conviviality which consists in getting drunk. It has been the base custom to speak of this kind of thing as a natural and inevitable reaction from the well-meant but enervating sentimentalism of the maternal solicitude. But there is no validity in this pretense. The reaction spoken of is simply that from virtue to vice. It is the abandonment of right for wrong. It is the substitution of that which is unmanly, vile, debasing, for that which is truly manly, honorable, and elevating.

Yet society witnesses the introduction of adolescence to the saloon with an indulgent smile. The boys at college are taught (not, be it understood, in the curriculum) that it is rather a fine thing to drink, and that the effects of a debauch, though decidedly disagreeable, are in no way cause for shame. In other circles, where boys enter business earlier, dissipation is considered an evidence of special spirit. This trait is so general that humorists have often made use of it to point some merry tale, and generations have laughed unrestrainedly over the bibulous proclivities whose indulgence for a comparatively short period in youth assures physical and mental wreck. The boy leaves his home, cuts loose from his wise and tender mother, is plunged into

a crowd of young men whose chief ambition seems to be to emulate the worst vices of their seniors. He is taken to the saloon, which is carefully prepared for the educated and refined visitor. Not for him the naked ugliness of the tenement-house gin-shop, or the water-front den. An æsthetic taste has been invoked to beautify the spacious rooms. Color in its most attractive application floods the place from variegated lampshades, frescoed ceilings, tessellated pavements, gilded bars, and voluptuous paintings. All that luxury can effect is done to heighten the sense of physical comfort. The service is swift, supple, efficient. The wines and liquors are free from adulteration and of sterling brands. An air of calm enjoyment pervades the saloon. The young man is quite carried away by all this splendor and luxury. He takes it to himself, as it was intended that he should do. He begins to be proud of his participation in so magnificent a spectacle. He yields without a pause or a thought to the solicitations of his companions.

What is it that he is doing? Merely what all the world does, no doubt one reply will be. But if all the world has so far forgotten itself as to see no harm in self-degradation, it is time the truth was told. The boy may not get drunk at the saloon; there are plenty of young men who can drink moderately, no doubt. But whether he drinks little or much, he cannot escape contamination if he frequents a place all the associations of, all the emanations from, which are debasing and corrupting. The most callous cynic will not dare to assert that young men ever learn good in the saloon. Every man of the world knows that they learn evil there abundantly. It is the focus and distributing point of sensuality as well as of intemperance. Its conversation is impure. Its rites are provocative. Its influences are demoralizing. It is the antipodes of the home presided over by the pure and pious mother. It

is the filthy pool into which society flings its young men, under the plea of hardening them.

In this foul atmosphere they acquire the tone of a new world; they fit on their incipient vices; they accustom themselves to low views of many things. The frequenter of the saloon cannot escape infection, and it is here that the ideas are absorbed which, in spite of the natural chivalry of Americans, makes their attitude towards women too frequently a national reproach. We are too apt to think that this kind of infidelity to a high ideal is found only in company with filth and squalor, where

"The vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,

Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife."

But there is a certain brutality in the disregard even of educated and prosperous society to the protest of woman against the saloon, to the magnitude and poignancy of the suffering it causes her, and especially to the cruel wrongs it inflicts upon her motherhood.

Never were there so many appliances in operation for the improvement of men. Never were the opportunities for leading the higher life so abundant. If in spite of this multiplication of spiritual and intellectual helps, of all the refining and expanding educational machinery which surrounds the nineteenth-century citizen, he is not a cleaner, purer, less animal man, it is largely because he remains under this sinister dominion. Exaggeration of the influence itself would be difficult. There is in the city of the period nothing so much in evidence as the saloon. You can walk down one of the avenues of New York, and count always one and sometimes two in every block for miles. There may be a scarcity of any other kind of stores, but there is never a lack of these. Nor are they at all confined to the squalid areas. They flourish amid brown-stone blocks as sturdily as amid tenement houses. They

have their clientage everywhere. The wealthy club-man frequents his favorite bar as regularly as the thirsty laborer. There is a difference in externals, but not much more. Whether a man be worth a million dollars or twenty-five cents, he can get but one series of sensations and effects from drink. He may, if wealthy, get them in a more ornamental and pleasant way, but that is the extent of the distinction between the saloons of the rich and those of the poor.

Yet, though this institution brutalizes and degrades men, and increases the friction of all progressive effort immensely, the suffering which it entails upon women is heavier and keener. The maternal grief involved is but one phase of the subject. If the saloon wrecks thousands of lives and homes, its victims go to ruin with paralyzed sensibilities; and when they are inflicting most pain upon those who love them they are least capable of realizing the truth. The liquor whose habitual use dulls all the faculties extinguishes conscience, shame, and self-respect in the course of its destructive work, and the hardened drinker will sacrifice everything to his master passion without scruple or hesitation. But the women who are doomed to bear the heavy burden of relationship to drunkards are indeed to be pitied. The domesticity from which few of them can escape forces upon them perpetual experiences so heart-breaking, so revolting, that their existence is a prolonged tragedy. All the caprice, petulance, unreason, tyranny, brutality, engendered by drink is expended upon them. All the social degradation and mortification of the position falls upon their heads. The living man chained to a corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives and daughters of the saloon's victims. Liquor eliminates all the drunkard's good qualities, reinforces all his worst vices, and, having thus transformed him, sends him home to torture and abuse those whom it is his first duty to cherish and protect.

At the sacrifice of her future happiness, the wife may sometimes obtain divorce: very often, however, her inability to support herself compels her to endure her torment, or the reluctance to expose her children to reproach constrains her to bear everything. It is seldom that women are so situated as to be able to resume a celibate life without submitting to serious hardships, and perhaps in a majority of instances they can secure a separation only by facing destitution.

There is no evil which operates so directly and with such disastrous potency against the family as the saloon, in fact. It is the direst enemy of domestic happiness, purity, and peace. Even in its mildest manifestations it alienates men from their homes; creates in them habits of selfish indulgence; gives them sensual interests apart; brings into competition with the innocent recreations of the home circle coarse, vulgar, and extravagant amusements. In its more pronounced operations, it stops at no such trifles as the production of mere discomfort, but, proceeding without disguise, turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families. What makes this especially shocking is that we are all acquainted with its truth, yet that we have hitherto tolerated it passively. The horrors to which drink exposes women are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and constant than most men are probably capable of experiencing. We all know this, yet we go on calmly in the old way, as if we either thought women ought to be thus abused, or believed that, though the matter was pitiful, no help could be found for it. Much has been written of late years about the alleged quickening of sensibility, the enlargement of humanitarian tendencies, the revolt against cruelty in all its manifestations. Is there not danger of the moral atrophy engendered by self-conceit, where illusions so flattering can co-exist

with the actual life we are living? Familiarity with evil must have blinded us alarmingly when we can seriously believe that we have reached a real height of reform; that we have attained a stage of civilization pure enough to be proud of; that there is no special need for concern because of the sins that do most easily beset us.

Yet national ignorance of the truth can certainly not be pleaded. All that can be told of the saloon is trite to weariness. Who does not know, much as he knows the diameter of the earth and its distance from the sun, that the people of the United States spend every year from eight hundred to a thousand millions of dollars in drink? Who does not know that taxes are everywhere onerous because we have to maintain so many prisons, and insane asylums, and police courts, and workhouses, to take care of the people the saloons have turned into lunatics, criminals, and paupers? But if the public turn impatiently from these statistics, if they dismiss them from their thoughts without reflection, it is evident that the fact itself is the strongest condemnation of our civilization, our morality, and our Christianity. For there is actually no subject of half the importance to the nation that this is. There is no subject which so comes home to the people, from the least to the greatest. There is no subject upon the right settlement of which the national destinies so directly depend. There is no subject the right and wrong of which are so plain. There is no subject so absolutely one-sided from an ethical point of view. There is no subject which ought so quickly and certainly to arouse the sympathy and the enthusiasm of an intelligent, just, conscientious society. No one of these assertions can be disputed, yet what is the situation? For thirty years a few single-minded, tender-conscienced men and women have been agitating for temperance; but though recently there has been a greater awakening on the

matter than for a long time, the education of the people has been so slow that the disposition among the politicians everywhere still is to temporize, shuffle, shirk, and avoid the question, and this because, and only because, these close observers do not believe the general conscience has been sufficiently aroused to justify open adoption of the issue.

This is the truth, however unpalatable it may be to some. It is not the politicians, it is not even the liquor-dealers, who are responsible for the continued power and arrogance of the saloon. It is the American people who sustain it, who enrich its proprietors, who supply their military chest, who voluntarily consent to all the disabilities, evils, wrongs, outrages, sufferings, cruelties, bereavements, which the saloon produces, for the sake of the base and shameful self-indulgence to which it ministers. It could not survive in the face of an exalted, an enlightened public opinion. It exists only because public opinion is neither exalted nor enlightened. It is in some sense a moral barometer. Where, as in our greatest cities, the saloon seems to control everything, so that the party leaders no longer even try to conquer its influence, but are fain to conciliate and make terms with it, there we know corruption flourishes, and morality is weak, and the worship of the golden calf is the prevailing cult. There has been a considerable growth of temperance sentiment in the country. The progress of prohibition proves that. But the discipline and skill which organization gives the liquor-dealers have made the saloon more mischievous than ever, of late, by creating for it a proselytizing function. Competition has led to this. It is the difference between the web spider and the hunting spider. Formerly the saloon-keeper stayed at home and awaited his customers. Now he advertises for trade in many ways, and neglects no help, however small, being as ready to debauch the young boy as

the young boy's father. He finds his reward in this activity, for the consumption of drink, at least in one direction, is steadily increasing, the brewers reporting that in 1885 a million more barrels of beer were drunk than in 1884.

There was a time when American sensitiveness was alarmed considerably by the reported insidious advances of Roman Catholicism. Our Protestant and Puritan blood was stirred to anger, and sensational pictures were drawn of the conquests aimed at by the priest. He was shown stealing into the family and converting the women; then inveigling the children into sectarian schools, and moulding their plastic minds in accord with Vatican decrees; lastly, getting control of politics by underhand methods, and extinguishing freedom. There was no disposition among us to submit to that sort of invasion, and if the priest had not abandoned his sinister programme (supposing he ever entertained it) there would have been serious trouble for him. But all this time we were blind and deaf to the real conquest which the saloon was effecting through the length and breadth of the land; and though it has invaded the family, and introduced a system of education more deadly than all the Jesuit schools conceived by Puritan alarmists, and taken possession of our politics, city, state, and national, and corrupted and degraded and spoiled everything it has touched, it is only at this eleventh hour that we are beginning to realize what it has done for us; and even now we do not appreciate the depth and extent of the evil, as is evidenced by the fact that we are still seriously asking one another whether any legislative interference with the institution is compatible with the maintenance of constitutional liberty.

There is no evil which affects public and private life so deeply and at so many points as this. It is a question which underlies all problems of social reform and regeneration. The labor prob-

lem is bound up with it. The growth of religion is largely dependent upon it. The development of the subversive ideas which multiply so quickly has direct connection with it. The modern nuisance and danger of the tramp army, which roams the country, owes its existence to it. Fully half the unhappiness and suffering of life are due to it. It forces itself upon our attention continually. Nevertheless, we pay so little regard to it that it might be thought we classed it with the natural forces over which human control cannot be obtained. Even the philanthropic outflowings of our more sensitive minds seek other avenues of usefulness. Vivisection has latterly aroused a great deal of indignation, though the practice does not lack capable defenders. But what is the torture of a few animals, in the name of science, in comparison with the vivisection of human hearts which goes on daily under the operation of the saloon? The frailties, the sorrows, the misfortunes, of our fellow men and women are perhaps too commonplace to move compassion, or to incite organized resistance to the evil which causes them. That compassion may be evoked by the barbarity of a feminine fashion which necessitates the slaughter of innocent birds, but the machinery which runs day and night, making drunkards, widows, orphans, bankrupts, maniacs, ruffians, and tramps, does not strike the general conscience as calling for prompt prohibitive action.

It required a national convulsion to secure the abolition of slavery. There can be no doubt that if secession had been averted by compromise the institution would have been perpetuated. For when the blow had been struck at the life of the nation, the public opinion of the time was slow in realizing the necessity as well as the equity of emancipation. Even Abraham Lincoln, whose prevision was much clearer than that of most of his contemporaries, almost feared to take the final step in issuing his proc-

lamentation. So sluggishly does public sentiment move on great questions until events give impetus to it, and then it rushes forward to the plunge with the volume and force of Niagara. If we are to determine the subsidiary problems which now occupy us, on a rational and permanent basis, we shall have to clear the ground by settling this one first. If we have not self-control and strength of purpose enough for the undertaking, we shall drift on, finding the subsidiary questions more and more intractable, until at length one or the other of them will grow so menacing that we shall be driven, in order to dispose of it, to deal firmly and conclusively with the fundamental evil. Modern socialism, which infects the whole labor question to-day, would lose half its strength if the saloon were abolished. It is indeed a duty, which rests primarily with labor itself, to attack this evil; for without the inculcation of self-restraint the workingmen can never realize their hopes of progress, nor will their organization prove fully effective until they employ it to foster self-help in their own ranks, and to train themselves to the conscientious performance of duty. At present too much of the social waste which makes progress so tedious occurs among the laboring classes, and hitherto the tendency of organization has not been toward the check-

ing and diminishing of these direct consequences of self-indulgence and unthrift.

The production of popular conviction on this issue is the most useful work of education to which patriotic and philanthropic energies can be put to-day. The overthrow, the extirpation, of the saloon is demanded upon every consideration, secular and religious, worthy to be named. There is no justification, defense, or palliation of the evil which can have any weight with reasoning beings. If this numerically great and materially wealthy nation is to fulfill the destinies at which it aims; if it is indeed to be an example to the world of successful self-government; if it is to demonstrate the superiority of the democratic system; if it is to escape the perils which beset the governments of Europe, it must cease to palter with an evil which is capable of debauching and ruining the wisest and strongest commonwealth the world has ever seen, whose continued toleration gives the lie to every profession of Christianity, every declaration of fraternity, every assumption of intelligence, we can advance, and which has already attained so formidable a growth that resistance of its influences provokes open menace and defiance, and the unconcealed determination to master and control the state in its debasing and abominable interests.

George Frederic Parsons.

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE marble-smith, at his morning task,
Merrily glasses the blue-veined stone.
With stout hands circling smooth. You ask,
"What will it be, when it is done?"

"A shaft for a young girl's grave." Both hands
Go back with a will to their sinewy play;
And he sings like a bird, as he swaying stands,
A rollicking stave of Love and May.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

FREDERIC THE GREAT AND MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

THE publication in Germany, within the past few years, of a number of extremely valuable works, historical and documentary, has thrown a flood of light upon the long negotiations and the busy intrigues which preceded the Seven Years' War. Many of them are not widely read, it is safe to presume, even in the country of their issue. But in America and in England it would be strange if any of them were known familiarly, or by much more than their titles, except to a few special students of political history. Since, however, this material helps to solve problems that have vexed inquirers for more than a century, — problems, some of which lie indeed near the domain of scandal, while others take us into the higher regions of statesmanship, but all connected with a momentous revolution in the political system of the world, — it is indispensable that it be revealed, at least in its leading features, to that vast public whose literary resources end with the English language. The present paper is an effort in that direction. I shall take only a single subject, — the relations of Frederic the Great, which involve also the relations of Maria Theresa of Austria, to the famous mistress of Louis XV. But the choice needs no explanation or defense. One of the oldest, most widely known, and most generally accepted traditions of history makes Madame de Pompadour, flattered by the empress and neglected by Frederic, the practical author of the crisis of 1756. The object of the following study is to learn how much truth lies at the basis of this venerable theory.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 ended a war of nearly eight years, during which the house of Austria had been struggling for its very existence. No sooner was the death of the emperor

Charles VI., the last male of the Hapsburg family, announced to the world than half the powers of Europe rushed forward, to dispute the succession of his daughter, Maria Theresa, which nearly all of them had guaranteed in the most solemn and sacred manner. Frederic of Prussia invaded, without excuse and without warning, the neighboring province of Silesia. Spain and Sardinia began hostilities in Italy. The Elector of Bavaria struck at the heart of the Austrian dominions on the upper Danube; and France, putting forward no claim for herself, and assuming the part of an auxiliary, under a formula invented by that most consummate master of diplomatic casuistry, Cardinal Fleury, made a treaty with Frederic, and sent an army to aid the elector. In this crisis the young queen had no allies except England and Holland. The two maritime powers held to the Austrian alliance, as their treaty obligations required, yet quite as much in obedience to the political traditions of a century; and even their support was tardy, without energy, and given always in the form most favorable to their own interests. Against this formidable combination, and supported by such unreasonable allies, the queen, though she faced the crisis with the noblest courage, soon found it hopeless to contend. She bought off the king of Prussia by the cession of Silesia. The king of Sardinia was detached from the league by similar concessions to his rapacity. The Elector of Bavaria, who had for a time enjoyed the vain dignity of emperor, died a fugitive from his own country, and his son hastened to accept a compromise. France remained in the end the only active enemy. But France, through the skillful generalship of Maurice of Saxony, had obtained so firm a hold on the Austrian

Netherlands that the combined efforts of the three allies were unable to shake it. Hence, notwithstanding the approach of a Russian army of relief, peace became for the queen, now also empress, an unavoidable necessity. The treaty of 1748 ratified the cessions already made, exacted new ones in Italy, and left the vast hereditary estate of the house of Hapsburg robbed of some of its fairest portions.

When the death of her father let loose this cruel storm upon her, Maria Theresa, though only twenty-three years of age, was already famous throughout Europe for the charms of her person and the virtues of her character. Her rich, noble, and imposing beauty held captive all who were privileged to behold it. She had walked unharmed and unslandered through all the temptations of a court not distinguished for austere habits or a severe standard of morality. With the haughty pride of her ancestors mellowed into a just sense of respect for her own character, her sex, and her station, she had early won the hearts of all by a native frankness of disposition and a certain artlessness of manner, never more attractive than in maidens of her rank. Her education, though loose and unsystematic, had taken a wide range, and given her some acquaintance with many forms of culture. Her natural gifts were good. Her marriage with Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Tuscany, was a marriage of love, and not of convenience. In short, she excelled in all the qualities of the woman, the wife, and the mother; and these, added to the singular pathos of her situation, as the inexperienced and confiding heir of vast dominions, scattered all over Europe, ought to have stayed the hand of spoliation, and made treachery hide its head with shame. But this was not to be. The age of chivalry ended, not, as Burke declares, when Marie Antoinette was led captive at the head of a ragged mob of Parisian *sans-culottes*, but fifty years

earlier, when the possessions of her mother were simultaneously invaded by half a dozen princes who had solemnly pledged themselves to defend her.

The war was over, the treaty was signed, the belligerents retired to balance the amount of loss and gain. Maria Theresa, great in the fierce excitement of arms, was also great in the quiet councils of peace. With a judgment ripened by experience and disciplined by adversity, and a nature which injustice and misfortune had made more serious without making it cynical or misanthropic, the empress-queen entered upon the second period of her reign, and took up the new task which lay before her. She cherished the memory of a great wrong. She had been robbed by those who had promised to defend her. She had been feebly supported even by those who nominally remained true; and she felt that, as self-interest alone had governed their policy, no gratitude was due them. But her chief resentment fell upon the king of Prussia. The first offender, he was also the greatest; for he had robbed the house of Austria of the province of Silesia, the fairest jewel in the Hapsburg crown. To the original offense of invading the territory of a friendly neighbor he had added, in 1744, a second breach of faith, which arrested the triumphant march of the queen's armies upon Paris, and thus wickedly prolonged a cruel and costly war. The lust of conquest, it was believed, would urge him to further aggressions, and make him always a dangerous neighbor. Hence, though his confederates might go free, he must be punished, humiliated, and rendered harmless. This determination was the key-note of Austrian policy for the next few years.

In the mean time, Frederic himself, undisturbed, apparently, by any feeling of remorse, enjoyed the glory which his victories had given him, and passed his days in the gratification of his favorite tastes. He erected costly buildings, laid

out spacious parks, founded galleries of art. He reorganized the Academy of Sciences. He wrote histories of his own and his ancestors' deeds; poems in every style known to the books of rhetoric; moral and didactic essays, which left no side of life and conduct untouched. Into his literary circle he drew some of the choicest wits and boldest skeptics of Europe. His crowning conquest was Voltaire, who, however, quarreled with his patron in 1753, and left Berlin in circumstances which became a European scandal. But during all this time the interests of state were not neglected. Frederic was singularly faithful to his duties as a ruler; and from both his precepts and his practice the most useful lessons of public conduct may be drawn, alike by the crowned and the uncrowned heads of states. In domestic affairs he made many useful and important reforms. In the field of foreign politics his chief object was to thwart the schemes of the court of Vienna, which he knew had in view the recovery of Silesia, and the reduction of Prussia to the insignificant rank held before his accession to the throne.

In the execution of these schemes of revenge, the empress-queen was aided, or rather guided, by one of the foremost statesmen in the history of Austria. Count Kaunitz was still a young man, when a correct instinct led Maria Theresa to send him as her principal representative to the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; and thenceforward, for forty years, he was her closest and most confidential adviser.

Kaunitz was a strange compound of the most contradictory qualities, good and bad, manly and effeminate, winning and repulsive. He was a fop, a profligate, a libertine, and a cynic. His toilets were the wonder of society. His dressing-room, full of powder and perfumes, of laces, frills, and puffs, seemed rather the retreat of a fashionable beauty than of a sober man of affairs. His blunt-

ness of speech spared not even the empress herself. It is related that when, at an official interview, she ventured to remonstrate with him upon his riotous living, he coolly replied that he had come to discuss her affairs, not his own. Yet beneath all this flippancy, dissoluteness, and vanity there lay a deep political purpose, a consummate knowledge of human nature, and a sagacity which was rarely deceived. His foresight looked far into the future, and controlled a wide range of combinations. He adhered tenaciously to a purpose once formed; but, with the flexibility of mind which marks a true statesman, he was always prepared for the changing circumstances of the hour.

Now the great end of Austrian statecraft, as Kaunitz and Maria Theresa saw it after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was to isolate Prussia by means of a reconciliation between the houses of France and Austria. Russia was already secured by a treaty concluded in 1746. The maritime powers, England and Holland, could join the league, or remain neutral; it was not supposed that they would take an active part against their ancient ally, or that, if they did, their aid would be of much value to Prussia. But the main thing was to gain France. With this end in view, Kaunitz himself was sent as ambassador to Paris, and remained three years as an energetic advocate of the new policy. But officially he met with no success. France still adhered to the Prussian alliance, and Kaunitz seemed at times willing to return to the old system of dependence on the naval powers. In the end, however, his opportunity came. When war again broke out between England and France, the king of Prussia, instead of renewing the alliance with France, which expired in 1756, changed his system, and formed an engagement with England. France was naturally indignant at this step, and welcomed the advances which Kaunitz promptly made. The result was the treaty of Versailles,

which brought France and Austria into alliance, and the Seven Years' War, with Prussia fighting against overwhelming odds.

Such was, in brief, the course of events. But did other influences than mere policy lead France to accept the Austrian advances, and make such a sudden rupture with her own past? This has always been answered in the affirmative. And hundreds or thousands of books have not only stated that this influence was Madame de Pompadour, but have also explained, with the most minute details, the cause of her aversion to Frederic, and the arts by which she was won for Austria.

The marchioness was then at the height of her power. Of low extraction and little culture; with an accent which made the courtiers stare, and manners which were easy rather than correct, she won her place in 1745 not more by her beauty, which, to judge by the portraits, was of a soft, luxuriant, Oriental type, than by the adroitness and audacity with which she approached the king. But once installed as the recognized mistress, she soon acquired an authority which ended only with her death. To maintain her position she adopted a careful scheme of policy, which was based on an exact knowledge of the character of the king. But it was a low, selfish, and cynical policy; and it places her far below some of the other reigning favorites of the kings of France. In spite of her relations to Louis XIV., it is possible to feel a certain respect for Madame de Maintenon, because her influence was often used for generous ends, and because, according to such light as she possessed, she was sincere, pious, and devout. The Duchess of Châteauroux was high-spirited and ambitious, and in politics appealed always to the nobler impulses of Louis XV. But Madame de Pompadour desired power only for the sake of power. She liked to be an object of flattery and adulation; to live in luxury; to dispense bounty and patron-

age; to receive ambassadors in her *boudoir*; to be surrounded by poets and artists, scholars and philosophers; to be the centre of a brilliant, showy, and gallant society. Her æsthetic tastes, though ambitious, were indeed liable to err. She bought paintings without discriminating clearly between those which were good and those which were bad. She failed to understand why Voltaire was a greater poet than Crébillon. But she discovered at a very early day that the true way to retain her influence over Louis, and thus to be the real dispenser of the court's favors in art and in letters, in civil administration and in military administration, was to cater assiduously to his corrupted tastes, and to oppose every effort of those who demanded energy, ambition, achievement. This part she played with consummate skill. When her own charms began to wane, she founded the infamous *Parc aux Cerfs*, which enabled her to gratify the passions of Louis, without introducing any rival to contest her own claims and prerogatives. As her power over the affections of the lover declined, her influence on the policy of the king became the greater. The minister of war, Count d'Argenson, suffered from her hostility. She caused the disgrace of Maurepas. She barred the path of preferment to Marshal Belleisle, the most gifted of contemporary Frenchmen. But Machault, Séchelles, Saint-Florentin, Puitsieux, Saint-Contest, Rouillé, were her own creatures, or were maintained in office by her favor. It had come, in fact, to be almost a recognized axiom in French politics that no man could obtain an important office without first paying his court and pledging his fealty to Madame de Pompadour. The foreign policy of the court of Versailles was especially supposed to be under her influence.

It was, therefore, natural that the abrupt change of system in 1756 should be ascribed to her. Frederic of Prussia, so the gossips related, had answered her com-

pliments, brought by Voltaire in 1750, with the curt reply that he had not the honor of her acquaintance; and had even aggravated his offense by further sarcasms directed at her origin, character, and career. But Maria Theresa, less fastidious than the king of Prussia, had condescended to address the powerful favorite as her dear cousin, in a letter intended to gain her support for the plans of Kaunitz. Carlyle describes the supposed facts in his history of Frederic. "The Pompadour, for instance," he writes, "who was it that answered, 'Je ne la connais pas,' I don't know her, I? How gladly would the imperial Maria Theresa, soul of propriety, have made that answer! But she did not; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative: 'A kind little note to the Pompadour; one, and then another, and another; it is indispensable, your imperial majesty!' And imperial majesty always had to do it. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little notes from imperial majesty to that address, which begin, 'ma cousine,' 'princesse et cousine,' say many witnesses; nay, 'madame ma très chère sœur,' says one good witness: notes which ought to have been printed before this, or given at least to the museums." The reader will observe the extreme delicacy of this suggestion. Carlyle continues, however, in a foot-note, "While the ministers of all the other powers went assiduously to pay their court to Madame, the Baron von Knyphausen alone, by his master's orders, never once went." Macaulay, though he does not pass, like Carlyle, for an authority on Prussian history, may also properly be heard. He tells the same melancholy story, though without the truculent exultation which Carlyle displays. After mentioning the manner in which Frederic repelled the Pompadour's overtures, he says, "The empress took a very different course. Though the haughtiest of princesses and the most austere of ma-

trons, she forgot, in her thirst for revenge, both the dignity of her race and the purity of her character, and condescended to flatter the low-born and low-minded favorite. . . . She actually wrote with her own hand a note, full of expressions of esteem and friendship, to her dear cousin, the daughter of the butcher Poisson, the wife of the publican Etioilles, — a strange cousin for the descendant of so many emperors of the West." Other authors without number give the story in essentially the same form. But no other, so far as my reading goes, has been reckless enough to state with Carlyle that the notes are still in existence.

There is no doubt that a story of this kind was current at Paris. The contemporary memoirs mention it. Mr. Stanley, whom Pitt sent to Paris in 1761 to open negotiations for peace, reported that it had been told to him by the Duke of Choiseul, the French minister; and his letter, which is printed in Thackeray's biography of Pitt, was perhaps the earliest recorded version. In gossip, hearsay evidence, and the general belief of the time the story thus found support, which historians were long willing to accept as sufficient. Yet, to take up first the charge against Maria Theresa, not only does Carlyle give no evidence for his rash assertion that notes written by her to Madame de Pompadour were still in existence, but there was absolutely none to give. On the contrary, the evidence is now nearly conclusive that no such notes were ever written.

The principal agent in exploding the ancient delusion was the Chevalier von Arneth, chief director of the archives at Vienna, and author of a voluminous history of Maria Theresa. He is indeed an Austrian, and a warm admirer of his heroine. But he is a writer of learning, diligence, ability, and candor; and his statements deserve implicit confidence. Having complete freedom of the archives, he seems to have left no corner of them unexplored; and he declares

that after the most laborious search he failed to find any copies of notes between the empress and Madame de Pompadour, or any evidence that such notes had ever been exchanged. Kaunitz, indeed, when at Paris, paid his court to the marchioness, like the other ambassadors. He gave Count Stahremberg, his successor, a letter of recommendation to her. When it was decided, in 1755, to renew overtures to France, and Stahremberg was authorized to use the services either of the Pompadour or of Prince Conti, as he might think best, in gaining private access to the king, he selected the mistress as likely to be the most successful. The marchioness entered into the scheme, and was undoubtedly both active and useful in support of it. After the treaty was signed, Kaunitz sent her a letter of acknowledgment. Two years later he forwarded her a present, which was represented as coming from the empress, and which Louis permitted her to accept. But no letter from the empress or reply from the Pompadour can be found. Finally, Ranke, a Prussian historian, and one whose great reputation allowed, or rather required, him to be just even to an enemy, discovered, and published in the thirtieth volume of his collected works, a letter from Maria Theresa, in which she indignantly denied the charge. The letter was written in 1763 to a private correspondent; if only as a literary curiosity, it deserves insertion here in its original orthography and syntax. "Vous vous trompez," she writes, "si vous croyez que nous avons jamais eut des liaisons avec la pompadour, jamais une lettre, ni que notre ministre aye passée par son canal, ils ont dut lui faire la cour comme tout les autres, mais jamais aucune intimité. Ce canal n'auroit pas convenut, je lui ais fais un present plutot gallant que magnifique l'année 1756 et avec la permission du roy, je ne la crois pas capable d'en accepter autrement." On this letter Ranke justly observes that, though the empress errs in respect to the date of the present, and

might easily have forgotten, if indeed she ever knew, the full extent of her minister's connection with the marchioness, the denial of any personal correspondence with her must be accepted as final. In this view all right-minded and candid persons will coincide.

Let us now take up the other part of the story. Is it true that Frederic made an enemy of the Pompadour by rejecting her advances in 1750, that he used subsequently no effort to win her support, and that he even ordered his envoys to have no intercourse with her?

It seems clear that, in the gilded saloons of Paris and Versailles, it was an accepted article of faith that the mistress of Louis was the mortal enemy of Frederic. Yet the common account of the origin of this enmity rests only on the authority of Voltaire, and Voltaire leaves much to be desired in the way both of precision and of consistency. He states in a private letter to his niece, Madame Denis, that when, on reaching Berlin in 1750, he made the compliments of the marchioness, as commanded by her, Frederic gave the famous reply that he had not the honor of her acquaintance. But Voltaire added that he would be careful not to let the favorite hear of the reception which her message met; and, so far as his own correspondence shows, he kept his word. It pleased him to call the Pompadour Venus, and the king Achilles. Now to Venus he wrote, soon after his arrival, in a rollicking letter: —

"Dans ces lieux jadis peu connus
 Vos complimens sont parvenus :
 Vos myrtes sont dans cet asile
 Avec les lauriers confondus :
 J'ai l'honneur de la part d'Achille
 De rendre grâces à Vénus ;"

and there is no evidence that the poet ever undeceived his friend. In the scurrilous *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* no mention is made of the incident. The *Siècle de Louis XV.* alludes only in gen-

eral terms to the sarcasms of Frederic, which had exasperated the Pompadour, but fails to offer anything more specific. Frederic's own history of this period is silent on the subject. The only corroborative evidence which I can find in the king's writings is a letter to Voltaire, in the year 1760, in which he defends himself against the charge of needlessly offending the marchioness by the observation that she had been guilty of presumption and disrespect. This seems to give a certain support to the theory that his self-respect prevented him from seeking the aid of a depraved though influential woman.

The late Professor Arnold Schaefer, in his admirable history of the Seven Years' War, admitted that such a theory was irreconcilable with the evidence afforded by the Prussian archives. The published volumes of Frederic's political correspondence, which are edited with rare erudition, and are indispensable to all students of history, complete its overthrow. In this series an early volume, the third, raises the question whether scruples of propriety could have prevented Frederic from courting the favor of the Pompadour. The volume contains the correspondence for the year 1744. In that year Frederic concluded a new treaty of alliance with France, and his special envoy, Count Rothenburg, was warmly supported by the reigning mistress of Louis, the Duchess of Châteauroux. Her services were acknowledged by Frederic in a private letter, dated the 12th of May, 1744. "It is very agreeable to me," he writes, "to know that I am in part indebted to you for the disposition which the king shows to re-cement between us the bonds of an eternal alliance. To the esteem which I have always had for you are now added sentiments of gratitude. . . . It is unfortunate that Prussia is obliged to conceal her obligations to you; but they will not the less remain engraved on my heart." And in begging her to believe

this, the king remained ever her most devoted friend. Thus Frederic wrote to the Pompadour of 1744. Is it probable that the author of this letter would have failed to address the Pompadour of 1756, the real Pompadour, if his political interests had made it necessary? Here, also, the evidence is conclusive.

When Frederic wrote the letter of 1760 to Voltaire, explaining why he had refused the overtures of the Pompadour, he knew that he had made repeated efforts between the years 1748 and 1756 to win her as an ally. Indeed, he began, before Voltaire's arrival in Berlin, to inquire about the extent of her credit and influence. In 1750 he renewed his efforts, tentatively as before, but with his purpose more distinctly in view. The following spring he threw off all reserve. Having in view, he said, only the interests of the state, he cared not to whom, of either sex, he addressed himself; and Chambrier, his envoy at Paris, was accordingly instructed to make her as many visits, and show her as many attentions, nay, to insinuate such assurances on his master's part, as he in his judgment might deem advisable. In 1752 the king urged upon the earl-marshal, William Keith, Chambrier's successor, the necessity of securing the marchioness, and inquired how that could be done. Keith, in reply, intimated that bribes would not be accepted, or, at least, would have no effect, and for a year or two Frederic let the matter rest. But in 1756, as the European crisis approached, the Pompadour again became an object of attention. In January of that year the Duke of Nivernois arrived in Berlin as French envoy. He seems to have been the bearer of a friendly message from the Pompadour, or to have given assurances of her esteem; for Frederic, writing to Baron Knyphausen, then his envoy at Paris, ordered him to make the marchioness a visit, and give her his compliments in return. In a letter of the 3d of Feb-

ruary he repeats the statement that she had made advances to him through Nivernois; and, adding that he had replied civilly through the same channel, again instructs Knyphausen to visit her frequently, and keep her assured of his, Frederic's, favorable regards. As the crisis drew near, these efforts became more urgent. On the 28th of February Knyphausen is to do everything humanly possible to gain the marchioness. Three days later, a letter from Frederic to Knyphausen says, "As to Madame de Pompadour, I shall not conceal from you my reluctance to write to her directly, as you propose; but in case it should be absolutely necessary, let her make some overtures which I can acknowledge, and thus find an occasion for writing her a direct letter."

Here, in consequence, it would seem, of Knyphausen's discouraging reports, the matter was dropped. The envoy reported that Madame de Pompadour showed no great desire to receive his visits, and that in his judgment she had never been well disposed toward the king of Prussia. She had gladly made use of the irritation caused at Paris by Frederic's treaty with England to bring France and Austria together. The treaty of Versailles was largely her work. But what was the secret of her feelings toward Frederic, and why was she so anxious to have Louis transfer his friendship from Prussia to Austria? Was it because Frederic had treated her with haughty contempt? Is it the fact that she supported the plan of a Franco-Austrian alliance in a spirit of revenge, hoping by its aid to crush a prince who had spurned and derided her,—her, Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, before whom the proudest nobles of France bent the knee? Not according to the view of Knyphausen, which Frederic seemed also to adopt.

That view was that the Pompadour looked with uneasiness upon the alliance with Prussia, because she was in constant fear, so long as it lasted, that Frederic's

ardent nature and ambitious plans would again lead Louis into dangerous enterprises, give the military party an ascendancy at Versailles, raise the credit of the minister of war, Count d'Argenson, whom she hated, and end the reign of ease and indolence on which she felt her power to depend. For this reason, she rejoiced when Frederic voluntarily cut loose from his French connection. The same line of thoughts led her to the alliance between France and Austria. It was hoped that the loss of her ancient ally, and the appearance of so formidable a combination, would make England hesitate to embark in the struggle, and even preserve the peace of Europe. Thus, in the Pompadour's view, dissipation and debauchery would remain the chief occupation of the king of France, and her own authority would stand unshaken. How wofully the base schemer was deceived it did not take her long to learn. But if Knyphausen's version of her motives was correct, it is clear that the old and almost universally accepted theory, which describes her as infuriated by Frederic's conduct, and revengefully organizing a plot for his destruction, will have to be abandoned.

The fact that one part of the history of this period will have to be rewritten in the school-books ought not, however, to cause much surprise to those who are familiar with Frederic's character, and will reflect upon the probable nature of his feelings toward Madame de Pompadour. Undoubtedly he regarded her with contempt. But this contempt must have been intellectual rather than moral, and not of a kind, therefore, to make it likely that he would hesitate to use her services whenever they could be used to advantage. He employed other instruments quite as disreputable. He adopted expedients which would to a person of delicate scruples have been not less offensive than the solicitation of a depraved woman who happened to have an immense power for good and evil. These

things were generally known ; and the theory that Frederic, in obedience to a lofty sense of virtue, had refused to purchase peace and safety by the display of common civility toward Madame de Pompadour ought always to have been regarded with suspicion.

That is, however, not the only consideration. It must also be borne in mind that the standard of conduct which prevailed in the age of Frederic made it possible for an upright and even austere prince or statesman to address himself to persons of influence, whose antecedents or character would to-day exclude them from public recognition. Elizabeth, empress of Russia, was not a pattern of the virtues ; yet no state declared non-intercourse because she was corrupt and depraved. Many a modest English matron has doubtless read with horror that Maria Theresa wrote letters to the Pompadour, and with delight that the king of Prussia scorned to use so base an instrument, in blessed ignorance of my Lord Hervey's memoirs, that ghastly picture of manners and morals at the court of George II., with Sir Robert Walpole bargaining for the aid of Mrs. Howard, and Queen Caroline, a pure and in many respects a noble woman, helping her own husband to choose a suitable mistress. Even Madame de

Pompadour was first lady of the palace to the queen of France. With such a state of things diplomacy had to deal ; and Frederic would have received little sympathy from his contemporaries in any troubles brought upon him by his own too scrupulous respect for propriety. The worthy Doctor Preuss, editor of Frederic's works and his biographer, understood this better than Carlyle. Both accepted the current version of Frederic's relations to the Pompadour, and to that extent they were in harmony. But while Carlyle made it the occasion for a contrast between Frederic and Maria Theresa, wholly to the advantage of the former, Preuss regretted that Frederic's unruly tongue should have made an enemy of one who, by a little flattery, might have been converted into a useful ally. If the two could now be recalled to life, and confronted with the new evidence, it would be interesting to observe their attitudes. Preuss, indeed, would probably hasten to withdraw the mild censure passed upon Frederic, and admit that he was not guilty of the unstatesmanlike folly of offending, or at least neglecting, a woman whose favor every prince and cabinet of Europe was anxious to gain. But for Carlyle the situation would be awkward and full of embarrassment.

Herbert Tuttle.

THE CLUE.

Oh, frame some little word for me
None else shall ever hear or see ;
Something my soul can call her own
When suddenly she feels alone ;
Something that she can take away
When God shall draw the veil of clay ;
Something that thou wilt find her by
Amidst the millions of the sky. —
That which no other soul can fit
Save hers for whom thou markest it.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE KING WHO WENT OUT GOVERNING.

THERE was once a king whose kingdom was so small that it annoyed him, for he had magnificent ideas as to what a king should be and do, but no room, he said, in which to carry them out. Being a king, he was obliged, of course, to live in a palace, which he had inherited from his father, and which was so fully and luxuriously furnished that he gave up the idea which he had entertained before he came into possession of it: this was, to send everything in it to auction, and refurnish it from garret to cellar. On one account, it was a pity he did not carry out his plan. In the King's counting-house, where he transacted all the governing business that could be done at home, was a large mirror, set in as a panel, and this, although he did not know it, was a powerful magnifying-glass. He sat in front of it every day, and the consequence was that he believed himself, his wife, and his baby to be much larger than they really were. Finding all other mirrors, as he imagined, to be defective, he ceased to use any but the one in the counting-house.

He had talked so much about the smallness of his kingdom, and the wastefulness of fate in putting a king of his capabilities in a corner, with his face to the wall, so to speak, that his wife, although she was sincerely fond of him (or perhaps because she was), was beginning to grow very tired of the subject, especially as, quite at the bottom of her heart, where he never saw it, she had a conviction that, small as the kingdom was, it might be far better governed if she, for instance, were king. She was much too polite to yawn at the King, even behind her hand, or to tell him that it did not really prove a thing to say it forty times a day; so she became expert in changing the subject, and for

a good while he had no idea that she did it on purpose. He would begin:—

"I do believe I could drive all round this ridiculous little kingdom of mine"—he never said "ours"—"in a day or two, like that king in the story; but he was such a dolt that he was quite satisfied to have it so, which I shall never be! I wonder how it would do, Guinevere, to have a war with somebody, and conquer a little more territory, just by way of beginning?"

"I should think it would be expensive," the Queen replied, thoughtfully. "Beside, you might n't be the one who conquered, you know. Talking of driving, are you aware that one of the new carriage horses has begun to go lame, and they can't find out what ails him? Suppose you were to go and see. I think grooms are always such stupid creatures."

Now this made the King say to himself, pleasantly, "That means that she knows *I* am not stupid. What a nice, sensible little woman she is, if she is a queen!"

He rose immediately, quite cheerfully, and went to see about the horse, and did not say another word about his kingdom all day. But a few days afterward he began again with, "I don't see why in the world my father did n't conquer some more territory"—

"Did you know baby had another tooth, dear?" broke in the Queen.

It struck him that there was something more than a coincidence in these interruptions, and he replied, quite sharply for him,—

"Yes, and I know that there are milestones on the Camelot road, too!"

"No," said the Queen, with a perfectly innocent face, "you only meant to have them put there; it has n't been done yet. I noticed, as I was driving

yesterday, that they have not even dug the holes for them."

"Are you sure you went a mile?" asked the King.

"Quite sure," replied the Queen, tranquilly; "in fact, we went all the way to Camelot, and I kept looking out to see if the mile-stones had been put up."

"It's extremely provoking," said the King, looking a little foolish. "I'm quite certain I gave the order about those mile-stones; at least, I am very nearly certain, for I know I meant to; yes, I remember now, I wrote it, to make sure."

The Queen was silent for several minutes, and appeared to be searching in her pocket for something which she did not find; then she said to the King, —

"Have you an envelope or anything in your pocket, on which I could make a memorandum, dear? There's something I am afraid of forgetting."

The King good-naturedly began to rummage his pockets, and he very soon found an envelope; it was sealed, and was addressed, in a business-like hand, to "The Superintendent of Highways." "Good gracious!" he said, before he thought.

"What's the matter?" asked the Queen, sympathetically. "Did that tooth hurt you again?"

"No," he said, as indifferently as he could manage to speak. "I found a letter in my pocket which I thought I had mailed, that's all. It is n't one of yours, my dear, it's — it's a business-letter of my own. Here, I'll give you a leaf from my note-book. What was the memorandum you wished to make?" And he looked at her sharply.

"Only that I had told you about baby's new tooth," she said, quite seriously. "It's so stupid to keep telling anybody the same thing over and over, you know, and I was so pleased about the tooth that I was afraid I might forget I had mentioned it, and tell you of it again."

The King could not think of an ap-

propriate reply to this statement, and so he remained silent. They had been married three years, but there were times, even yet, when he was not quite sure that he understood the Queen. But it was several days before he said anything more about the smallness of the kingdom, and this respite gave the Queen time to think up something to say to him when he should speak of it again. This happened to be during a northeast storm which had lasted two days, turning the tennis-court into a swamp, and making the roads, which were all in need of repairs, too muddy for riding. As tennis and riding were the King's two favorite amusements, he was in a very bad way indeed, and at last he said fretfully, to the Queen of course, —

"Now if I had a kingdom worth the name, there would be plenty of business to attend to, even on rainy days: there'd be telegrams coming in, and envoys and consuls and such things arriving and going away, and perhaps a war to see to, or a treaty of peace, anyhow; but I've only had one letter since yesterday morning, if you'll believe me!"

"To be sure I will believe you," replied the Queen, cheerfully. "I always do. What was the letter about?"

"Oh," said the King, growing rather red in the face, and wondering how it was that he made it so easy for the Queen to catch him, "it was that bothering road business again. They say they want some new roads opened, and the old ones repaired. I'm sure I don't see what they want with more roads, in such a little bit of a kingdom as this is!"

"Why, no," said the Queen, in her sympathizing voice, which was very sweet indeed, "I don't see, either. I should think it would be easier just to drive across a field, or a common, than on such a road, for instance, as the one to Camelot. It's so full of stones and ruts that I was really afraid baby's head would be jerked off, the last time I took him out for a drive."

"I'm going to have it thoroughly graded and remade," said the King, hastily; "that's what I've been waiting for. There's no use in tinkering a wretched road like that; it must be completely made over, and I thought I might as well wait a little, and have them all done at once. There's no sense in making two bites of a cherry. Now of course, in a large kingdom, it would be very different. I should have the roads repaired as they needed it. I tell you what it is, Guinevere, if I ever do get hold of a kingdom worth the name, I think even you will be surprised!"

"I have no doubt I shall," replied the Queen, with sweet seriousness, "and I've had an idea lately. It may not please you, dear; it is n't exactly the same thing, of course, but I thought perhaps it would be better than nothing."

"Well, let's have it," said the King, graciously. "Your ideas are quite bright, sometimes; and even if I don't see fit to utilize it, it will amuse me to hear it. I shall be glad of anything new, in this perfectly wretched weather."

Thus encouraged, the Queen proceeded to unfold her idea.

"You know," she said, "that several of our neighboring kingdoms are peculiarly situated: one is under a regency; another has a poor old king who is beginning to be childish, but they're all so fond of him they don't like to ask him to retire; and another is under the rule of that gay little queen, who openly pronounces it a bother. Now I thought that perhaps a carefully worded advertisement might induce them to let you help them govern their kingdoms, and that would give you plenty to do. It might even, in some ways, be more entertaining than governing a large kingdom of your own. What do you think about it, dear?"

"It is n't half a bad idea," said the King, musingly, "and it might lead, in the end, to their ceding me part of their territory; but it would be rather difficult,

I'm afraid, to write a suitable advertisement, — to make them understand just what I mean. Besides, I don't believe there is any one newspaper that they all take."

"You might send a marked copy to each of them," answered the Queen; "and as for the form of the advertisement, I thought I would see how it looked, and so I wrote this. Of course it's only an experiment, but perhaps you can use it for a sort of foundation for yours."

She handed him a slip of paper, on which was written, —

"A King, of unusual administrative and executive abilities, whose kingdom is too small to occupy more than half of his time and thoughts, would like to assist any king or queen, who may find his or her duties too onerous, in governing his or her kingdom. The King will either do this at home, by means of correspondence, or go out by the day or week, if desired to do so. There will be no charge, but the King will require his expenses paid, whether of traveling, board and lodging, or postage and stationery. Address, stating particulars, A. R., Camelot, P. O."

"I thought I'd better say Camelot," added the Queen, "it would be such a bother to have them coming here; and we can tell the postmaster not to give them the real address."

"Yes," said the King, "that would be better, certainly. We can't have them coming here, and I'd rather they should not know who it is, unless they give me something to do. I like this very well, so far as the sense goes, Guinevere, but it's badly worded. I do wish they'd settle on that pronoun which is to mean either him or her. They've been talking about it for years, but nothing seems to come of it. Where's your pencil? Thank you. I'll just straighten this up a little, and then I think it will do. I really believe I will try it."

The King scribbled, and frowned, and

rubbed out, and put in, for at least fifteen minutes; then he said, triumphantly, —

“There, my dear, ‘*comment est cela pour haut?*’ as the French minister said the other day, when he showed me his new uniform.”

He read aloud: —

“‘A King, of unusual administrative and executive ability, whose time is not fully occupied, would like to assist in the government of two or three other kingdoms. The King will go out by the day or week, as may be desired. No charge will be made save for the payment of needful expenses. Address, stating particulars, A. R., Camelot, P. O.’

“You see,” he continued, “I thought it would look better not to put in about the smallness of my kingdom, which really has nothing to do with it, so far as they are concerned; and I’ve managed to do without all that his or her business, and to make the part about expenses seem less like haggling; and I would n’t care to take the work in: so that, saving your presence, my dear, I think mine is a good deal neater. Don’t you?”

“Yes,” said the Queen, “I do; and then it’s so much shorter that they will be more likely to read it, and it will cost less to put it in, too. I do wonder if you’ll have any applications. It will be great fun, if you do.”

“I am nearly sure I shall,” said the King, confidently. “But, however you may regard the matter, Guinevere, I shall not look upon it as a joke, for it may lead to very wide results. I declare, it’s actually clearing up. Suppose you just make me a fair copy of this, dear? I must go and see if I can’t have the tennis-court drained in some way. I think a ditch across the lower part, just for the present, would answer.”

The King was gone before the Queen could answer, whatever the ditch might do about it, and so he did not see the little smile which was on her face as she

made a fair copy of the advertisement, and addressed it to the principal newspaper in the kingdom.

Within a week he actually did receive an answer. It was from the flighty little Queen who considered her kingdom a bother, and it ran thus: —

“If A. R. will send his real name and address to the Queen of —, he will hear of something to his advantage. A reliable reference must accompany the name and address.”

“I don’t like that at all,” said the King, after reading it aloud. “The idea of that little flibbertigibbet asking *me* for a reference! I shall take no notice of this answer, — none what ever!”

“But, dear,” said the Queen, as soon as she could find a chance to speak, “don’t you see that she had n’t the least idea whom she was addressing? In a matter so serious as allowing any one to help her with the government, she is necessarily obliged to be careful. I am agreeably surprised to find that she has so much common sense. Now suppose you just write a civil note, giving your name and address, and saying nothing about the reference; for of course, as soon as she knows who you are, it will be all right. If she offers to pay you, as I judge, from the wording of her answer, that she means to, don’t fly out at her, but just take it; there are so many lovely public things that you could do with the money.”

“Such as what?” asked the King, still a little sulkily.

“Oh, drinking-fountains, and reading-rooms, and temperance saloons, where they could have really nice drinks, and as much gilding and as many chandeliers and things as the liquor saloons have,” replied the Queen, who, although she never breathed it, even to the baby, often thought what she would do if she might be King just for one little week.

“Well, we’ll see, dear,” said the King, quite pleasantly, for, to do him

justice, he never long stayed sulky. "I'll give her my name and address, and see what comes of it, anyhow."

What came of it was an urgent invitation to the King to come at once, for a week, and attend to some business about which the flighty little Queen said she was being fairly bored to death.

"It's nothing in the least interesting," she wrote, "but I do hope you will come, for I really have not time to attend to it, and they are making the most ridiculous fuss. It would be fairer, I suppose, just to tell you at once what it is: it's roads! They've gone so far as to say that there isn't a road in my whole kingdom worthy of the name, and I'm inclined, from what I see, to believe them. I always ride, myself. I detest driving, but I can imagine what it must be for people who like it. I have a very vivid imagination, — it's hereditary, — and so I am quite willing the poor souls should have better roads, if only I need not be worried about it; and what I wish is, to have the affair conducted in the most thorough and skillful manner, to have the sort of road — whatever that may be — that lasts longest and requires least mending. So please say when you will arrive, and I will have the very best suite of rooms — after my own, of course — in the palace put in order for you. By the way, I wish you would present my compliments to your wife, and ask her to come with you, and bring the baby. I have an idea that I should find the baby amusing, and, at any rate, I could photograph him; for I hear he is very pretty, and that he looks very much like you. Come as soon as you can, please, for they are really giving me no peace of my life."

"What a frank, artless little soul she seems to be!" said the King, with an indulgent smile, as he handed the letter to his wife. "You'll go, will you not, dear?"

"Why, yes," said the Queen, when she had finished reading the letter, "I

think I will. We can leave the Prime Minister in charge for a week, I should imagine. We'll be sure to find everything just as we left it, when we come back. When shall we go?"

Now, to tell the truth, the King had hoped and expected that the Queen would say they ought not both to be away at once for a whole week, and so would decline; not from any want of affection for her, for he was really very fond of her, and of the baby too, but he thought he would like to make his first attempt at governing for somebody else quite alone. It was so difficult to tell, sometimes, just what the Queen was thinking, and whether she really did approve of him or not! But he would not for the world have hurt her feelings knowingly, and so he assumed a contented expression, or thought he did, and said as cheerfully as he could, "I think I shall say next Thursday week, — to-day is Monday; that will give me ten days, you know."

"But why do you want ten days before you go?" asked the Queen, who had thought he would probably fix the next day but one, and had been wondering how she could get the baby and herself ready in so short a time; for she had fully made up her mind to go, even if she should have to have a new bonnet sent after her.

"Well," said the King, fidgeting with the shovel and tongs, and feeling his face turn red, which always annoyed him, "you see she's anxious to have it done in the best and most lasting manner. There have probably been improvements since I looked into the matter; so I think I'll read up about it, and sort of practice on my own roads first. It will be quite a card for me if I give satisfaction, as of course I shall; for she talks so much that every one will hear of it, and no doubt it will lead to some more important undertaking."

"I think that is a capital idea," said the Queen, "a capital idea; but you've

no time to lose. Suppose you advertise for workmen to-morrow morning, so that you may set things going at once."

"Don't be so precipitate, my love," said the King.

"There are times," said the Queen, calmly, "when it becomes necessary to be precipitate, and this is one of them. We have all the afternoon and evening; for I shall help you to consult your authorities and take notes, of course. We can draw up written instructions for the more distant roads; those near at hand you will wish to superintend personally, just for the sake of the practice. I don't see why we cannot be ready by to-morrow morning, if we go right at it."

"Perhaps we can," said the King, starting up. "I'll go straight off and see what books I need, and bring them back myself."

They had a really delightful afternoon and evening; the King grew more and more animated and interested, and the Queen helped him with such intelligence and judgment that by bedtime everything was in readiness. The next morning the King was so impatient to be out and setting things going in his department that he would hardly wait to eat his breakfast, although, by his own request, it was two hours earlier than usual.

At the end of the week, there was not a road, nor even a lane, in the whole kingdom, which was not in apple-pie order: some were turnpiked, some were macadamized, some were paved, but all were thoroughly well done; and as the chariot bowled along, without jolt or jar, on its way to the neighboring kingdom, three days later, the King said in his most satisfied manner, "I really shall not regret this business, even if nothing more comes of it than the knowledge and experience I have acquired, and the improvement to my own kingdom."

Something more did come, however.
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The flighty little Queen was so delighted with the masterly manner in which the King went to work at her roads, and finished them, too, that she sounded his praises every time she showed the photographs she had taken of the baby; and as this was every time she had a shadow of a chance at anybody who had not seen them, his fame spread far and wide. The only unpleasant thing about it was that the little Queen was too apt to add to her unqualified praise of the King, —

"And it's such a pity, my dear, that he didn't make a more congenial marriage. His wife is a good, quiet little body, and I must own that they seem very fond of each other; but, intellectually, there's no comparison!" — which was quite true.

The King had not been at home quite a week, when he received a letter from the Prime Minister who took chief charge of the childish old king and his kingdom. "I write to ask your services," he began, "concerning a matter which must not even be mentioned in the presence of our King; he might consider it personal. I have reason to think that the lunatic asylums, both public and private, are very much mismanaged, and, judging from what I have heard of you, you are the very man we want to reform this abuse. For an undertaking so difficult and of such magnitude, you will not, I hope, refuse a suitable compensation. An early answer will oblige."

When the King had read this aloud to the Queen, he exclaimed, "Oh, thunder!" a phrase he never used unless he was very much annoyed indeed. They were extremely busy drawing plans for the drinking-fountains which were to be erected with the money which the flighty little Queen had insisted upon the King's accepting; each fountain was to be different from all the rest, and there were to be two dozen, so there was some little excuse for the King.

"It is vexatious," said the Queen,

soothingly, "but then, just consider what a compliment it is! They must have a very high regard for your abilities, dear, to entrust such a matter as that to you. When shall you go? For of course you can't refuse, since they would naturally ask you why you advertised for more governing to do."

Now the King had thought very strongly of refusing, but when the Queen said this he suddenly changed his mind. "I can't go for at least two weeks," he said, gloomily. "I'm not going to do a thing, even here at home, until this drinking-fountain business is settled, and — and — I shall want a week or ten days to study the matter up. The fact is, Guinevere, they've been saying unpleasant things to me, lately, about our own asylums, and I think I'll do as I did about the roads, since it seemed to work so well. We'll have to hurry with these plans now. I can write to the Prime Minister this evening."

They worked with such energy that the plans were finished, and given out to the artisans, two days later. Then the King began his inspection of the lunatic asylums. He had spoken of appointing inspectors, and having their reports submitted to him; but from this the Queen had succeeded in dissuading him in such a manner that he imagined he had dissuaded himself. Upon one point, however, he stood firm: he would not let her go with him.

He came back one evening with a pale, shocked, guilty face. She did not ask him what he had seen. But during the week that followed, while he worked early and late with frantic energy, — for he had a very warm heart. when he let it assert itself, — she kept from him every disagreeable thing that occurred in the household. She never asked him a question, and she told him so many pleasant bits of gossip that he was driven to conclude that, outside of lunatic asylums, this world is really quite an agreeable place.

It was with shuddering reluctance that he set out upon his mission to the kingdom of the childish old King, but his face had never showed such determination in all his life before, and his wife kissed him good-by with a tender pride which went far to sustain him through this second ordeal. And now, indeed, his fame began to spread. He performed his duties so thoroughly, and yet with such moderation and good sense, that his services instantly became in great demand. On his return home two or three invitations awaited him.

"You'll accept this one, I suppose, dear?" said his wife, holding up the one from the Regent, in which the King was asked to come and institute a reform in the management of the prisons. "Those other two are almost insulting, and I would decline very frigidly, if I were you."

Now of these other two, one was to assist at the reception of a great foreign potentate, and the other was to take a prominent part in an international tennis match; and the King, who really had been a good deal used up by his recent exertions, was just thinking that he owed it to himself to take a little recreation, and that the tennis match was quite opportune.

"I don't know," he said, doubtfully. "I'd have to inspect our own prisons first, Guinevere, just to get my hand in, and I was thinking — well, I'll see."

The Queen said nothing more, just then; she left him to think. That evening he accepted the Regent's invitation. The result was not quite so painful in the bringing about as it had been with the lunatic asylums, but it was pretty bad; and when the King returned, pale and worn, and with the gay, untroubled look of a year ago gone forever from his blue eyes, the Queen hugged him, and cried and laughed, and made the baby hug him, until he smiled once more, after a fashion. Then they left the Prime Minister in charge, and went for

a week to a fishing village, about which none of the nobility and gentry knew anything at all, and had a most delightful time. The King fished every day and all day, and came near catching the largest fish of the season; and the Queen and the baby sat in holes in the beach sand, and watched him, until they were all three as brown as a bun. But in the evenings, those long, light, lovely evenings on the beach, they talked as they had never talked before. This was what the King said, the last evening before they went home: "I may not receive any more invitations, Guinevere, but if I do I shall decline them. I shall have to keep a sharp lookout on

those things I've already reformed, for it would be worse than ever for them to slip back to where they were; so for the present, at least, I shall confine my attention entirely to my own kingdom. It is larger than I thought it was."

The Queen was gazing far, far out to sea; he was not certain that she heard him, until he saw a faint, moonlight sort of smile steal over her face, and she said, in an absent-minded way, —

"Size is a relative thing, dear."

He had an uncomfortable feeling that he knew what she meant, and yet he was not sure. It was nearly four years, now, that they had been married, but she puzzled him even yet, sometimes.

Margaret Vandegrift.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.¹

As one reads the writings of Alexander Hamilton, it is impossible to escape a sense of regret that he was not born within the limits of the thirteen colonies in British America. The most distinguished statesman of the United States should have been a son of their soil, a product of their civilization, a result of their formative influences. It was a strange freak of chance or destiny which placed so magnificent an intellect in the head of a child to be born illegitimately, of obscure parentage, on the insignificant island of St. Kitt's. Many a mother, under the like embarrassing circumstances, would have so managed the infantile career of the unwelcome little waif that the world would have lost, nor have ever known it, one of the grandest and most useful brains of this hemisphere. One may fancy that Dame Nature, humorously inclining to amuse herself with a grotesque practical joke, devised the notion of dropping this overshadow-

ing mind into this tiny, neglected, and remote nook. It was a perilous jest, which might easily have become a costly blunder; but, fortunately, matters were rectified by Hamilton himself, who, finding himself, as we know by his own boyish confession, troubled with a "*prevalent ambition*" at about the age at which children are more wont to be troubled with getting their permanent teeth, wisely established himself in New York. He had been there but a short time, and was getting well advanced in his "teens," when he published the earliest of those writings which have justly been deemed worthy of preservation as being of real historical value. Nor did many years elapse before he began to instruct his countrymen, indeed to illumine the coming generations, with some of the most profound treatises on government and finance, and some of the ablest state papers, which have ever been written in any age or country.

¹ *The Works of Alexander Hamilton.* Edited by HENRY CAROT LODGE. Vols. I.-VIII.

New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1886.

But though this brilliant and precocious fugitive from little St. Kitt's became one of ourselves only through the process of immigration, there was nothing more striking in his history than the rapidity and thoroughness with which he became Americanized. I do not remember to have seen this fact anywhere so brought out as it ought to be, for the utter transformation whereby this child of a French mother by a Scotch father, born and reared in a tropical settlement, became an integral part of an entirely different people was nothing less than wonderful. We recognize Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Pickering, as distinctively American; all, save perhaps Washington, may be regarded as types quite as much as individuals; and while large numbers of their countrymen resembled one or another of them in moral and mental traits, it is obvious that they could have sprung from no other race, and could have found their special development amid no other surroundings or social influences. Lafayette was a young man when he came to this country, in a condition of extremely receptive enthusiasm; yet his perfect Frenchness was not even visibly modified here. Gallatin remained an Americanized Swiss all his life, and could never get rid of his foreign accent. But Hamilton was at once fully and absolutely an American, and almost as much a type as were those eminent men above named. He seems never to have thought of himself, nor to have been regarded by any one else, in any other light. His position, feelings, ideas, sympathies, all his habits of thought, his ways of considering questions, his points of view, could not have been more national if his ancestors had come over in the Mayflower. If we read his writings, especially all his correspondence, which is the best evidence on such a question, with an especial view to studying this aspect of nationality in mind and character, we cannot but be greatly struck by it. He

feels, thinks, and speaks not as one who has cast in his lot with a people whom he admires and understands, but as himself being absolutely and in fact one of those people. Thus he always so regarded himself as an American that he felt no protestations necessary; he forgot, and made others forget, that he could have any other character. Every line in these eight volumes of his writings bears evidence of this perfect assimilation, extraordinary even in a country in which assimilation seems the order of nature. It is no contradiction of this to say that he probably owed to his French blood a vivacity and a power of making himself agreeable and attractive in society which few Americans enjoyed; neither to say that of all the Americans of his day he was far the most cosmopolitan. It may be added that he, Franklin, and Gouverneur Morris were the only Americans who were cosmopolitan at all. The trait did not mark our great men in that time. Even John Adams could not acquire it, though he had such extensive experiences on the Continent and in England, regions which Hamilton never in his life had the good fortune to visit. Nor could Jefferson get it, though half of his heart was always with France, and though he prided himself on the comprehensiveness of his knowledge, the scope of his sympathies, and the liberality of his views, which he conceived to embrace all civilized human kind. But Hamilton's cosmopolitanism was due to the expansiveness of his intellect and grasp of his mind, which were too large to accept the limitations established by the thoughts and ways of any one people. With him cosmopolitanism was a purely mental characteristic.

The quiet manner in which Hamilton laid entirely aside, far remote from sight or memory of himself or others, the fact that he was not sprung of old American stock, was not an autochthon of the North American colonies, is only one among several evidences of a peculiar

trait in his character. In just the same way, his writings indicate that he neither spoke nor apparently thought at all of his social origin. Who he was, what he might be expected to be according to the principles of descent and heredity, were questions which he so tranquilly ignored that the few persons who ventured to ask or to answer them did so covertly, and whispering among themselves. He simply stepped into a position among those who were socially and intellectually the best and foremost people; and in doing so did not seem to be challenging a right, but only to be appearing where he naturally belonged. What he, in this easy and careless fashion, took for granted was granted, at once and by everybody. No one ever doubted that he belonged where he placed himself. He did not present as credentials the status of any ancestor, near or remote; he only easily offered himself, his own brains and his own breeding. No one ventured to say that these were not perfectly satisfactory. Almost, if not quite, his only remark concerning his father occurs in a paper wherein, in the course of some business arrangements, he had to speak of certain pecuniary assistance rendered to the old gentleman; he then says, "Though, as I am informed, a man of respectable connections in Scotland," etc. Was there ever shown a more utter indifference to the source of one's being, — to one's antecedents, as the phrase is? No man, not even Lord Thurlow, was ever more frankly ready to *start with himself*, so to speak; and Hamilton was a man of such force, such impressiveness, and in matters of detail so perfectly finished that the world let him start and stand as and where he chose, quite as a matter of course and without question or comment. In precisely the same way, when little more than a boy, he never seems to have thought that his juvenility was a matter of the slightest consequence, as in a certain sense it was not. He spoke and

wrote what he thought, on the one hand without humility, and on the other hand equally without that conscious assumption which almost always marks the efforts even of the ablest youths. The value of his thoughts, opinions, and arguments was intrinsic in them, and had nothing whatsoever to do with the greater or less number of years during which he happened to have been in the world, — a matter which, as he never thought of it himself, so also other people generally seem to have forgotten, except in the way of occasional admiration. A striking instance of this is found in his temporary alienation from Washington. There is something imposing in the spectacle of this stripling indulging in a quarrel with the great and impressive commander in chief, and describing it in a letter, perfectly temperate and dignified in tone, as if it had been in every respect a falling out between persons equal in all else save the mere matter of military rank.

Since the first generation of citizens of the United States passed away, it has become a lamentable and growing habit of the country to breed small politicians with that exuberant fecundity with which tropical swamps beget noisome reptiles. Now and again a real statesman towers among the unwholesome and insignificant groups, like an oak loftily overtopping the expanse of stunted and too often noxious underbrush. At last, the henchman and the heeler, the wire-puller and the manipulator of primaries, have attained such consequence that they close around and destroy the statesman before he can develop his independent proportions, just as the poisonous ivy can strangle in its fatal embrace the young tree which might otherwise grow to noble size. A century ago these *dramatis personæ* were unknown among the villains upon the stage of public affairs. Then the political "machine" was uninvited, with the countless other more praiseworthy machines which restless

Yankee ingenuity has since devised and carried to excellence approaching perfection. It is true that in those days even cabinet officers could conduct mean intrigues, and could slander and covertly backbite not only each other, but Washington himself. The times were not ideal, but the prizes of the public service were not sufficiently valuable to compensate for any great squandering of time, labor, or virtue. Even the public men most open to criticism in that earlier and simpler era, reversing the proportions of our day, devoted probably three fourths of their energy to advance what they deemed the public welfare, and allied their political fortunes with broad doctrines of policy and genuine principles of statecraft. Nor was it because a policy or principle seemed likely to be popular that they adopted it, but because they believed in it; so that their allegiance to political creeds grew out of and illustrated their intellectual constitution. If one seeks evidence of this, it may be found not alone in their public acts and writings, but in their private correspondence. Of Hamilton this statement is peculiarly true. If he was ambitious to rise, at least it was not by jostling and displacing others that he endeavored to get to the front. It was the prevalence of principles and policies in which he honestly had faith which he first sought to secure; his own power he regarded only as the natural and logical sequence of the success of these; and it was hostility to these, not hostility to himself personally, which he conceived to be a just cause for political antagonism upon his part. All his letters show a singular absence of the purely personal element in his valuation of men, and in his advice in matters of candidacy.

The student of history feels, then, as he studies the works of the men who were busied with the birth and childhood of our republic, that he is among great statesmen. They were so. The fact is beyond a question. They were men

of large ability, generously developed by the rare responsibilities of the formative era in a country too young and too poor to have nourished selfishness; they were substantially honest; they were, for men in public life, exceptionally disinterested; they generally had honorable purposes and high aims. One has only to read their writings to be convinced upon these points. These writings, indeed, it may be supposed, are read much less than they ought to be; for in their respective sets of eight, ten, or a dozen clumsy octavos they look far from alluring. Yet, seriously, a large part of them will very well bear reading. Especially is this true of the Hamilton volumes and those of Jefferson. Beyond question Hamilton's are the most broadly valuable. We may read the others in order to gain a knowledge of the history of the times; we may read his not only for this purpose, but also to gather knowledge useful in all ages so long as modern civilization and modern habits of polity and of business shall endure. A large proportion of his public papers bear upon questions of finance, internal taxation, tariff, protection, encouragement of manufactures, commerce, national banking, a multitude of subjects not less important to-day than when they were freshly written; and these topics cannot now be discussed in satisfactory shape by any one of our publicists unless he is familiar with all that Hamilton had to say on the subject in hand. What Hamilton did say is liable to be undervalued now, because it will seem to many persons trite and familiar. So it is; for no small part of what he taught has entered into and informed the views of the American people upon matters of public policy; and such a criticism would be like that of the gentleman who went to see Hamlet played, and came away remarking that Shakespeare was a fellow of no originality, for the whole play was only a string of quotations. The Tables of Contents in these eight volumes may rattle dryly on the ear, but the perusal

of the pages themselves will be found surprisingly agreeable, even by the "general reader" who shall have the enterprise to undertake it. For those who do so Hamilton possesses one great advantage: he wrote admirable English, and had a style which is read with ease and pleasure. In this he excelled his contemporaries. Washington, if one could wish to speak unkindly of him, would narrowly escape being called illiterate; if we do not sneer at what he wrote, it is out of our great respect for what he did, and because he had the help of other men's pens in his lifetime, supplemented by the aid of very loyal and helpful editors and biographers since his death. Adams, when writing what he did not expect to publish, wrote like a plain man of sense, and readably enough; but no human being can now force a way through the stilted dullness and stale erudition of the lucubrations which he designed for the enlightenment of his much-to-be-pitied readers in his own generation. Jefferson is very agreeable, and more modern in some respects than were his contemporaries; yet he inundates his subject with such a torrent of words as deprives us of the pleasure to be derived from confidence in the accuracy of his statement or the soundness of his thinking. Madison, less open to direct criticism, is dry and tedious. But Hamilton is read with rapidity and pleasure. His style is vigorous and masculine, and but little defaced by the tiresome elaboration and propriety of the day. The singular clearness of his mind illumines his language; he neither wastes words nor leaves anything obscure. Many of his papers deserve study on rhetorical grounds, as examples of exposition and argument. He furnishes some of the finest specimens in existence of that most effective of all the forms of argument, the argument through statement. After he has arrayed his facts he seems to have left nothing further to be done; his mere statement of his position often embodies

both its explanation and its defense. It was this faculty which made it impossible for Hamilton's opponents, numerous and industrious as they were, to prevail against the schemes which he proposed to Congress. He had such a way of enlisting reason in his service that discussion seemed superfluous. Perhaps it may be said that his arguments came disguised in the clothing of facts. In logic, in rhetoric, or in controversy, there is no higher art, no more formidable skill. It is a curious as well as a very useful and instructive study to compare his papers, in this especial point of view, with the documents of the other side, notably with those prepared, certainly with no slight eloquence and plausibility, by his arch opponent, Jefferson. Hamilton forces conviction to-day as he did in his own time.

Probably the student of Hamilton's writings will regard it as a fair judgment rather than an outgrowth of partiality to set him at the head of all statesmen of the United States, and among the few very greatest of the world. He had a native aptitude for the problems of statesmanship; it was the kind of work which his mind was created to do. By way of furnishing a scale to measure this, it may be said that it involved, as one department or faculty only among many, such a capacity for constitutional law that in this respect Marshall did not surpass him, though Marshall left a monumental reputation reared upon this sole basis. One has the consciousness of strength, of power, in his way of thinking; his brain seems to work in an atmosphere so clear that every fact and every argument must stand out in sharply cut outlines; there can be no distortion, neither any error in perspective, in relationship or proportion, where all is pure lucidity. There is also extraordinary grasp and breadth, — nothing is so remote as to escape just appreciation; there is fullness of knowledge which makes contradiction hopeless, and with

this there comes as a detail a singular accuracy of information extending to every minute part of the business. He never seems ingenious or subtle, never surprises the reader by bringing him to an unexpected conclusion through by-roads. He is seen always to travel along the straight turnpike. What escape then remains from implicit confidence in the result? Such was and still is the state of mind in which Hamilton leaves his reader. Of all the men of that day, Jefferson alone can be compared with Hamilton in controversial ability or in skill with his pen, and Jefferson is only near enough to provoke comparison, not to profit by it. For he was less accurate, less clear, less honest in thought, and less simple in exposition; ingenious and sophistical when it serves his turn, he fails to give the impression of having grasped truth so surely. But he had what Hamilton lacked,—the capacity to attract and persuade the masses, to gather a devoted following among the people at large. Hamilton, in respect of sheer intellect, stands easily preëminent; but when he left state papers, financial and constitutional topics, he could not talk humanitarianism and so-called philosophy as Jefferson could. One conceives that he thought this style a trifle disingenuous, and too much interlarded with humbug. Suffrage substantially universal without universal intelligence established a condition of the constituent body by no means well adapted for Hamilton's success. Perhaps this lack of control over the people is to be regarded as a shortcoming in a statesman; if so, it was in Hamilton a serious defect.

There is one more observation which cannot be omitted in any remarks upon Hamilton's writings, and this is the noble tone which pervades them. The reader sees not only patriotism, not only political honesty and of course personal integrity, but he must be struck with a certain high spirit, a loftiness of aim, a

pride of consciously pure purpose. Morally, these volumes are elevating. Hamilton was eminently human, a man of strong passions, not wholly devoid of prejudice, occasionally, though very slightly, suspicious. These traits led him into a few mistakes in his judgments of men, a few blunders in matters of policy. Yet amid times of great excitement and of bitter animosities there was only one instance in which he did anything that seems beneath the standard of a perfectly honorable and exceptionally high-minded man. When it is frankly said that there is one such instance, it should also be said that probably few men holding public office in any country have had all their doings so fully known as were those of Hamilton. Obscurity never covered any act or word of his which could provoke criticism; it is undeniable that he had very singular ill-luck in this respect.

Hamilton had the imperious, or rather the imperial temper. There was about him the atmosphere of command. One perceives it clearly throughout his correspondence, though it does not appear in an offensive way. He never addressed his political associates or followers in a dictatorial form; yet his letters none the less plainly emanate from the controlling mind. Clearly enough he is one giving advice to those who will take it, and who will do well in taking it. He did not conceal this fact by an intentional art of expression. It was a common understanding between himself and his correspondent that his knowledge was best, his counsel wisest, his insight deepest, and that his friends would recognize the palpable truth. So they generally did. If he could not lead the ignorant masses, at least he governed nine tenths of the intelligent and thinking people in the United States, and rarely did they question, and never revolt. Seldom did he fall into serious error; once only, in his behavior before the election of Jefferson he lost his judgment unpardonably, and

laid himself open to the criticism of the more independent thinkers of his party. Generally he was greatly wiser than the chief men among the Federalists, and notable instances of the sound influence which he endeavored to exercise may be noticed in his letter to Pickering of June 8, 1798, wherein he advises to "mete the same measure" to France and to England; and in his letter to Wolcott, a few days later, wherein he beseeches the party to go cautiously in the matter of the Alien and Sedition laws: "I hope sincerely the thing may not be hurried through. Let us not establish a tyranny. Energy is a very different thing from violence," etc. But these sage counsels, far above the level of Federalist intelligence, unfortunately proved of little avail.

Hamilton retired from public life at the age of thirty-eight years, — for his military service in Adams's administration was a nominal affair, — and died at the age of forty-seven years. Jefferson was in active public service until he was within a month of his sixty-seventh birthday; and Andrew Jackson left the presidency eleven days before he was seventy years old. Moreover, Jefferson and Jackson each had for eight years all the power attendant upon the highest office in the nation. The three have exercised greater authority in shaping the political customs and doctrines of the American people than have any other of our public men; and certainly neither long life nor high office placed either Jefferson or Jackson ahead of Hamilton in this regard. Jefferson gave shape and expression, coupled with a powerful party organization, to what may be called genuine American democracy. Open as he may be to criticism in matters of detail, he was a great statesman, he did good work, and he left the government and the national politics substantially in excellent condition. Jackson wielded the widest influence for harm that has ever been exercised in the country: he led

and organized democratic ignorance as Jefferson had led and organized democratic intelligence; he inaugurated the "spoils system," which Jefferson, though with somewhat itching fingers, had refused to handle, at least with any real efficiency; he introduced the low and personal tone into politics, and made the politician succeed the statesman in public affairs. But Hamilton, whose day of power preceded that even of Jefferson, organized much more than a party or a political system: he organized the very government of the United States; he infused into that vast and complicated machinery so wonderful a combination of strength with smoothness of running that those who came after him could neither remodel it nor easily throw it out of gear. His was the constructive intellect, which fortunately came earliest in the order. The student of American history prior to the slavery and civil war period, who wishes to understand the principles of the government, the spirit of the politics, and the genius of the people of the United States, must study the works of Hamilton and of Jefferson and the doings of Jackson, — not his writings! — for the order of time between these three is the order of logical sequence in our history and in our political development. To borrow a simile from physics, it may be said that Hamilton, with most of the intelligence of the nation at his back, and Jefferson, with the bulk of the population behind him, came into collision; and the resultant of the two opposing forces sent the American people along the course upon which they have ever since been moving, subject only to such deflections as are attributable to an occasional Jacksonian, or other irruptive influence.

Such being the case, the publication of a new edition of the writings of Hamilton, edited by a well-known scholar in American history, is a matter of no small consequence. For many years not only have these works been "out of

print," but it has been almost impossible to procure them. The original edition, published by authority of Congress, consisted of about seven hundred copies, of which nearly five hundred were absorbed by members of Congress and officials at Washington; they thus became widely scattered throughout the country, often going into the hands of persons who cared not for them, and allowed them to be lost or destroyed. For many years after the civil war advertisements for copies were inserted in Southern and Southwestern newspapers, but often the would-be purchaser had to wait one or two years before obtaining a set, and then had to pay a very high price. It is a grave misfortune to have such volumes so scarce, and the present edition, though stated to consist of too limited a number of copies, is therefore very welcome. In many important respects it is a better edition than was the preceding. The duties of the editor of such writings are better understood in these days than they were then. Fortunately, that custom is no longer considered excusable which, in the days of Mr. Sparks and his contemporaries, was thought to be proper, namely, to suppress or garble a document out of regard to the supposed respectabilities. If the old-fashioned editor found a paper, a paragraph, a sentence, which he thought had better not have been written, he took the liberty of omitting it, and flattered himself that he had even done a praiseworthy act, when in fact he had been false to his trust and had trifled with the truth of history. Mr. Lodge certainly has not erred in this way; he has supplied such omissions as the timid prudence of Mr. J. C. Hamilton had induced him to make in some instances, — not many, however, it must be admitted. Mr. Lodge has even gone so far as to reproduce the famous Reynolds pamphlet. It is said that after Hamilton's death his faithful and charming wife industriously secured as many copies of this humiliating publication as

she could lay hands upon, and destroyed them. It is much to be regretted that her generous efforts could not have gathered and burned them all; but this was of course impossible, and the subject was of that kind that is always cursed with unconquerable vitality. Mr. Parton ungenerously gave it a renewed and needless notoriety in his life of Jefferson, and now Hamilton's editor has felt obliged to reproduce it in this collection of his works. The propriety of this was a difficult question, upon which there is likely to be some difference of opinion; we incline, though not without grave hesitation, to think that Mr. Lodge decided rightly. The scandal had become ensnared in history, and Hamilton's behavior helps us to a correct understanding of his character.

An editor more fit than Mr. Lodge for this task could probably not have been found; for he is saturated with knowledge of the period, and has an admiration for Hamilton, which, however, he evidently does not cherish for Hamilton's son, the former editor, who is always curtly spoken of as "J. C. Hamilton." Indeed, the note on p. 166, *et seq.*, of vol. viii., out of keeping with the scale of annotation generally adopted, seems elaborated with the express purpose of casting a slur upon the alleged inaccuracy of this unfortunate predecessor. In all substantial matters the new editing is very well done. There has unquestionably been as thorough an investigation as possible in the search for new material, and a surprising amount has been found, much of which is valuable and interesting. The pages are burdened with no "dead wood" which the reader would like to have had cut away. The arrangement is good. As has been said, we are able to feel satisfied that there is neither omitting nor garbling; that we have all that there is just as it came from Hamilton's pen. The annotation is in the main very satisfactory. One would like sometimes to be told the

fate of a scheme or a measure, but an attempt to extend the notes over such matters would have been open to many objections, and probably it was wise to confine them as narrowly as has been done. It is needless to say that they are thorough and accurate; but many of them, it must be confessed, bear marks of haste in composition, and are in poor shape in a literary point of view. Further, there is an unfortunate prevalence of that class of errors which come from careless proof-reading, — errors which will seldom mislead readers, who will note them chiefly as blemishes; yet

they are blemishes which ought not to deface a series of volumes so important and otherwise so admirably prepared. A table of errata is promised for the next and concluding volume, which will doubtless correct the most serious blunders, but which cannot cure a defect that should never have been permitted to occur. This coming volume, the ninth and last, is devoted to the Federalist papers, and will, it is understood, contain the result of the very thorough bibliographical researches which Mr. Lodge is known to have made concerning their authorship.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE taste for luxurious books shows no sign of decline, and, although we do not bring before our readers this year any great work of art married to immortal verse, here are two volumes of a workmanship and design to attract every practiced eye. The Book of the Tile Club¹ is so purely artistic as almost to make one forget that it is a book at all; but to fail to peruse the pleasantly worded text would be to miss some delightful quarter-hours of light literature. The Tile Club, it is said at the end of the volume, by way of preface we suppose, has "no rooms," and this publication has been devised as a kind of reception for the entertainment of its friends. The first chapter tells how impossible it would be for guests to find the sanctum; and therefore, excusing us from that useless search, forthwith introduces us to the habitat of the brotherhood, and presents them at their carnival under the tag-names of Briareus, Polyphemus, the Bulgarian, the Chestnut, Cadmium, and the rest of the score of strange ap-

pellatives; then we are left to sit quietly by, observe the culinary incidents, listen to the talk and the stories, and enjoy the evening as agreeably as if in the disguise of the caliph. It is a frank sketch of artist life that we read, with its cosmopolitanism, its *bonhomie*, its dialect of Bohemia; and every climate contributes something of local color, some picturesqueness of landscape, or romantic adventure, or vivid custom, to our pleasure as to the Club's conversation. There is a tang of life in it all; and in the illustrations, too, which are the reality of the book in fact, the spirit of contemporaneity is rife and brimming with vital energy, experimental, various, unwearied, so that the volume represents fairly American art at the present moment as well by the character of its work as by the signature of eminent names.

It is this variety and catholicity that make the collection so noticeable as well as interesting. There is no monotony; there is a great deal of individuality, both in choice of subject and in treatment; and in the minor parts

¹ *A Book of the Tile Club*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

there are the *verve*, the spontaneity, and sometimes the freakishness of the sketch-book. But the place of honor is held by serious and highly finished work, reproduced from the originals by the method of phototype, and this first deserves attention. Most of the better, or at least the more prominent, designs are full-page illustrations, and the success of the process used is in nearly all cases admirable. The diversity of taste among the members of the Club and the many-sided effort of contemporary art are forced on the observer at the first glance. There is no marked type of recent years that is absent; and as the contributors are themselves the very ones who have set the mode among us, the examples are well defined and of a good order. The frontispiece, *A Woman in White*, for instance, is in that style of figure-study which Mr. Chase has made his own. In *At the Inn* Mr. Frank Millet contributes a finely disposed English interior, with which Mr. Abbey's *The Old Song* should be mentioned as a companion piece in the same kind, though charged with a sentiment for which the simpler picture offered no opportunity; but both illustrate the best spirit of a ruling mode of taste. Mr. Vedder is to be seen both in his own work and in his influence,—the mystery of the landscape, which is a kind of aura to his powerful *Sibyl*, and the lines of movement being admirably given; and in a wholly different key is Mr. Reinhart's *Gossips*, full of nicely marked character-expression, and rendered with complete effect; nor should we pass over Mr. Gifford's *Sand-Dunes at Naushon*, with its poetic feeling for wildly desolate nature, or the amiable rusticity of Mr. Parsons's *Sunday Morning*, or Mr. Quartley's *Irish Channel* and Mr. Bunce's *Sunrise at Venice*, both noticeable for peculiarities of effect. These are some of the chief pieces, and they exhibit the scope of the volume; they are enough to justify the remark that, for range of subject and

breadth of personality and varied and full expression of the living art spirit of the time, it possesses a unique value in which no other work can approach it. It is so truly a book of the artists' guild, free alike from the fetters of a text and from any tongue-tying authority of the pencil, its plan affords such complete liberty as of a mere portfolio of unbound plates, that it has a natural right to this precedence; the series of large phototypes alone determines this, by its representative quality. It becomes still more apparent that the Tile Club's exhibition in these pages is of the art in all its width of interest, when one examines the numerous minor illustrations inserted in the text. They have the heterogeneity of a bundle of drawings, impressions and studies, notes and reminiscences and fancies, such as one may find tumbled together in a studio; they lighten the volume and give it a touch of intimacy, and convey a feeling of nearness to the craft quite in the spirit in which the work is conceived; and it is not to be concealed that many of these unambitious productions display no less skill, susceptibility, and inventiveness, and are not less attractive to the eye in their own way, than those which are set in the more prominent group. It is by means of these that the Club is directly made known to us, with its stairways and courts, its clock-tower, its fireplace and corners and "club comforts;" and even the faces of some of the "Tilers" themselves look out on us, several of them being very good portraits on the small scale. This last is a pleasant feature toward the end of the book. Not to linger on these artistic belongings, however, nor on the frequent and lightly varied head and tail pieces, nor the bits from *Augustus St. Gaudens*, nor many other things that tempt the pen to forget it is not the brush, we should scarcely discharge our function properly without mention of Frederick Diehman's spirited sketching, of Arthur Quartley's sea-views and

F. Hopkinson Smith's landscapes, and of the drawings of Abbey and Reinhart, each in his own vein happy in expressing the sentiment that attaches itself to character, old fashioned or countrified. The Book of the Tile Club, taken altogether, is, from the artist's point of view, an extremely well-made volume, and to the general public it must prove a very agreeable one; but apart from its other excellent qualities, which have been briefly indicated, as a book of contemporary American art it stands entirely alone.

*Well-Worn Roads*¹ is a book of a single artist. Its plan is not unlike that of the volume just noticed, in which the same hand had a considerable share both in the text and the illustrations. It is characterized by the same loose connection between the letterpress and the phototype plates; so that neither need be sacrificed to the other, nor in any way constrained. The dozen light sketches in which the author narrates the anecdotes of his painter-life in Spain, Holland, and Italy are full of entertainment, and have no dull passages; they are the story of selected moments, told in the fewest words, and each has a spice of adventure; and they convey the atmosphere of the Spanish arches, the Dutch canals, and the landing-places of Venice, which they interleave, with a literary effectiveness that helps the work. One lingers upon them because they are true pictures of travel: the group of the Spanish lady in the arms of her mother and the attendant, wildly sorrowing before the Virgin, in the closed and empty church; the dance of the gypsy in the posada at Granada, with its after-piece in the stiletto manner, under the darkness of the Alhambra; the street crowd at the gate of Cordova, with the military arrest of the artist in its midst; the harangue at Amsterdam; the professor of English, and the Knickerbocker doctor

at Dordrecht; the gondolier; the gray nun of the Pieta, and that poor Bavarian friar who wished America to have the old Italian-wrought altar-screen, because it would be more religiously honored among us,—all these are figure-pieces in the flesh that give a human element, a movement of life, and a tone of sentiment, which complete the artistic record of the journey in the quiet landscape pictures. Yet here, too, it is these last that make the volume. The subjects are about equally divided among Spain, Holland, and Venice, with a few added at the close from Bavaria. The painter seems to have been most in love with Spain, and has given us roofs and balconies and streets from Cordova, Seville, and Granada, with a somewhat finer sense of enjoyment in them, one thinks, though it may be only a fancy. In the book he is more happy with effects that involve less light, where the elements are more varied and contrasted, both in color and mass, and make up better in the materials of the phototype; and he himself confesses this by putting the finely managed view of the Heerengraacht foremost as the frontispiece, though the qualities which make this plate conspicuous are also to be observed in others of the Dutch series, and very noticeably in the admirable one, *Near Neighbors in a Bavarian Town*. The point is not to be pressed too far. Within the limitations of the mode of reproduction there is no defect. Both in the Spanish and in the Venetian series such effects as can be indicated are given with success. In the former the architectural element counts for more, and this is a gain; in the latter the sea takes its place with less charm. *El Puerta del Vino* is, perhaps, in both its sentiment and its features, most fully expressive of the spirit that broods over Spain when the traveler sees or recalls to memory its

¹ *Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy*. Traveled by a painter in search of the picturesque. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1887.

plazas; and the Alcazaria at Seville is a markedly characteristic old-city view. Of the Venetian studies, one singles out Along the Riva, for the reason that it successfully illustrates that difficult task of reproducing broad Southern light, to which we have referred, and by comparing it with another of the best, Lighters off the Dogana, one sees again how much the shadow adds, not in truthfulness so much as in spirit. We would willingly have a word to say of the smaller illustrations that are sown in the text, as in the case of the former volume, for several of them must afford pleasure, which is not lessened because it is simple; and Mr. Smith is to be especially congratulated not only upon the light, vivacious prose and the beauty of these selections from his studies as a painter, but also upon the artistic arrangement of the volume, the taste with which the illustrations have been laid down upon the page, for which he has been indebted to some skillful hand that made the most of the materials submitted, and has wrought them into an extraordinarily beautiful book. The work, taken as a whole, gives a rare sense of perfectness in its varied composition.

The third volume which the season brings to us is of the old orthodox order of illustrated books, in which the designs supplement the text and presuppose that it has been read. It would be foolish to find fault with the choice of the work when its difficulties have been so well met; but it goes without saying that in the Sonnets from the Portuguese¹ the artist had a most unpromising subject, since the poetic machinery in them is one of sentiment, and not of imagery. Here and there is a simile or a metaphor, it is true, and they seem to have been seized as a treasure-trove wherever found; the sonnets, however, are without any *mise-en-scène*, and proceed almost wholly by moods of feeling. This neces-

sitates either a very strict subordination of the illustration to the thought, or else a wide departure from it under the impulse of an imagination quickened by the poems, but free from their constraint. The former method has been adopted by Mr. Ipsen, and with good reason. He has confined his pencil to the adornment of each sonnet with a marginal border, and to a circular design on the alternate pages, which bears the number of each one in the series. This interleaving makes the volume thick, and as each sonnet is spread out in antique but plain type upon a broad page the originally thin poetic work makes a large book, quite beyond any one's expectation. The artist has expended his invention upon the marginal borders, whose characteristics the slighter numeral disks merely repeat; and in the composition of fifty of these, with so slight aid from the poetess, he has naturally used almost every good style in this mode of decoration. Some are combinations of world-old patterns, or, in the fashion of the Renaissance, flamboyant or arabesque, or set with delightful little cherubic figures; but antique conventionality does not have it all its own way. The designs of which the base is some flower, or vine, or evergreen, and those which are broken by small vignettes, are more frequent; and in a few cases a true picture has been well disposed to serve as a frame-work. This persistent variety is the best trait of the artist's work, and compensates for the impression of barrenness of image which was inherent in the subject itself. The most is made, as has been intimated, of the chance mention of an owl at a casement, or a prison-wall, or of Electra's urn; and at rare intervals the artist does attempt to develop some suggestion of the text, but in these cases it would, as often as not, have been as well if he had observed the strictness which is usual with him. In the ninth sonnet, for in-

¹ *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Illustrated by

Ludvig Sandøe Ipsen. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

stance, was it a misconception of the text, or the fancy of expanding the image, which led him to illustrate the lines,

"I will not soil thy purple with my dust,
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice glass,"

by an ugly snake coiled about a beaker, and breathing into it above the brim? Surely Mrs. Browning never thought of herself in relation to her lover under such a horrid vision, nor can any poetic reader without a shudder. It was infelicitous, too, to adorn that sonnet which begins,

"I never gave a lock of hair away,"

with one of those Vedder heads with a tempestuous abundance of flowing locks, to whose artistic effect the thought of the shears is at once fatal. These, however, are exceptional lapses of taste, which do not mean a deficiency impairing the value of the whole. The designs fulfill their decorative purpose generally with delight to the eye, and are a welcome addition to the library of illustrated standard works of poetry.

A LITERARY WORTHY.

WHAT is the fascination that makes our men of letters conceive a special liking for the things of Queen Anne's reign? Thackeray is the embodiment of this partiality, and he may have given a direction to Victorian taste; but there is an original attraction in the age when Bohemianism was classical, in the first of our literary epochs to which we are admitted in undress, and especially in men so human that there is no presumption in our thinking of the best of them oftentimes as of "the friends who never could be ours." The author of this volume¹ is under the spell; it has made him a seasoned *habitué* of the haunts of Queen Anne's city. He knows his London like an antiquary, and rebuilds it like a dramatist. The strenuous exactness of modern biography, it is true, interferes with the proper effects of theatrical art, the names of the supernumeraries confuse the cast, the necessary minutiae of the action and episodes in corners crowd the stage, and at the best it is only a chronicle play; but with all this research and verification and detail

of affairs that cramp the literary hand at nearly every sentence, these pages have the lively truth of Steele's own sketches of himself and the town. Something of this vividness is due to the author's taking many of the scenes *en bloc* from Steele's confessions, — those autobiographic passages, so free from self-consciousness, which most endear him, as they best paint him, to our thoughts. These revelations, however, do not suffice for a biography, but must be joined, and lighted up, and made to reflect upon one another, and the other characters must be given their right relation in the dialogue, and little anecdotes must be told by the way; in all this there can be no aid from Steele. By what felicity, for instance, shall the semblance of a form be given to Mrs. Steele? Many a reader must have shared our curiosity respecting her, and our chagrin, also, at the ill-success of any efforts to get into her good graces, if only so far as to obtain one fair view of the domestic charmer to which all those marital *billets-doux* were sent. Who was she? — for that correspondence is like nothing so much as some torn romance, in which one reads of only one

¹ *Richard Steele*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. [English Worthies.] London: Longmans, Greene & Co. 1886.

lover. The biographer has evoked her from the shades, unsubstantial, but at least imaginable; he has even caught a glimpse of her, with the mind's eye, still in "the indolent *sommeils du matin* (dear to Millamant) of irresponsible maidenhood." He first suggests her qualities: "As an unmarried woman she had been a beauty and a 'scornful lady,' to use the seventeenth-century synonym for a coquette, and she apparently continued to retain as a wife a good deal of that affected disdain and tenacity of worship which had characterized her as a spinster. She seems also to have been given to vapors, and variable beyond the license of her sex; and from her injunction to her husband, when choosing a house, to get one near a church, was probably something of a *dévôte*." Then, with literary tact, he concludes with a drawing quite in Thackeray's masculine manner: "The escape from impecuniosity is less easy for the woman than for the man. Steele, with his elastic vitality and his keen interest in human nature, could easily fling to the Cretan winds both Barbadoes and the bailiffs over a bottle with an opportune 'school-fellow from India.' But it must have been far otherwise for 'dearest Prue,' nursing the wreck of her expectations in tearful *tête-à-tête* with the sympathetic Mrs. Binns, or waiting nervously, in an atmosphere of Hungary water, for the long-expected tidings that her husband's vaguely defined 'affairs' were at last successfully composed." Such was "Prue," not without some traits of kindness for "good Dick," more than are indicated here; but these the author is careful to add upon a later page.

As with the enigmatical and ever-retiring Lady Steele, so in a higher degree with the well-known persons and broadly flaunting fashions of the time, Mr. Dobson has the art of the literary limner. Addison and Swift, with the amiable gentlemen of the Guards, or the boards, or the public offices, Lord Cutts or Lord

Finch, Estcourt or Mainwaring, or even her ladyship of various employments, Mrs. De la Rivière Manley, are continually gliding in and out; and the crowd of gamblers and duelists and Mohawks of all kinds, the fops and gulls and boobies, the beaux and the fine madams, make up the busy background of the ever-frivolous town. It has sometimes seemed marvelous to us that such vitality resides in these old modes. Never was a literary work of high rank so burdened with mortality, one would think, as these Tatlers and Spectators, and their sequent brood of ephemeral periodicals, interminably hatching, whose name truly was legion. If the comedy of manners is, as is said, necessarily short-lived, and satire does not survive its sting, and moralizing, however elegant, falls from the silver-lipped pulpit orator like lead to the ground, how is it that the fates have dealt so kindly with the Society-Circular that Steele edited, which is full of all such matter of decay? It lives, certainly, and still delights; and if the great reputation of Addison has made it classical, yet it is Steele's nature, as much as Addison's art, that keeps it whole and sound. Mr. Dobson continually reminds the reader of this, and rightly; for Addison's name has cast his loyal school-fellow's so much into the shade that it is with surprise that one comes upon such an encomium of Steele as is here quoted from Gay, in which the whole credit of the Tatler, and the revolution of tastes and manners it began, is given with whole-souled vigor to the popular gazetteer. So welcome was Bickerstaff at tea-tables and assemblies, so "relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change," writes Gay, that "there is not a Lady at Court, nor a Banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily persuaded that Captain Steele is the greatest Scholar and best Casuist of any man in England." Steele deserved this praise, for he was not only the active and inventing principal in the venture.

but to this day the humanity of his genius is as essential to the immortality of the eighteenth-century essay as are the contemplative benignity and the instinct for refining the mind's creations which belonged to his more imposing and more belauded associate. But let us keep with our author, and not throw stones at Addison, however unfairly the award of reputation may seem to have been made between the two members of one of the most fortunate, as well as famous, literary partnerships; only let us not allow Steele to suffer too much by the humility of his affection, and the readiness with which his own lips ran over with noble compliments to his friend.

Criticism and biography, however, are very distinct things; and this little volume has invited and detained our attention, as it must that of any lover of literature who has felt the glamour of that reign of Queen Anne's, not because of its wise and kindly discrimination between the work and genius of the two fraternal essayists, and its nice allotments of place and fame to each; nor because of its revival of the temporalities of the theatre, the coffee-house, the Parliament, the house in Bloomsbury Square, and the box at Hampton-Wick, with all their belongings; but because it is the life of a man who may properly be inscribed among English Worthies, in a sense, but who was, over and above all else, the most humane, the most winning and cheerful heart in the literary England of his time. This is the first true life of him, written fully and with sympathy and judgment at once. Steele himself is its subject; and he is found to be as much a man of affairs as of letters. He was, of course, born with the "gift;" but he seems to have employed it usually in the service of life, and on some occasion more pressing than the ordinary call of pure literature to the young man to sit down and write. He

was always busy, almost continuously a place-holder, and generally entangled besides with private embarrassments, growing out of his unrealizable fortunes. He had leisure to observe the world, nevertheless, and he was filled from his earliest literary days, at any rate, with a missionary fervor to reform first his own morals, and then those of his fellows and of the town. He had a quick eye, and an impulsive pen was a good second to an impressible heart. The comedies, the essays, and the tracts tell the rest of the story, so far as literature is interested. In politics and in all the relations of private life, he acted, at the critical points, with courage, feeling, and honor, whether toward Swift, or Oxford, or Addison. He has written his own domestic and social character where all the world can read it. He suffered from an irresistible temptation to make a clean breast of all his transgressions, on the slightest provocation; and this quality, together with the flings of faction at his private name, have laid his weaknesses bare. These Mr. Dobson does not conceal; he does not probe them with respectable morality, nor cover them with patronizing solicitude, but toward the close of his account of a most manly life, so far as purpose, conscience, and honest effort go, he writes down explicitly the very obvious truth that there "have been wiser, stronger, greater men;" but he adds, — and the words are so graceful that we will conclude with them, — "Many a strong man would have been stronger for a touch of Steele's indulgent sympathy; many a great man has wanted his genuine largeness of heart; many a wise man might learn something from his deep and wide humanity. His virtues redeemed his frailties. He was thoroughly amiable, kindly, and generous. Faute d'archanges il faut aimer des créatures imparfaites."

STOCKTON'S STORIES.

MR. STOCKTON's readers have a right to look a little askance at the title and general air of the two volumes, recently published, bearing his name.¹ Is it intimated that this story-teller, having developed into a novelist, finds it a convenient time to bring together in a complete form all his short stories, and thus to take leave of the company? It is quite true that the short story is for most writers a desirable trial flight before they essay the bolder excursion of the novel, and that many short stories are only imperfectly developed novels. It is also true that a prudent intellectual workman may well consider if he be studying a proper economy of his resources, when he uses a dozen different *motifs* in as many stories, instead of making one serve for a single story in a dozen chapters. But, after all, the short story *par excellence* has its own virtue, and is not itself an expanded anecdote any more than it is an arrested novel; and where a writer like Mr. Stockton has shown that his genius has its capital exhibition in the short story, his readers justly take alarm when he makes sign of abandoning it for a form of literature which, though possessed of more circumstance and traditional dignity, is not intrinsically more honorable. Or, rather, if we are comparing two cognate forms, it is correcter to say that while larger powers may go into one than into the other, a unique excellence in the minor form justifies a claim to be a genuine artist, and comparisons in that respect are futile; the sphericity of a bubble does not quarrel with the sphericity of a dewdrop.

Mr. Stockton, more, perhaps, than any recent writer, has helped to define the peculiar virtues of the short story.

He has shown how possible it is to use surprise as an effective element, and to make the turn of a story rather than the crisis of a plot account for everything. In a well-constructed novel characters move forward to determination, and, whatever intricacy of movement there may be, it is the conclusion which justifies the elaboration. We are constantly criticising, either openly or unconsciously, a theory of novel-writing which makes any section of human life to constitute a proper field for a finished work; however many sequels may be linked on, we instinctively demand that a novel shall contain within itself a definite conclusion of the matter presented to view. But we do not exact this in a short story; we concede that space for development of character is wanting; we accept characters made to hand, and ask only that the occasion of the story shall be adequate. Take, for example, one of Mr. Stockton's cleverest stories, *The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke*. The actual release of the imprisoned passengers is not the point toward which the story moves, and the righting of that singular vessel is only one of a number of happy turns, all starting from the one original conception of a vessel with water-tight compartments, sinking bows foremost, and held in perpendicular suspense. On the other hand, the story of *The Christmas Wreck* disappoints one, for the reason that the occasion of the story is inadequate, and has neither the wit of an amusing situation nor the surprise of an unexpected one. It may be said in general that Mr. Stockton does not often rely upon a sudden reversal at the end of a story, to capture the reader, although he has done

¹ *Stockton's Stories*. First Series: *The Lady, or the Tiger?* and *Other Stories*; *The Christmas Wreck, and Other Stories*. By FRANK R.

STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

this very happily in *Our Story*, but gives him a whimsy or caprice to enjoy, while he works out the details in a succession of amusing turns. Thus the story of Mr. Tolman, which comes nearer than his other stories to being an undeveloped novel, rests upon the delightful fiction of a man, tired of commonplace success, creating for himself an entirely new situation in life, and watching therein a bright little love-comedy.

Indeed, this figure of Mr. Tolman might almost be taken as an idol of the author himself. Like that respectable man of business, Mr. Stockton turns his back on the world in which he finds himself going a dull round, and takes a journey to another country, where he finds the same world, indeed, but stands personally in no sort of relation to it. He is relieved of all responsibility, and sets about enjoying the lives of the men and women whom he observes. There is thus in his stories a delicious mockery of current realistic fiction. He has an immense advantage over his brother realists. They are obliged to conform themselves to the reality which other people think they see, and they are constantly in danger of making some fatal blunder; making the sun, we will say, strike a looking-glass hung upon a wall in a house so topographically indicated as to be easily identified by the neighbors, who concur in testifying that the sun by no possibility could touch the glass, day or night. Mr. Stockton, we repeat, has an immense advantage over other realists. His people are just as much alive as theirs, and they are all just as commonplace; they talk just as slouchy English, and they are equally free from any romantic nonsense; but they are living in a world of Mr. Stockton's invention, which is provided with a few slight improvements, and they avail themselves of these with an unconcern which must fill with anguish those realistic novelists who permit their characters to break all the ten commandments in turn, but use

their most strenuous endeavors to keep them from breaking the one imperious commandment, Thou shalt not transgress the law of average experience. Mr. Stockton's characters, on their part, never trouble themselves about the ten commandments, — morality is a sort of matter of course with them, — but they break the realist's great commandment in the most innocent and unconscious manner. There is not the first sign of conscious departure from rectitude in the character who, by his ingenious invention, demonstrates the law of negative gravity, and the husband and wife who bury deep in the water the key which turns the lock upon the fatal manuscript, in the story of His Wife's Deceased Sister, are as natural and healthy in action as their friend Barbel with his superpointed pins.

To return for a moment to that quality in a short story which Mr. Stockton has so admirably illustrated, of immediate wit independent of definite conclusion, a capital example exists of combined success and failure in his recent fantasy of *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*.¹ The first part of that story is inimitable, and if it had been left unfinished it would, if we may be pardoned the bull, have been complete. We suspect that the people who have worn away their nights guessing the riddle of *The Lady or the Tiger*? would have wasted their days in trying to account for the barred entrance to the enchanted island in the Pacific. As it turns out, Mr. Stockton himself had no intention of accounting for the island. He invented it, — he would have invented a continent if his story had required it, — and he leaves it and the *Dusantes* equally unexplained; but he seems to have felt a certain compulsion to develop his characters, and to carry forward the energetic lives of those two illustrious

¹ *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: The Century Company. 1886.

women who are henceforth immortal. To be sure, we can forgive the platitude of the two succeeding parts of the story for the sake of a longer companionship of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and the incident of the ginger jar was worth embalming, yet in our stern capacity of literary judges we are compelled to repeat the well-known decision: Not guilty, but don't do so again.

We may observe here that Mr. Stockton falls easily into the autobiographic form, and that his peculiar gift gains by this device. In actual life we listen to a man who can tell a wonderful story of his own experience, and our incredulity vanishes before the spectacle of his honest, transparent face and the sound of his tranquil, unaffected voice. Thus Mr. Stockton, in his ingenious assumptions, brings to bear upon the reader the weight of a peculiarly innocent, ingenuous nature, for the figures that relate the several stories carry conviction by the very frankness of their narratives. They come forward with so guileless a bearing that the reader would be ashamed of himself if he began by doubting, and the entire absence of extravagance in the manner of the story continues to keep his doubts out of the way.

This low key in which Mr. Stockton pitches his stories, this eminently reasonable and simple tone which he adopts, is the secret of much of his success. One discovers this especially by reading *A Piece of Red Calico*, and then fancying how Mark Twain would have treated the same subject. Both writers take on an air of sincerity, but one retains it throughout, and never seems to be as-

suming it; the other allows his drollery to sharp, and before he is done his voice is at a very high pitch indeed.

As we had occasion to point out when considering *The Late Mrs. Null*, Mr. Stockton finds a congenial field in the delineation of negro character. We are sometimes tempted to think that his finest success lies in such inimitable sketches as *The Cloverfields Carriage* and *An Unhistoric Page*. When he enters the world of negro life, he finds already existing just that independent logic of fact and irresponsibility which he enjoys creating. He has only to help himself to what he sees, and it would be a hard question to answer whether he made up *An Unhistoric Page* or overheard it.

We began with the expression of a fear lest these two volumes were an informal announcement that their author had abandoned short stories for novels. A re-reading of the books and an inquiry into the secret of Mr. Stockton's well-won and honorable success reassure us. Whatever ventures he may make in the field of novel-writing, and however liberal may be his interpretation of the function of the novel, we cannot believe that he can escape the demands of his genius. The short story, either by itself or as an episode in a novel, so completely expresses his peculiar power, it makes such satisfactory use of his intellectual caprice, and it avoids so easily the perils which beset one who builds a novel upon a whim that, for his own pleasure, we are sure that Mr. Stockton will go on entertaining the public in a style where he is his only rival.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Case in
Point.

It seems to me that the contributor who discourses on the servant question, in a recent number of *The Atlantic*, and says that women "lack business knowledge and capacity," and show themselves "singularly unintelligent in regard to the conduct of affairs," hardly takes a fair view of the situation. Possibly the charge may be true, but it is hardly proved yet.

If a manufacturer, for any cause, finds it desirable to cut down the wages of his employees, he may be compelled to close his factory, his interests may suffer, his spirits may be low; but while these things doubtless worry him, he is not worked to death. Meantime he eats and drinks as usual, goes to bed, gets up, wears clean linen, loses his buttons, wears out his stockings, — in a word, continues to live like a civilized being.

Now suppose that his wife, impressed by his firmness, anxious to economize, and convinced that her servants are receiving unnecessarily high wages, decides to imitate him. At the first word of reduction the servants leave, following the example of the factory hands. But the house cannot be closed, like the factory. The family must live. I am speaking of life in the country. I know nothing of city life, but the contributor did not, so far as I am aware, limit her remarks to city women.

The mistress of the house at once tries to get new servants, but that is not easy. They are all in league, and the grievance of one is the grievance of all. So while waiting and hoping, she takes up her burden, with a brave spirit, perhaps, but probably with very weak nerves and muscles. She begins by putting out the washing, at say three dollars a week. Then comes the daily routine: she bathes and dresses the children, gets the breakfast, washes the dishes, makes the beds,

dusts the house, sweeps where she must, cooks the dinner, and so on through the unending round; and meanwhile takes care of the children, waits on them, listens to them, answers them, mends the ever-breaking stocking-straps, flies upstairs and down-stairs, but spends little time in "my lady's chamber." Finally she goes to bed with aching head, breaking back, and terribly sore hands and feet, gets up two or three times in the night to soothe the youngest darling, and wakes in the morning, unrefreshed, wishing that the family needed to be fed only once a month.

This sort of thing goes on for a week or so, according to the strength of the victim (a friend of mine once held out for six weeks, because she was unwilling to have the servants eat in the dining-room after the family, but was obliged to yield from sheer exhaustion), and then neuralgia or something else sets in, and one morning she stays in bed, while her husband and possibly a small daughter try to start the machinery by themselves. They have been somewhat helpful hitherto, and she thinks they will manage somehow, but it takes them two hours to get a cup of tea and a bit of toast. After this mild repast the husband goes out and finds a woman who will come for a dollar a day and cook, and the little daughter, on her way to school, notifies another woman, who is engaged, also at a dollar a day, to look after the neglected babies, — who have all caught cold by this time from want of care, — wait on the sick mother, and mend a few stockings. The doctor arrives, and orders a tonic and complete rest. Seventeen dollars a week and a doctor's bill make the last state of that family worse than the first.

Then the husband, who is fond of his wife, says that she must have good ser-

vants, no matter what she pays them, and the wife, utterly subdued by fatigue and illness, is only too glad to yield. So they send to the city and get new servants at rather higher wages than before, and once more begin to live; and just as our friend is saying, "Well, after all, I would rather do without new clothes for a year than try to economize in servants' wages," she takes up the new Atlantic, and finds that she is "singularly unintelligent in regard to the conduct of affairs."

It may be suggested that women should unite in some sort of league. I too used to have that idea, but found that nobody would join it who had tolerably good servants at the time, feeling that the frying-pan was, after all, a degree less uncomfortable than the fire. Of course unanimous rebellion on the part of the mistresses (so called) would in the end bring submission from the servants, and I do not deny that the impossibility of obtaining unanimous action shows a lack of courage and of public spirit. But consider the miseries of even a week without servants, and think how those miseries are increased in families where there are invalids or babies, and make some allowance.

The contributor holds that it would be well to give servants plain food. So do I, if it were practicable; but an acquaintance of mine, who locks up the dainties, finds it difficult to keep servants, and I have no doubt her cooks help themselves to more than she can possibly save by locking up.

No one can more deplore the present state of things than I, but I have not yet been able to see a remedy. I should be much pleased to know whether the contributor finds it easy to carry out her own ideas of reform, or whether she too meekly bends her neck to the yoke.

One thing I should like to add. The quality of service to be obtained in this part of the country is better than it was twenty years ago. When I was a child

my mother was obliged to make with her own hands all dainties in the way of cakes, pies, custards etc.; now we can get excellent cooks, although we generally pay the incompetent ones just as high wages as the good ones. More training schools for servants are greatly to be desired; perhaps, if such schools were numerous, wages might be graded according to the nature of the work performed.

A Timonian Meditation on Money. — Timon of Athens, the "fierce old man," was perhaps not much of a political economist; but was he not a philosopher, and had he not a pretty shrewd eye to the nature and effects of gold coin? —

"We know him out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke,
The old Timon with his noble heart
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke."

If it was rather rage than philosophy that drove him from a palace to the woods, and from the enjoyment of gold to a wiser hatred of it, yet the coolest analysis may lead a calmer mind to much the same view. With his heart burning from the falseness of "mouth friends," "trencher-friends," and the "fierce wretchedness of glory," he tears at the ground with savage energy, and cries, —

"Earth, yield me roots!
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,
gods!

I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides;

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-
cursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench. . . .
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate
wooer!

Thou visible god,
Think, thy slave man rebels."

Then presently he exclaims to the light companions of Alcibiades, —

"There's more gold,
And let this damn you!"

And again to the thieves ("charming them from their profession by persuading them to it"), —

"Break open shops; nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for
this
I give you; and gold confound you howso-
ever!
Amen!"

In all this, must we not admit that Timon cursed better than he knew? For it is not at all "to consider too curiously" to affirm that wealth is in many ways our bad angel. It looks, on the face of it, like power and independence. It is, in reality, weakness and dependence. For money — to go to the very bottom of it — is nothing but the aid of other men. When we pass a coin, we cry "Help!" The gold simply represents so much purchasable service. Now the best service is to a very slight extent purchasable. The aid of other men does not tend to make us strong; it tends to make us weak. What we do for ourselves and for others gives us force; what others can be hired to do for us gives us only feebleness and helpless dependence. A gold eagle does not represent wheat: you cannot pay it into the earth and receive food in return. Nothing short of the effort of some brain and arm can turn the soil and air and water into bread. If a man would escape the dependence on other men's help for his meal, he can only say, with Timon, —

"Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods!
I am idle votarist: roots, you clear heav-
ens!"

So, to have a ten-dollar bill in one's pocket is only to confess that, to this ten dollars' worth, one is helpless and dependent. It is of value there in the purse only as we mean to use it; and the use

we shall infallibly make of it is to slip it into some man's hand, and weakly beg his aid. It is a prospective admission that, to this extent, we are not sufficient to ourselves; that we are full of cravings that we cannot by our own strength satisfy; that, in short, we are looking for somebody to lean against. The only way to taste the delicious sense of being perfectly independent is to feel the pocket perfectly empty.

If the blind king's banner-motto was "Ich Dien," the blind money-lover's should be "Ich Verlange." His device might be an open mouth, *rampant*. Yonder sleek nabob sitting just before us in the car, as he rides home from "business," has a very haughty and supercilious back, disdaining to turn to the right or to the left; but to my mind's eye that bolt upright and motionless spine is in reality alive with petty personal desires. How else should he be such a moon-calf as to waste his whole allotted lifetime in the treadmill of money-getting? He is only a slave in the underground mines. His whole year is spent deep down underneath any bright sunshine of the free existence that goes on above him. By a queer illusion, he thinks these bonds and notes in his pocket, which represent only the force and power of other men, somehow are *his* force and power; and he feels aware of great personal merit and dignity. But he is nothing else than one great unsatisfied want. Our imagination can depict him only in some such ludicrous posture as of a greedy urchin, eyes shut, cheeks fiery and tear-blobbered, squalling after a withheld and dripping spoon.

Depend upon it, whenever we are so weakly minded as to sit back in our chair and heave a sigh and wish we were richer, it is a symptom of relaxed fibre in us. It shows that, in place of planning to do something, we are feebly craving to receive something. If we catch ourselves longing after a full purse, it is a sure sign that we are going to begin to

whine for some unnecessary help or service from somebody. But money, as we have said, is but the purchasable aid of other men, which cannot bring us health, or courage, or brains, or new furniture thereof. On the contrary, the really good things are far more likely to be ours with pockets empty than with pockets full. Athletic fibre of mind and muscle, cheerfulness, self-command, personal prowess of every sort, the healthy relish of life, friendships that amount to anything, — not only will money not buy these things, but it will do its best to banish them. This crisp hundred-dollar note, — I could light my pipe with it with a good deal of equanimity. For it represents only the day's service of a squad of "hands," and what do I want of them? They cannot bring me the only things I need; they would be certain to bring me, if they came, some things I fervently prefer away. The chances are, in any cool calculation, that I myself, within myself (and what other question imports much?), shall be the more of a man a year hence for having put it to smoke, rather than to the use intended.

If money seems to be useful for serving others, we must remember that we had much better give the needy our own service with love than the money representative of alien service for hire. And, moreover, is not he best able, in the long run, to be of perpetual help to others who is best able to forego the perpetual help of others? The man that can stand alone, not the man that requires continual propping, is the one for a time of need. What an element of hurry and fever it would take out of our lives, if Timon could persuade us of his philosophy! The days pass by, irrecoverable, and always we have forgotten to live. Our cry might well be like that of the poor farmer's wife whom, not long ago, I overheard exclaiming, "*Oh, I'm so drove!*" And what is it that drives us but this ridiculous eagerness for the

"yellow gold," instead of the calm enjoyment of the really nutritious and self-obtainable "roots" of existence?

The Felt Location of the "I." — I suppose everybody has tried, first or last, to make out just where he feels himself to be situated in himself. When the finger is pinched, it is plainly enough not *I* that am pinched, but my finger; and the same is true of a hurt in any part of the body. Notwithstanding the fact that the great controlling nerve-centres are in the brain, I have never been able to discover that a headache felt any nearer *me* than a finger-ache. Perhaps the nearest approach I have known to a sense of closeness, or to a veritable *me*-ache, has been a sharp pain in the stomach, especially when, on one occasion, I was struck in that region by a base-ball bat which slipped from the hand of the striker.

But there is one point concerning our felt location which I think we all are sure of. It is the one brought out so deliciously by the dear little girl in Punch. "You ought to tie your own apron-strings, Mabel!" says one of those irresistible young women of Du Maurier's. "How can I, aunty?" is the reply. "I'm in front, you know!"

This is a shrewd observation in minute psychology. The spinal cord runs along the back, with all its ganglia; the weight of the brain is well behind; yet *we* are not there. In other words, the curious thing is that we feel ourselves to be, not in the region where impressions are received and answered in the brain and spinal cord, but where they first meet the nerve-extremities. We seem to inhabit not the citadel, but the outer walls. At the point of peripheral expansion of the nerves of sense, where the outer forces begin to be apprehended by us as inner, — "in front," where the fingers feel, and the nose smells, and the eyes see, — there, if anywhere, we find ourselves to be.

I have often been interested to notice whereabouts on our bodily surface an-

other animal looks to find us. The man, or even the little child, looks at the face. Is it because the voice issues thence? Yet it is the eyes, rather than the mouth, that is watched. Is it because the expression, the signal station for the changing moods, is there more than elsewhere? A dog, also, invariably looks up into the face. So does a bird, notwithstanding the fact that the food comes from the hand. Why does he not consider the "I," so far as his needs are concerned, to lie in the part that feeds him? But no; he cocks his head to one side, and directs his lustrous little eye straight to our own, in order to establish what communion he can with the very *him* of his master and friend.

It is hardly less pathetic than our own human efforts to pierce, by the searching penetration of the eyes, to the real personality of each other. We never succeed. We utter our imperfect articulate sounds to each other's ears, but we do not look thither. It is still at the appealing and dumbly yearning eyes that we gaze, and go away baffled and sorrowful at last.

— The Middle-Western village produces, or confirms into inveteracy when produced, many a queer type of character. In the same way that isolated valleys in mountainous countries develop and preserve distinct idioms of folk-speech, so do these isolated semi-rustic regions exhibit odd dialectic varieties of human nature. One such queer character, or "odd stick," is remembered in our village as "Old Morton." Bent at a crooked right angle, weather-stained and storm-beaten, like a sort of land species of ancient mariner, gray, unkempt, and his arid face visibly consoled by perennial founts of tobacco, the old man was wont to hobble through the village street about once a day, usually at mail-time. For he, too, it was clear, like all the denizens of little towns, and especially those without either correspondence or business, had always great ex-

pectations in connection with the unknown possibilities of each day's lean but punctual mail-bag. His only employment and means of support consisted of chance jobs of small joinery in a rickety little shop on the bank of the river, in the loft of which was his lonely and unseen lair. There never was a more inoffensive creature; he was very gentle with small children and all piteous dumb animals; but his bent-over face had a splenetic gaze down at mother earth, — say, rather, step-mother pavement, — as he made his way along the street, and his old blue eyes looked up at you with a sort of protesting hostility, as if, in the absence of a visible Providence, he took you for a representative of things in general and accused you of his fate. I was comparatively a new-comer in the town, and had never exchanged greetings with him; but one day, as I was hurrying across the stone bridge, he met me, and stopped me with the paralyzing exclamation, "*Ain't ye glad ye ain't Old Morton!*" I was never more nonplused and put to it for a reply. What I did respond was, "Who? — I?" But whether this counter-interrogative of mine meant anything or not, I have never known. The particular *nuance* of my own inner consciousness that prompted my words had, in my astonishment, evaporated with them, as I found upon asking myself what under the moon I had meant, while I hurried on my way. *His* words I understood well enough, and perhaps mine may have been meant to convey some sudden sense of my small reason for any such self-gratulation. But it is quite as likely my mental breath was so completely taken away that I made the response in entire idiocy.

I learned afterward that it was a habit of his to address this or a similar question to persons of his acquaintance. His constant idea seemed to be that, whatever the apparent hardness of any other mortal's lot in life, it ought to be a suffi-

cient consolation to him to reflect that, after all, he was not Old Morton.

There was philosophy in the reflection, and I was glad to have imbibed it. In fact, what right had I to grumble and sulk about things, so long as I had not the weak and friendless old man's bent back, and rheumatism, and shattered nerves, and forlorn abandonment?

Once I was waiting at the provision store, on some family errand of "harmless necessary," soap, or sugar, or other village bricabrac (such as it is the pleasant privilege of the literary man of the household, with his apparent plenitude of leisure, to purvey), when I saw the ancient philosopher sitting on a cracker barrel, and gazing at a pair of urchins whose tow heads barely reached the counter. There was a kind of quizzical and melancholy tenderness in his look. "There's one good thing about them boys!" he exclaimed with emphasis, as he caught my eye. "*They won't neither one on 'em never be Old Morton!*" And he evidently felt that in pronouncing this decisive judgment he was, as it were, a benignant oracle, decreeing them a blessed fate.

The Frisky Youth of the World. — There is no end to the tricks that are played on us by the association of ideas. One of these is the tendency we all have to think of ancient times as populated by ancient men. Who ever comes to feel as if there were little boys in the year 3000 B. C., or, being there, as if they played tag? There is something in those big, imposing dates of antiquity that seems to draw an awful pall over the mind, covering in its shadow every idea related with it. But I like to resist this; perhaps with no more admirable motive than the vague feeling which used to excite, in my boyhood's mind, a desire to explode something in the midst of any peculiarly solemn conclave of my elders. Or, perhaps (to give the boy in me his due) it was, and is, a healthy protest against unnecessary

awfulness. When my forbears have seemed to say to me, "Why this unseemly levity?" my heart hath replied, "Why this equally unseemly and far more disagreeable solemnity?"

I like to bethink me, therefore, that there is no need of taking the ancient times too seriously. The Past was once only a commonplace urchin of a Present. The year 3000 B. C. knew how to kick up its heels as well as this day of grace. No doubt the Grand High Cockleorum of the court of Thothmes IV. was wont to speak of his monarch privately as old Thotty. Tiglath Pileser was of course subject to trivial needs even as modern men, and probably had to have buttons sewed on. The chief architect of the Great Pyramid very likely winked, and made demotic and idiotic (or, in case he happened to be an upper priest, high-erratic) puns. "Dost thou think, because thou art" modern, there never used to be any "cakes and ale? Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger" was "hot i' the mouth, too."

The Good Things of our Friend as his Compensation. — Of course unreasonable people must necessarily be more or less unhappy. The moon is always there in plain sight, and nobody to bring it to their hand. But it seems as if reasonable people, in the absence of acute pain or especial disaster, might contrive to be *reasonably happy*. The very phrase contains the limitation: happy, that is to say, up to the point that sound reason could expect, considering the inevitables, — the conditions, as it were, of the lease.

One of the medicinal truths that would seem obvious to any such reasonable person, and yet one that we are apt to lose sight of, is this: The good thing that our friend enjoys is only his particular compensation. We forget, or we never have perceived, the otherwise intolerable ills of his situation. Seeing only the compensation, we think it ought to make him perfectly happy. We are certain it would make us happy, if we had it.

My city friend, for example, makes me a three days' visit. I take him on my three favorite walks. The first day we go through the gorge of the river. The stream, glad to be done with its work in the village mills, goes dancing down through a deep, rocky ravine. Dark hemlocks lean from the cliffs, and others below cling with their writhen roots to huge cubical blocks of sandstone, fallen in the frosts of a thousand winters. Alders, feathery birches, and the white stems of sycamores catch the sunshine and brighten the interspaces. Mosses and ferns soften the outlines of the jagged rocks. It is early autumn, and the gay colors of unfallen leaves streak the whole length of the ravine, with the shadowy hemlock for contrast; and the river, rich brown with recent rains, streams along like a curving stripe in some splendid agate. When the south wind comes southing up the gorge, it is all one solemn song, with river voices and forest voices commingled. "Ah!" exclaims my city friend; "if I could have a retreat like this within ten minutes' walk of the *ager compascuus* at home in Botolfium!"

The second day I take him to the little silver lake that lies like a mirror in its oval frame of woodlands. We approach it through a country lane, between fields of ripened corn. There is a fragrance of apples from farm orchards, and we seem to see Keats's Autumn,

"Sitting careless on a granary floor,
Her hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while her
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers."

The ruddy western sun throws a long slant of shadow from the woods that come close down to one sandy margin, keeping off the wind, and reflecting darkly in a reach of water so smooth as to be almost invisible. From the centre across the opposite shore the breeze continually casts and draws its net of darkling

ripples. On its stilt, at the upper end of the lake, a white crane stands motionless, and now and then a young bass flips winking out of the glassy water, as if to dare him from his statuesque repose. "Ah!" exclaims my friend again; "if I only had this in place of the hallowed but somewhat unexciting *Lacus Rararum*!"

The third day we go to the Great Woods, — woods of such trees as can be seen only here in the Middle West, near the southern shore of Lake Weary. A mere New Englander can never see at home such stately forest growth: white oaks, and hickories, and chestnuts, and pepperidges, and tulip-trees. The long aisles, carpeted with the first bright fallen leaves, stretch far away among straight and towering columns. Shafts of low and mellowed sunshine light up other aerial aisles; here tracing the sharp shadow of an oak spray against a smooth beech bole, there gilding the already golden yellow of a hickory-top, or just flicking a quick red squirrel as he leaps from the side branch of his chestnut-tree larder to that of his oak-tree bedroom. For a moment it is perfectly still, and you hear a nut drop, and a chipmunk pipe his shrill claim to its possession. Then a breeze rustles the top of a pepperidge, and tosses out and down an armful of crimson leaves. "Ah!" sighs my friend; "if we could only have all this on the *claustrum molare*!"

I have vexations, hindrances, depths of dumps, with such surroundings? He would not be able to believe it, if I should hint at such a thing.

By and by, when the "winter of our discontent" is well settled down upon these rustic regions, I pay my friend, in turn, a visit of three days in Botolfium. He feasts me on picture-galleries; he leaves me blissfully buried for half a day in the Minervan library; he electrifies me with intellectual company; he intoxicates me with the symphony concert.

"Oh!" I exclaim to myself; "if these things but grew at home in the woods of the *Conservatio Occidentalis*! He unhappy here? Impossible!"

But when I come to reflect, I am aware that he, too, probably has infelicitities that he could hardly bear but by the assuagement of these very compensations. He would most likely tell me that it is only by the hardest discipline, even *with* the pictures, and the books, and the brains, and the orchestra, that he can put up with —, and —, and —!

If only the world could have been so constructed as to let us enjoy other people's compensations, without the ills for which they compensate! Then,

"This earth had been the Paradise
It never looked to human eyes,
Since Adam left his garden yet."

The Writer's — I am bothered by a
Staircase troublesome trick of my brain,
Emenda- in literary work. Perhaps it
tions. may be scared away by telling my fellow-clubbers of it. When I have completed a manuscript, if I lay it away in a drawer or pigeon-hole, it lies there quietly enough, and my mind seems wholly discharged of it. But if I mail it, I straightway find myself tormented with "staircase wit" in the shape of emendations. Occasionally, these are kind enough to come before the mail has actually left the post-office. In this

case, as I live in a small village, where one is not afraid to approach the post-master almost as if he were an ordinary man, and ask a favor of him, I have sometimes rescued the package, torn it open with feverish hand, and hastily inserted the after-thought, badly scratched with the post-office pen and blurred with the dark palimpsest of the post-office blotting-paper.

Commonly, however, the manuscript is jogging along in its mail pouch, miles away, before the brilliant correction occurs to me. Then I am sad. And I know that I am about to be the cause of sadness in others, when I sit down to write a second letter to the editor, humbly asking him to turn to the third line from the bottom of the thirteenth page, and change *Porson* to *Polycarp*; or to erase the joke on the last page, and substitute a passage from Young's Night Thoughts.

No sooner is this second letter well on its way than it flashes into my mind, once more upon the staircase, that it was not *Polycarp* but *Polybius* that I meant; or that a passage from Pollock's Course of Time is in reality the indispensable citation.

What goes on in the editor's private apartment when these successive alterations are received, it is perhaps as well that I cannot, at this distance, overhear.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Books for Young People. — The Boy Travelers in the Russian Empire: adventures of two youths in a journey in European and Asiatic Russia, with accounts of a tour across Siberia, voyages on the Amoor, Volga, and other rivers, a visit to Central Asia, travels among the exiles, and a historical sketch of the empire from its foundation to the present time. By Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) It only needs to be added to this descriptive title-page that the book is liberally illustrated, that the boys are

accompanied or accosted by completely informed gentlemen, and that probably no party ever traveled through the Russian Empire that had so little fun on the way and issued at the other end so chock-full of information. — The bound volume of Harpers' Young People for 1886 is as delightful a holiday book as can be found for young readers. — To have invented The Lady from Philadelphia is a distinction: itself, and the Peterkin Papers, by Lucretia Hale (Ticknor), not only merits a second

tion and a lot of pictures of various degrees of humor, but ought to have a generous access of readers. Its fun is just of that catching kind that runs through a family, and suggests by-words, and the entire conception of the Peterkins is so clever, so simple as a caricature, and so entertaining that only its limitations as a book for young people prevent it from having fame. — *Talks with my Boys*, by W. A. Mowry (Roberts), professes to be the substance of a veteran teacher's familiar lessons in the virtues, but it is scarcely this in form. It has, however, many anecdotes and practical suggestions which would possibly take hold of boys. It should, perhaps, rather be classed with educational books. — *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Scribners), is a brilliant little fairy tale of real life, in which lords, earls, and the like answer every purpose of created beings. The invented Lord Fauntleroy is a precarious creature, but the author is too skillful to allow her work to suffer from any fatal indecision in drawing him. — *The Story of Music and Musicians for Young Readers*, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a pleasant, rather rambling volume, which will be especially acceptable to those who have already made some little headway with their music. Mrs. Lillie is not always successful in reproducing the figures of famous musicians, so as to give them individuality, but she surrounds them with a good deal of decorative anecdote which is effective. — *Lives of Girls who became Famous*, by Sarah K. Bolton. (Crowell.) Rather an uncommon proportion of these girls are American: Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Livermore, Miss Hosmer, Miss Alcott, the Countess Ossoli, Miss Mitchell. Mrs. Bolton writes in an interesting manner; she does not prose, and is evidently much interested in her subjects. The portraits are poor. — *The Christmas Country, and Other Tales*, by Mary J. Safford. (Crowell.) Some of these stories are original, but most are translations. There is no special consistency in the book, but the prevailing tone is German sentiment, often rather strained. — *The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers*, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer (Crowell), contains brief biographies of Agamemnon, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and others down to Napoleon I. The book is somewhat rhetorical in style, and praise and blame are ladled out in a severe fashion; but after all there is not much moralizing, and the writer tells her stories in a straightforward manner. — *The Tales of the Sixty Mandarins*, by P. V. Ramaswami Raju, with an introduction by Professor Henry Morley. (Cassell.) A collection of Chinese fairy tales, which are rather curious than interesting. They have the aimlessness which to occidental minds seems so char-

acteristic of the Chinese. — *Chivalric Days, and the Boys and Girls who helped to make them*, by E. S. Brooks. (Putnams.) The strong interest which the writer evidently takes in his work goes far toward pardoning the somewhat stilted form in which he seems to find it necessary to present mediæval scenes, if he would give them remoteness. But after all, is it not nearness rather than remoteness which we should give to children, when we are reconstructing the past for them? — *Blue Jackets of '61, a History of the Navy in the War of Secession*, by Willis J. Abbot. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) We must complain at the outset of the sub-title of this book. The war was the war for the Union, not a war of secession. Words and terms should be looked after sharply in our books for young people. Our criticism ends with this, for the book strikes us as done with excellent judgment and very readable. The story of the navy has the advantage over that of army operations in its comparative simplicity and its appeal more directly to one's admiration of pluck and personal bravery. A ship with its sailors is a unit in an engagement; it is only now and then that one can form this impression of a company, regiment, or brigade.

Art and Illustrated Books. A *Handbook of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints as Illustrated in Art*, by Clara Erskine Clement, edited by Katherine E. Conway. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Clement's previous handbook has been drawn upon in this work, while the material has been somewhat recast to make it more distinctly a companion for those who approach mediæval art with a sympathy for the church within whose pale it was executed. — *The Romance of the Moon*, by J. A. Mitchell (Holt), is a clever little bit of nonsense, in which an ingenious fancy is capably set forth by pictures of quaint humor. — *Stories of Art and Artists*, by Clara Erskine Clement. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Clement has not troubled herself, fortunately, to keep a juvenile audience always in view, but has helped herself to the most interesting anecdotes about painters and pictures, and told them anew in a straightforward, business-like fashion. The illustrations vary in excellence, the highly calendered paper sometimes bringing out the defects of inferior ones. — *Thoughts on Art, and Autobiographical Memoirs of Giovanni Duprè*, translated from the Italian by E. M. Peruzzi, with an introduction by W. W. Story. (Roberts.) A delightful book, in which appears the figure of a man who to many will seem the relic of a past age. Duprè's religious nature and his devotion to art, and in art to religious subjects, separate him from the great body of contemporary artists, while his *naïveté* and general simplicity and beauty of character invest his memoirs with a peculiar charm and

grace. — A Muramasa Blade, a Story of Feudalism in Old Japan, by Louis Wertheimer (Ticknor), will have its attraction for most in its striking pictures by modern Japanese artists, who seem to have entered upon the illustration of the story with an uncommon vigor of imagination. — *Imagination in Landscape Painting*, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Roberts.) The text in this edition has appeared before, but the illustrations, which are line-engravings, mezzotints, and process cuts, are new in this volume. They add much to the understanding of the text, and the book is something more than a picture-book, being a true aid to the study of the important subject which Mr. Hamerton has under consideration. — Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, profusely illustrated by the pencils of Harper, Garrett, Myrick, and others, forms a fit companion for the handsome holiday editions of *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, etc., previously issued by the Ticknors. — In his *Character Sketches from Thackeray* (Cassell), Mr. Frederick Barnard gives us full-length drawings of Becky Sharp, Colonel Newcome, the Little Sister, Major Pendennis, Captain Costigan, and Major Dobbin. The notable figures in great novels are flesh-and-blood persons to each reader, — persons whose flesh and blood are, in a manner, contributed by him. He has his own idea of their physical attributes. Probably no two readers form precisely the same idea. From our point of view, Mr. Barnard's portraits — with the exception of that of Major Dobbin, and possibly that of Colonel Newcome — are not good likenesses, however excellent they may be as pictures. We are bound to say that they are pleasing in their own way, and that the artist's work has been admirably reproduced by the photogravure method. — In point of mechanical execution, *The Blessed Damozel*, with illustrations by Kenyon Cox (Dodd, Mead & Co.), deserves to rank with the most sumptuous of the holiday books. The work reaches us too late to be included among the art publications reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Theology, Philosophy, and Religion. Sermons, New and Old, by Archbishop Trench. (Appleton.) This volume will be accepted by many as a testament from a man who had a fine spirit, a generous nature, and a hold upon human interests and concrete things which forbade his spirituality to become vaporized. Other men have made more of a mark on their generation than Trench, but few have maintained so honorable a middle course, avoiding the polemic not through timidity, but through charity. The sermons in this volume are good expressions of the kindness of nature which prompted them. — *Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century*, *Studies from the Lives of*

Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson, by the author of *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Although this is a book of biographic sketches, its main intent is to make clear the religious springs in the life of each man. There is danger in such cases of exaggerating a feature in the desire to be emphatic, and we confess to some distrust of sketches of such thoroughly real and active men which may reduce their humanity while enlarging their piety. — *The Transfiguration of Christ*, by F. W. Gunsaulus (Houghton), is a short series of lectures, in which the author examines certain phases of modern skepticism and belief in the light of the transfiguration. The real value of the book, to our mind, lies in the frequent insight which the author shows of spiritual truth, and the occasional poetical and striking form in which he casts his thought. We suspect that if he had thrown his reading to the winds, and given us in place a small, semi-devotional work on the subject, he would have achieved a greater success; still his book is undeniably one of worth. — *Psychology, the Cognitive Powers*, by James McCosh. (Scribners.) Dr. McCosh designs the book to be used as a text-book, but from its subject and treatment it may properly be regarded as a contribution to philosophy. A clear and systematic presentation of a scheme of philosophy is always something more than a text-book. It is interesting to observe that the author makes a cautious concession to physiological psychology, by infusing into his work a larger element of physiological science than he would himself have been likely to give twenty years ago. — *Esoteric Christianity and Mental Therapeutics*, by W. F. Evans. (H. H. Carter & Karriek, Boston.) Mr. Evans is positive in his belief that the phrenopathic system, as he calls it, or the mind cure, as others name it, is a practical expression of the occult laws of Christ. He writes apparently from the standpoint of a disciple of Swedenborg. — *Orient, with Preludes on Current Events*, by Joseph Cook (Houghton), is the characteristic comment on human life and progress as noted by a western philosopher, who has taken the east on his way round the world, but with his weather eye on the home horizon. — *Prejudiced Inquiries*, being the Backwoods Lectures for the year 1884, by E. J. Morris. (Putnams.) Mr. Morris, who is a Welsh clergyman, and former neighbor in the country of the late Dr. Mulford, writes an interesting, regretful, and affectionate introduction, in which he notes the connection between his book and his friend. The lectures themselves are upon a variety of topics, by which a country clergyman sought to widen the interests of his people, or rather to appeal to their wider interests by corresponding

thought. The book is an honorable one; it is marked by individual, robust thinking and nervous expression, running sometimes into quaintness. Mr. Morris makes no concealment of the fact that Christian philosophy underlies his words. — Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, translated, with an introduction and notes, by Andrew P. Peabody. (Little, Brown & Co.) Dr. Peabody is evidently taking a hearty pleasure in this gracious task of translating Cicero's ethical writings. He provides notes when they are needed, and casts the translation in a mould which is at once Latinical and vernacular. — *Missionary Work among the Ojibway Indians*, by the Rev. Edward F. Wilson. (S. P. C. K., London; Youngs, New York.) A livelier narrative than missionary books are apt to be, and combining adventure with catechising.

Biblical Criticism and Illustration. Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian, arranged and edited for young readers as an introduction to the study of the Bible, by Edward T. Bartlett and John P. Peters. Vol. I. *Hebrew Story from Creation to the Exile*. (Putnams.) Although this book might properly be included among Books for Young People, its form and treatment render it rather to be classed under the above heading. The task of the editors, who are connected with the faculty of the Episcopal Divinity School of Philadelphia, has been to take the Old Testament Scriptures and rearrange them in a continuous narrative, in which prophecy and psalm find their appropriate place and the duplication of narratives is avoided. The words are mainly those of the Authorized Version, or of the Canterbury Revision, as the editors neatly call it, but advantage has been taken of the selective method to give occasionally the results of criticism, and to introduce explanatory words. All of the Biblical text is not used, but the reader by means of this book gets the Hebrew story in Biblical language. The result strikes us as admirable, and as a commentary on the Old Testament of a singularly reserved and useful character. — *A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament*, being Grimm's *Wilke's Clavis Novi Testamenti*, translated, revised, and enlarged by Joseph Henry Thayer. (Harpers.) A model of typographical excellence, to begin with. Certainly no Greek dictionary has appeared for a long time which is such a pleasure to the eye. We might have preferred the deader surface of the English Liddell and Scott to this highly calendered paper, but the book is really a brilliant piece of printing. Dr. Thayer has carefully discriminated his own work from that of Grimm and Wilke, and a hasty survey shows that his work has been vastly more than that of a scrupulous translator. Many of the paragraphs under

words are in effect critical articles, and the dictionary becomes, as such books ought to be, a book to be studied, and not merely one of reference. We suspect there has been a great deal also of silent criticism on the original. We cannot help regretting, however, that Dr. Thayer, even if he made no use of Robinson, should not have recognized in his preface that pioneer American scholar. — *Messianic Prophecy: the prediction of the fulfillment of redemption through the Messiah; a critical study of the Messianic passages of the Old Testament in the order of their development*. By Charles Augustus Briggs. (Scribners.) Here is a really important addition to American theological literature taken on its exegetical side, and one which seems likely to widen the horizon of young theological students. The clearness of Dr. Briggs's method is especially praiseworthy; there is an admirable and unusual combination of the scientific habit and the devout sentiment, and the fearlessness of the author is never mere audacity, but springs from confidence in the truth.

Literature and Literary History. English Hymns, their Authors and History, by Samuel Willoughby Duffield. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Duffield has made a large book, — larger than was necessary, we think, for a more vigorous pruning would have reduced his own rambling prose, and presented the actual facts in a more compact form. He has, however, brought together a good deal of information about American hymns not to be found in the excellent English treatises of Christophers and Miller. We are a little surprised that in his preface he should have ignored his indebtedness to previous workers in the same field, and that he should, for example, have made no mention of that indefatigable, accurate, and unwearied student, the Rev. Frederic M. Bird, whose labors in hymnology ought never to be overlooked. — *A Memorial of Mary Clemmer*, by Edmund Hudson (Ticknor), is the affectionate, and if partial yet appreciative, record of one of the most industrious of American literary women. That Mrs. Clemmer should be forgotten soon would seem to be the penalty paid by those whose work is absorbed by the rapacious maw of the daily and weekly press. Her husband, indeed, hopes for a longer life for her poems and collected works. It may be so, but we suspect that, like the dyer's hand, her work partook largely of the fate of that upon which she expended it. — The third volume of John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* treats, among other subjects, of George Eliot, J. S. Mill, Mark Pattison, W. R. Greg, Harriet Martineau, and Auguste Comte. (Macmillan.) — *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth*, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, translated from the Russian

by Isabel F. Hapgood (Crowell), is a singularly full and detailed account by himself of a man who is a force in literature because he is much more than a man of letters. — In the Travellers' Series (Putnams) Hood's Whims and Oddities have found a place. The queer pictures which seem to give gravity to the fun are preserved in all their uncouthness. — Mr. William Winter's two charming volumes on England have been reprinted, under the title of Shakespeare's England, by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, and reissued here in one volume by the Ticknors. — Recent numbers of Cassell's National Library are Egypt and Scythia, described by Herodotus, name of translator not given; Hamlet; Nature and Art, by Mrs. Inchbald; Plutarch's Lives of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Aristides and Cato the Censor; Cowley's Essays; Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo; The Merchant of Venice. — A History of Greek Literature from the earliest period to the death of Demosthenes, by Frank Byron Jevons. (Scribners.) Mr. Jevons intended his book for the use of students preparing for examination, and it shows this in the compactness of its statements and the orderly treatment. He has not, however, wholly suppressed himself, and he writes with a refreshing honesty and freedom from mere academic regard. His protest against a certain school of critics is good: "They examine the Homeric poems as they would a candidate's dissertation for a degree, and have no hesitation in rejecting the author of the Iliad and Odyssey for not knowing his Homer." — Familiar Talks on some of Shakespeare's Comedies, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (Roberts.) We can easily understand that these talks were given; they have such value as talks may have, but there is a wide difference between the interest which one may take in listening to a running comment on one of Shakespeare's plays and that to be taken in reading the same. It is hard to see where Mrs. Latimer adds to Shakespeare, or even especially illuminates him.

Essays. Fraternity Papers is the title given to a volume of desultory essays by Edward H. Elwell. (Elwell, Pickard & Co., Portland, Me.) The book appears to take its name from the club before which the papers were read. The writer is evidently a person of humane interests and of a curious disposition. He cares for antiquities not as a mere antiquarian, but as one who would rather have talked with his ancestors than merely read the documents they left behind. His paper on The Puritan Sermon and that on The Building of a House may be taken as illustrating the kind of interest which he has in historical subjects. — The Round Year,

by Edith M. Thomas. (Houghton.) Miss Thomas is first a poet, but that does not incapacitate her from writing very graceful prose. Her sketches of nature in half-hidden forms are so delicate, they show so fine an intimacy with the retreating shadows of dusky shapes, that the effect of this little book upon a sensitive imagination is of distinctly poetic breathings. If, occasionally, she is betrayed into a little fantastic trick of language, one can forgive it, since it does not seem affectation, but a certain pirouette of the mind, as if the wind had whistled to this lover of nature, and she had caught the sudden whim. Still, we can hardly advise Miss Thomas to lose herself in prose. The best things in this book could have been said in verse, and such verse as hers we can ill spare. Let us hope that she keeps her diary in verse; it is her natural expression. — Manners Makyth Man, by the author of How to be Happy though Married. (Scribners.) Has the ulster of the Country Parson fallen on this writer? He belongs to the same school of the prophets, — the platitudinarian school.

Political Economy and Sociology. The South, its Industrial, Financial, and Political Condition, by A. K. McClure. (Lippincott.) Colonel McClure is confident that the South is soon to receive the attention which the West has enjoyed from owners of capital and from immigrants, and his book, which gives the result of several journeys, is intended to indicate the openings which exist. It is for the most part a record of observation, and while it is hopeful and disposed to place objects somewhat under a rose-colored glass, and to avoid subjects disagreeable to Southern readers, it will be found useful as a rapid survey of a section of the country which is still a *terra incognita* to many. We wish somebody, equipped as Mr. Olmstead was, would again visit the South. — The Railways and the Republic, by James F. Hudson. (Harpers.) Mr. Hudson rightly apprehends the importance of the railway as an influence in political science, and applies himself to the task of discriminating between the manifest advantage of the great corporations and the not so manifest evils which they have brought in. His book brings together much valuable information respecting the law and the railways, but we think some of his conclusions would have been modified if he had taken into account more clearly the experience of other nations than the United States. As a study of railway conditions in the republic it is important, but its importance would have been greater if he had been willing to regard the conditions of railways elsewhere as having direct bearing upon his chief subject.